



YANKEE-SWANSON

CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE
AT SEA



* A.W. NELSON *

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YANKEE SWANSON



CAPTAIN A. W. NELSON.

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*CHAPTERS FROM
A LIFE AT SEA*

BY

CAPTAIN A. W. NELSON

New York

STURGIS & WALTON
COMPANY

1913

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Set up and Electrotyped. Published, September, 1913

TO MY DAUGHTER
ELNA IRENE NELSON BISCHOFF

IN MEMORY OF HER CHILDHOOD
DAYS—SO VERY HAPPY AND
DEAR TO US BOTH—I IN-
SCRIBE THIS BOOK

which will recall to her and to me
the times when, at home in the inter-
vals of long cruises, my chief amuse-
ment consisted in telling her stories,
as she sat on my knee, of my ad-
ventures at sea, especially those of my
first voyage, wherein the experiences
of Yankee Swanson, the cook, Jack
Le Fevre, and others called forth
terror, laughter, or tears as her ten-
der heart and vivid imagination made
her live through all that I related.

PREFACE

IN the following pages I have endeavored to give the reader a correct idea of sea life such as I myself experienced thirty-five years ago. The sort of life which I have tried to portray will in a few years be a thing of the past; in fact, even now sailing vessels are scarce, and with the completion of the Panama Canal it is generally conceded that they will be doomed to the scrap-heap, and that with them will also disappear such conditions as I have tried to describe.

Sea stories as a rule are interesting, especially to land-lubbers, and the libraries are full of such works; but as the majority of them are written by people who know very little about the real sea life and never had any actual experience of it, it follows that, no matter how able the writer, the story in itself is devoid of or lacking in what I might call salt sea air.

For many years, commencing with my boyhood days, I have been in the habit of keeping a diary wherein I made notes of things that happened on shipboard, this with the object in view of writing a book at some future time. My grandfather, ninety years old when I left home, was in a way instrumental in starting me to keep a diary, he having kept one during ten years of campaigning with Napoleon, and he very often expressed a wish to be able to make use of his notes to write a book. Hence my idea of writing.

Some time ago, when I decided to make use of my diary for writing, I intended to cram my whole thirty-six years' experience into one story. This I found was too much

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for me; my notes fairly bewildered me. I pondered over the situation for some time and made several attempts, but somehow it did not look right, the main reason being that I shifted from one important period to another, sometimes years apart, leaving out all minor details. I finally decided to confine myself to one cruise at a time, and selected my first voyage at sea as the main subject of my story, not on account of any particular occurrence, but that it was under the eye of the hero of my story, Yankee Swanson, first mate, that I was taught to be a sailor. Yankee Swanson was a man whom I have always looked upon as the very embodiment of what a good sailor and officer should be under trying and at times desperate conditions.

Another reason why I selected my first voyage, was my desire to make the reader acquainted with my friend and shipmate Jack Le Fevre, at present a successful man of affairs in Sweden, whom I have in a small way been instrumental in giving a fair start in life.

My grandfather plays an important part throughout the story, and I have taken great pleasure in trying to portray what sort of a character he was. It was his uppermost wish that I should remember everything he told me about Napoleon, he having in view that perhaps in the future I would be able to flatly contradict Napoleon's detractors, my grandfather having been an eyewitness to many noble deeds of the Emperor.

With these objects in view I went to work, and the result is nothing more or less than the feeble effort of a sailor to put on paper what he has actually experienced on land and sea.

A. W. N.

INTRODUCTION

To most of us the sea is an adventure to which we gladly go and from which we return with relief. To others it is romance, vaguely enticing, dimly alluring, always maintaining its distance. To Captain Nelson the sea is a place where men are bred, toil, live, struggle and so reach their desired haven. Just as the citizen of New York or of Boston or of San Francisco is interested in his "home"—its politics, prosperity and society—so the writer of these open pages speaks of the seven seas. His politics are those of ships, lines, seamen; the prosperity that he labours for has to do with huge arcs of latitude and the society that he knows is world-wide.

Innumerable others have written *of* the sea. But here we have the straightforward tale of a man writing *on* the sea. I know of no writer who has so completely laid before us a picture of a society and a life which is by itself and wholly apart from what we call our world. We are taught that the continent of North America is bounded on the East by the Atlantic and on the West by the Pacific Ocean. The genuine sailor—and Captain Nelson rose to the command of one of the finest passenger liners in the world—reverses this: for him the Pacific Ocean is bounded on the North by the Aleuts and the Pole, on the West by Siberia, Japan, China, Siam, India and the Malays and Africa.

It is the natural point of view and I venture to assert that in no book of my acquaintance has this been kept so perfectly as here.

Inevitably the true seaman partakes of the simplicity

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of his environment. He is strong, capable, enduring and with his eyes always fixed on the horizon. Yet nothing will so develop the peculiarities of a character as the enforced loneliness and oftentimes hardship of a life whose activities and associations are limited to a ship. Only such intensification of daily thought and labour could produce men of the type of the indefatigable and mendacious cook; the alert and self-sufficient Yankee Swanson or any of the other numerous and delightful characters in this book.

Most of all Captain Nelson has put into our hands an invaluable document. In an age when we go about asking, What does it all mean? and, Where will it all end? He shows us the careers of men who saw their goal and went towards it with simple energy and naïve faith. No one can follow him long before he will realise that the civilisation and culture of the sea are different from ours; that the seafarer has other virtues than those we boast and that his vices are what we would call weakness in ourselves.

Wholly apart from this implicit interest the narrative runs briskly along, carrying us through seas and storms and into harbours and ports which we visit with eagerness, dwell in for the moment with delight and leave with romantic regret. Within the first few pages we are members of the crew and thenceforth, by his simple good faith and realism, we are seafarers ourselves. The book has the classic interest of Robinson Crusoe. It must be accepted by the reader as it is; one must yield oneself simply to its flow and I warrant you that at the end you will have made acquaintance with men never to be forgotten and often to be recalled with pleasure and quick pulse.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

YANKEE SWANSON

I

I WAS born in a small village called Höganäs, situated in the southern part of Sweden. This place is located on the coast of The Sound of Helsingor and is not far from Copenhagen, which is on the Danish side of The Sound. The scenery around our place was at all times, summer and winter, of the grandest description. We had an unobstructed view of the whole sound, and the not very distant shore of Denmark which, during the summer time, was resplendent with the foliage peculiar to that northern land. And in the winter time when the country was covered with a mantle of snow, and the sound was frozen over from side to side so that we were enabled to cross it with our heavy wagons, the scenery was no less beautiful. The sport we had on the ice with our skates, skis, and iceboats can only be appreciated by people brought up under similar circumstances.

My father, Jons Nilsson, was the happy owner of a farm that had been in our family for centuries, and had been handed down from father to son, the eldest being always considered the heir to the property. In our family there were three boys and three girls, and at the present time of writing we are all alive, the boys in America and the girls at home in Sweden.

Education was compulsory even then in Sweden, but

was of a meagre character and cannot be compared to the education received in the common schools of America or Sweden to-day.

My oldest brother, Nils, whom my father looked upon as his worthy successor, did not like the idea of being a farmer. He preferred the roving life of a sailor. He was very ambitious and had decided to work his way up to the command of a vessel, which he did, and of which I will have something to say later on. This move on my brother's part caused my father to look upon me as his successor on the farm. What that meant to me I will try to explain to the reader:

Up to eight years of age it had been understood among the members of my family that I was either to be a sailor or a soldier, as I had always expressed my preference for one or the other. The reason was due to my love for books of adventure and travel, which were perused by me eagerly. Those that interested me most were the books concerning the life and career of Napoleon and of Admiral Nelson. In pursuit of my love for books of this character I was greatly encouraged and aided by my grandfather, who was a veteran of the Napoleonic wars. He had served through several campaigns, notably the Russian of 1812.

The old man would never cease talking of Napoleon and Nelson, especially "Old Nap," as he called Napoleon, and he was fond of relating tales regarding both great men. One incident that occurred at the Berezina River he was especially fond of relating. Napoleon had ordered my grandfather to perform some military duty, which was done evidently to his entire satisfaction as he presented him with a twenty franc piece as an indication of approval of his work. Grandfather also had a snuff box that he obtained in Moscow, and every time he took a pinch of snuff he thought of Napoleon and the terrible

hardships they had gone through in that Russian campaign.

I shall always consider the times I spent sitting on my grandfather's knee listening to his campaign tales, as the happiest moments of my life. I am the happy owner of the snuff box and the twenty franc piece, and I never look at them without giving the old man a thought. As a matter of fact, "Old Nap" comes in for a share of my thoughts, too.

When my father decided that I should stay at home and become a farmer all my hopes and ambitions disappeared, vanished into space. My disappointment was great, and I felt my heart bursting at the great blow to my future aims. I well knew that objections were of no use so far as my father was concerned, for his word was law to us. I therefore decided to consult my grandfather quietly. He listened patiently to my tale of woe, telling me not to take it too much to heart; that I was still too young to decide for myself my future course in life. He advised me to continue reading about our own special heroes and to trust in God. When the time did come for me to strike out for myself he said, "Then go, and my blessing with you, as I know that you are made of the right kind of stuff." He felt sure that among strangers my way would be easier and better than by sticking to the old farm, and he advised me to be a sailor, as the opportunity for seeing the world was greater by following the sea than being a soldier. Besides, Sweden was only a sixth rate power, and war at that time being on the decline and unpopular throughout Europe, the chances for a young man to make his way in the army were not what they used to be under a leader like Napoleon, who never missed an opportunity of advancing any one, provided he had ambition. "Yes, my boy," grandfather would say, "those were stirring times; but the 'Grande

'Armée' is a thing of the past. Its members are getting very scarce; I am one of the last ones, and the only comfort left me is the memory of past deeds, and to have you, my boy, such an attentive listener. But the future is before you, and if you will only bear in mind what I have so often told you, 'to be a man at all times and tell the truth regardless of consequences,' you will be all right, and always come out on top."

I promised the old man that I would try to live up to his teaching the best I knew how. With that promise he seemed pleased, and before I left him he had me laughing by telling me some little episode of the war in which his record was very creditable, but which he did not think extraordinary as it was an every-day occurrence in the "Grande Armée." He then gently hinted that at some other time he would tell me something more interesting. This being a signal of dismissal, I kissed him good-bye, and went home satisfied in my own mind that by doing what grandfather bade me do things would come out all right.

After what I have related took place, nothing more was said about what I was going to do when I got big. Everybody knew it was a delicate subject with me. I kept my own counsel. Grandfather undoubtedly had requested the family to not mention the subject again. I never grumbled about the work to be done around the farm, therefore everybody thought I had become reconciled to being a farmer, which opinion I never attempted to change, simply letting matters take their own course.

In this fashion several years slipped by, happily enough, until one day my mother told me that father was in some financial trouble, due to his having been surety for a tailor in town who had been owing a large sum of money and had gone bankrupt. Father had to make good the money, which necessitated his selling a large part of the

farm. The remainder would not be sufficient to keep us all in bread and butter. So my father told me one day that if I still entertained the thought of becoming a sailor he would place no obstacles in my path or influence me in any way. He had long cherished the hope that one of his sons would take over the farm, as had been done for all these many years. But now that things had turned out as they had, it would be much better to go elsewhere to look for a livelihood.

Upon hearing my father talk in this strain, I felt very much distressed, not on account of myself but on account of him and my mother and sisters, also a younger brother, who were unable to support themselves. I told him that I was more than willing to strike out for myself any time, much more so now since circumstances pointed in a direction which it seemed my duty to follow. In that case, if Fortune favoured me, I should be able to lend a helping hand if needed. This was more than my father could stand. The tears came to his eyes, and as he embraced me he gave me to understand that he was more than recompensed for the loss of his money in having a son who was willing to help shoulder the burden that he felt already was more than he could carry.

I now hastened to grandpa to give him the good news — not the bad — regarding the money matter, and found the old man and his wife almost hugging the stove. It was winter and the weather was bitterly cold. Grandpa was not long discerning that something unusual had taken place, and the first words he said after I had greeted him were these, "Hello, son, what is up? Have you got a new book about old Napoleon? You look so happy. Come and sit down. I have something I want to tell you. We won't talk 'Nap' and Waterloo to-night. It makes me sad and I can see that you are happy. I would like to keep you in that state the remainder of the time I am with

you. It will not be for long, my boy; I feel it in my bones; the old machine has done its work. I am now past ninety and have no kick coming. The only thing that worries me is that I still see you working yourself half to death on the old farm when, as a matter of fact, you should be away from here, out on the 'briny,' trying to make a name for yourself."

After a lot of talk of that sort I found it very easy to break the news. When I had finished what I had to say grandfather was overjoyed, and declared that it was the best piece of news he had heard since the battle of Austerlitz. And, as if to add more force to what he said, he got up and went to his old box-trunk and took out the Moscow snuff box and the twenty franc piece. After admiring them for some time he handed them to me with the request that I should ever cherish them, not so much on account of their having belonged to him but rather for the circumstances under which he had obtained them. He referred, of course, to the incident of the Berezina River and the campaign of 1812. I promised to comply with his wishes and stowed my heirlooms away in my pocket, with a profusion of thanks, after which we discussed ways and means.

This was in the month of March, 1877, and I was thirteen years of age, having been born on the 5th of January, 1864. My eldest brother had then been at sea several years and was an able seaman on a little barque belonging to our place and commanded by a distant relative named Captain Bengston. I told my grandfather that I was thinking of writing my brother, requesting him to speak to Captain Bengston to get me a place as boy. The old man did not approve of my plan. Evidently he thought I would be much better off among strangers. But my father and mother approved of my choice, as they thought it would be the only way to make a start with any show

of success. Accordingly I wrote to my brother about it and in the course of a few days received an answer from Captain Bengston, stating that he was on his way to Scotland with a load of lumber from some little port on the Baltic Sea, and that he would anchor off our place and take me on. This would cause no delay as he had to take on provisions at the same time. Captain Bengston gave the approximate day when to expect the vessel (*Forsette* was her name), and as it was only a matter of a few weeks I became very busy getting my things ready for a sea voyage that was expected to last over summer. The *Forsette* as a rule tied up at our port for the winter months.

Our farm was located about two miles from the sea-shore and the dwelling house was surrounded by a number of trees, some of them very tall. By climbing one of them I could get a very good view of The Sound, as well as the surrounding country. When the time approached for the vessel to arrive I almost became a squirrel, as grandfather expressed it. I must have made a trip to the top of that tree every hour for several days before there was any chance of that ship arriving. But such was my anxiety and fear of getting left that I took no chances of her passing without my knowing something about it.

II

AT last, one fine Sunday morning I sighted from my lookout tree the old ship beating her way up against a fresh northerly breeze to the anchorage off our little port (*Höganäs*). She had everything set and the sun was shining on the sails. She had a "big bone" in her teeth, which made her look very saucy. Becoming excited at the appearance of the ship I came down from the tree all out of breath, reporting her to my father and suggesting that we had better go down to the wharf at once. Father said there was no hurry, because the wind was from the north and she would not sail again until the wind became fair. And besides, the captain would be sure to come on shore to have a chat with the owner of the vessel over business matters before he sailed. My father informed me that if I was so anxious he had no objection to my going to the wharf, as he was sure my brother Nils would come ashore on the first boat.

Without further hesitation I ran to the house to get my good clothes on. While dressing I pondered upon the proper headgear to wear. Putting on a brand new sou'-wester which grandpa had given me, I stood before the mirror admiring myself. It looked first class and in ship-shape, but somehow I felt uneasy and discarded it for a straw hat. Afterward I was glad I had done so, as my brother told me the crew would have ridiculed me cruelly if they had seen it.

When I reached the wharf the *Forsette* was at anchor about a mile from the beach. Some of the men were still aloft furling the sails and others were getting a boat into

the water. Seated on a box I awaited developments. Soon the small boat put off from the ship and came alongside the wharf. Captain Bengston was steering and my brother was pulling the stroke oar. Making the boat fast, all hands came ashore and then began a general handshaking all around between the sailors and townspeople who had sauntered down to the wharf to meet the newcomers.

My brother was glad to see me and enquired about all the folks and a great many other things as we walked toward home. He hinted now and again that he did not approve of my going on board the old hulk, as she was rotten and leaking like a basket. I begged him as a favour not to say anything about it to anybody, because I had made up my mind to go if she could only keep afloat until I got on board of her. This he promised to do, but he cautioned me not to blame him if anything happened. With that we approached the house, where we found all the members of the family assembled to greet my brother.

We spent a pleasant Sunday, which was to be the last for many a day to come. Captain Bengston and his wife called during the evening. The captain was quietly observing me all the time, ultimately stating that the voyage would be no joke. As for money matters that depended on myself; on how much I could do, and how quick I would be to learn. The more I could do and the quicker I could master things the better it would be for me. I thought I understood the conditions perfectly well, but alas! my imagination was greater than my judgment.

The next day, the wind coming from the south caused Captain Bengston to be a busy man getting his crackers and salt horse aboard of the barque. Having said good-bye to my family, father hitched the horse to the buggy and took my trunk down to the wharf where it was put into the boat. By and by the skipper announced that he

was ready. Then the boys fell to with a will, as they were anxious to get out to sea before dark.

After the small boat was hoisted on board it did not take very long to get her under weigh, the first officer having her hove short and the lower topsails sheeted home before we got alongside, evidently anticipating an order of that sort. Shortly afterward an order was given to man the windlass, in which everybody took part, the skipper taking the wheel. After a good deal of heaving, and considerable more swearing, the anchor was broke out of the ground, the foreyards braced back on the port brace and she started to swing around on her heel very gracefully and gather headway. The carpenter went aft to relieve the skipper at the wheel while the mate and all hands were busy securing the anchor and setting every stitch of canvas she could carry.

Being very much occupied I did not have time to take a look at the old place. The wind had in the meantime increased to a strong breeze, kicking up a nasty, choppy sea that made me feel very uncomfortable. The old ship herself was no better off. I thought, as she creaked and groaned under the pressure of her sails she seemed to be in misery, and to be doing her utmost to no purpose.

Several vessels went by us as though we had been at anchor. One of them was a three-masted, full-rigged ship that looked very beautiful. My brother told me that she was a Yankee clipper. She had three skysails and several stunsails set, and the appearance she presented was very inspiring, from a sailorman's point of view. I heard the captain say she was logging fourteen knots per hour.

Late that evening the captain took me down to the cabin and pointed out a little hole just back of his own room and told me that that was where I was to sleep. He also gave instructions to the mate that, for the present, I should be allowed to sleep all night. And as for work he thought

I should be at the beck and call of every man on board, because from long experience he had found that method a most excellent one for training young seamen.

The mate suggested that I should assist the cook for a few days until I got the hang of things, and afterward become of use on the deck. The skipper did not approve of the mate's idea. He said he was afraid the temptation of overeating or doing myself harm by coming in contact with so many good things to eat would be too great by allowing me to fraternise with the cook. The mate burst out laughing and said:

"The very idea of anything like that occurring on the *Forsette* is a joke."

"How so?" said the skipper.

"On account of the reputation you were so fortunate to get last summer," the mate replied.

"You are alluding to the fellow who became sick and died after I took him to the hospital?" answered the skipper.

"The same one!" replied the mate. "The doctor told me he was too far gone with starvation for medicine to have any effect on him."

Seven bells having struck, the mate left abruptly and I heard him give orders to pump ship. I crawled into my bunk and tried to sleep, but somehow I found I was not sleepy, neither was I hungry. I had eaten nothing since leaving home. I cannot say I was sick, still I was not feeling anything extra. I certainly felt out of place, and longed for the day to come when I would be able to do my work and not be obliged to listen to a lot of foolish talk regarding what would be best for me to do. How long I lay awake thinking I do not know, but I did have a long refreshing sleep. My brother came down to see me early next morning, and taking me forward handed me a cup of coffee and some hard-bread, which I enjoyed

first rate. The mate came along in a swaggering way and asked if I was ready to go to work. I answered that I was willing to try. He took me aft to his room and pointed out a number of things lying loose and told me to find a place for them, and after that to sweep out the room and tidy it up. "When you have finished that I guess we will find something else for you to do. And bear in mind," he said, "whenever I tell you to do anything do it quickly, do it the best you can, and you will find me a friend." I thanked him for interesting himself to that extent in my behalf. He nodded his head and left me to my task.

As this friend of mine will appear throughout this story it will be necessary to get a little better acquainted with him.

Mr. Swanson was by no means a rough, ordinary sailor. Rough he was in appearance, to be sure, and rough in his language toward any one who had to work under him. More so if things did not go right. But further than that his roughness did not extend. He was at heart a good, honest man, about forty-five years of age. He stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet; was muscular and active as a cat. He was born in Höganäs, where his father had been a fisherman, but on account of his father's cruelty he ran away from home at an early age.

For years nobody knew or cared what had become of the boy. Owing to the father's neglect the boy never had a day's schooling and did not know how to write. But in the course of a few years, having served in American ships, he mastered the English language. And being studious by nature he had, with the assistance of a friendly captain, acquired sufficient knowledge to enable him to fill the then very important position of second officer on a California clipper called the *Flying Scud*.

He had continued to serve in the merchant service until

the Civil War broke out, when he joined the United States Navy as a volunteer and was with Farragut at Mobile, and other engagements. Years after the close of the war, having accumulated a little capital, he went back to his old home, not with the intention of staying there, but just to make a call. "As bad luck would have it," he would say, "I fell in love and that is how I came to be mate on the *Forsette*."

I am sure he was out of place on board this craft, as he undoubtedly possessed great experience and ability. After we became better acquainted he would tell me funny stories and his experiences as second officer on the California clippers and during the Civil War. Some of these experiences were blood-curdling. When I expressed an unfavourable opinion regarding some of his actions he would say, "But I had to do it, my boy, otherwise they would have done me."

I asked him once how he could content himself with playing second fiddle to his brother-in-law. (Captain Bengston and Mr. Swanson married sisters.) Mr. Swanson had always commanded good wages and now he was working for a paltry sum and had employment only six months in the year. He told me that it was on account of his wife, who had a very bad opinion of America.

"When this cruise is over I will speak to her once more," he said, "and perhaps I will be able to make her come with me. If not, I will go it alone. Life is too short to waste any of it on this old craft. Therefore, I want you to take my advice and look alive while you are here with me. I will make a sailor of you, and when this cruise is ended I will guarantee you will be able to take care of yourself in any Yankee packet that ever floated."

One day when I was putting his room in order I found among his belongings a pair of boxing gloves. Never

having seen anything like them before of course I did not know their use. While looking at them, Mr. Swanson came in to light his pipe. He started to laugh when I asked him what they were for. He told me that the captain expected to make a trip to Archangel, in Russia, from Scotland, and as the weather there is extremely cold, necessitating the wearing of thick, heavy gloves, he had overhauled his trunk to make sure that his wife had not forgotten to put them in. I said something about them not being very warm, having tried one of them on. He informed me that that was a mistake as he had seen men who had had them on and had got overheated. One man in particular did not come to for a long time. I told him that if I had known anything about such gloves I would have asked grandpa to get me a pair.

The steward and cook on the *Forsette* was another character, but a different type from the mate. He was about sixty years of age, and the greater part of his life he had spent in English coasting vessels as cook. He was a braggart, and his only pleasure in life, now that he was an old man, was to get seated in some comfortable place with some patient listener, and tell wonderful tales of heroic deeds and narrow escapes.

One day the old *Forsette* was rolling a great deal while I was busy in the galley helping the cook to secure things that were rolling about. I innocently asked him if he had ever seen worse rolling than we were having just then. My query took the old man's breath and he seemed stunned for a moment. He lighted his pipe and nodded his head as if thoroughly disgusted with such a foolish question. After a time he said:

"You mentioned something about rolling, did you not?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you about rolling, but I don't want you

to blab about it to all hands on the ship, as you did about the Duchess of Flubdub that wanted to marry me when I was young. Some years ago I was chief steward on a full rigged clipper carrying coal from Newcastle to London. One day we got becalmed on the Dogger Bank, in the North Sea. There was a heavy swell on that day and the rolling of the vessel and the antics she cut up made the skipper's hair stand on end. I could not sleep, and as the weather was warm I took my mattress out, putting it on the main hatch, thinking I would be able to get a little nap during the lulls. At times she would let up for a few minutes then all of a sudden, just as I was on the point of dozing off, she would start off worse than ever, and I saw the North Star through the scupper holes. That was rolling some.

"Ah, my boy, you have not seen anything yet. As a friend I would not advise you to take up the steward or cooking business. Better stick to the deck. It takes such a long time to become an expert at cooking. It was years before they rated me A1. The study of cook books will never do it. I tried it, but it was no use. Actual experience is what tells."

III

WE had now been a week at sea, and were only half way across the North Sea. The wind had been variable and light most of the time. On Dogger Bank we were becalmed, and had a visit from some English fishermen. They came alongside with their boat well stocked with fish, which they exchanged for a few bottles of Copenhagen brandy.

The captain asked them what prospect there was of a change in the weather, and they told him it would breeze up from the eastward before sundown. This would be favourable for us, so the skipper put on his Sunday smile and remarked to the mate that we would get in the next morning.

"I hope so," said the mate, "as I am getting tired of it. My men and I need a rest. This business of spending twelve hours out of the twenty-four at the pumps is no snap."

"I am aware of that," replied the skipper, "but I do not hire you for the purpose of letting you have a soft snap. This business of having soft snaps and luxuries at sea is played out. If they fancy that kind of thing in your Yankee packets well and good, but you have no right to expect that in a North Sea trader, and I being your own brother-in-law."

A catspaw from the right direction came along and the mate bellowed out, "Lee fore braces, tacks, and sheets!" and numerous other orders. In a moment we were sliding along at a pretty good rate, the catspaw having developed into a brisk breeze.

The following morning we made land, but owing to

some miscalculation on the part of the navigator, or else faulty steering, we found ourselves many miles south of where we should have been. On that account the course had to be altered about four points, and the wind being due east was well on the starboard quarter. Evidently the old *Forsette* had on more sail than was good for her. The cook said so, and the skipper thought so. But he wanted to hang on to everything within reason so that he could make the Firth of Forth before dark, thereby getting a pilot on board and a tugboat engaged to tow us up to Grangemouth.

I shall never forget that day. It really was my first day of real hard sailing. I have had many since then, but none left such an impression as this particular day did. The wind blew steadily from the same direction, and although we had somewhat more of it than was good for us, the prospect was such that it would not get worse, as the sky was clear and the barometer indicated fine weather. All hands were on deck, the watch having been called from below to stand by, expecting every moment that something would give way. Besides, there was the pumping to be attended to, the leakage having increased considerably under the heavy pressure the old craft was subjected to. We were in company of a number of coasting vessels, mostly British. The cook knew them all, and had served in the greater part of them. They were also trying their best to accomplish what we were after, but we held our own in fine shape. I felt very proud of the *Forsette*, and the cook had to acknowledge that he had seen worse sailing, so it must have been pretty good. We made the Firth of Forth late that evening and got a pilot on board. As several tugs were outside looking for jobs, we had no trouble in getting one of them to take us in tow, although there was considerable haggling about the price.

It was quite dark by the time the towing hawser was belayed, and the tug started off toward the entrance of the Firth. This was a matter of considerable regret to me, because I was expecting to see the scenery and compare it with that of my home. What I did see was interesting. Craft of all kinds were moving up and down the Firth. There seemed to be no lack of life on the shore, and I became amazed at the long trains of freight and passenger cars running in all directions. Such sights were new to me.

I was sitting in a comfortable place on the deck-load of lumber enjoying it all. A new world was opened before my eyes. But my day dreams were rudely disturbed by the cook, who came sauntering along and took a seat beside me saying, "I see you are enjoying the sights, my boy. I used to like these kind of things myself when I was a young man, but for a man of my years they have lost their charm. As a rule I am very broad-minded regarding young people—I mean by that I never yet refused to take a young fellow around a bit when I thought I could be of some use to him. I know I have been foolish at times, and out of pocket too, by taking them sightseeing, which they did not appreciate. I know of two ungrateful youngsters that I showed everything to in London, and then they grumbled about paying the expenses. I believe they even begrimed me a few pots of Dublin stout that they had to pay for. When I hinted that a bite to eat before going on board would not be out of place, they almost fainted. Just think of it! Their ingratitude was beyond understanding. I was different from that when I was a boy. There was nothing too good for an old sea dog when I was around; more so if I thought I could benefit by cultivating their acquaintance. That's how I got along so well. Although I never liked

bragging, I am proud to say that I am known as the best sea cook in the whole British empire."

I could not help laughing at his hints to have a day ashore at my expense. Yet he annoyed me very much by interrupting my day dreams, as I wanted to see all I could. It was, therefore, a matter of great delight to me when I heard the stentorian tones of the mate calling the cook to make some coffee for the pilot.

"And," the mate added, "mind you make coffee, not dishwater."

After the cook had gone to prepare the coffee, the mate said to me, "You had better go and have some sleep, boy, as you have had a pretty busy day. I am proud of the way you handled yourself on the royal-yard this evening. You did a great deal better than that fellow who is twice your size." He referred to another boy in the fo'c'sle. "I think you can earn a boy's pay and you shall have it."

I told him what the captain had promised my father.

"That part of it is all right," said Mr. Swanson, "but I am the man to tell him what your work amounts to, and you will have as much pay per month when we leave Grangemouth as that big chap I am alluding to, or my name ain't Swanson."

Of course, I thanked him for the interest he took in me. At the same time I felt a little uneasy for the captain. He really had done me a great service by taking me on, as I was only a supernumerary and it did not look right to me that anybody should make it their business to demand pay for me, when the captain had promised to do the right thing. As yet I had not done a great deal of work, outside of keeping the cabin clean.

I went to my bed and was soon asleep. When I awoke we were made fast to a stone quay in Grangemouth dock. Getting my clothes on in a hurry, I ran up to assist — at least I made a bold bluff at it.

The panorama of new and changing sights held me spell-bound; but I observed that the workingmen appeared to wear better clothes and looked much stronger than those at home. There were no wooden shoes to be seen, and the people appeared to be better fed. Everything I saw impressed me very much.

After breakfast, the stevedore came on board and made arrangements with Mr. Swanson about discharging the cargo. The crew was to work the cargo on the vessel and land it on the quay, and the shoremen were to receive it and load it on trucks for transportation to the lumber yards; or if there was a shortage of trucks — which was very often the case — the shoremen, according to agreement, were to pile it on the pier so as to enable the crew to work at all times, whether there were trucks or not.

The stevedore, whose name was Duncan, was a very nice man. I did a small favour for him one day and he gave me a half-crown. His head foreman, MacDougall, was a hard citizen, and had the reputation of being the best scrapper in Grangemouth. He lived up to his reputation by irritating everybody by seeking to fight, thereby causing people to be more or less afraid of him.

With the crew on the vessel, MacDougall had nothing to do, but he never neglected an opportunity to hamper us with the work, which annoyed the mate a great deal. He spoke to MacDougall about it on several occasions, the latter returning a nasty, snappy answer. It was all Mr. Swanson could do to control his temper, and I feared if they should come to blows it would be all day with him, feeling sure that the big bully was able to whip two like Swanson.

On account of the vessel leaking, the captain engaged some calkers to calk the ship's side from the water line down, as fast as she came up by unloading the cargo. We were not allowed to have a fire on board the vessel while

lying in the dock, consequently it became necessary to boil the pitch ashore. It was understood that the captain was to furnish a man to attend to the boiling of the pitch, and being the only one available, I was selected for that duty. The pitch was boiled on the bank of the Firth, about ten minutes' walk from the ship. Between this place and the ship was a very fine macadamized road, lined on each side with a row of trees and rustic seats here and there.

There were many visitors every afternoon, which made it very interesting for me indeed, although I could not talk the language. Yet I liked to study the people. These visitors were mainly servant girls in charge of little children. As they sauntered along the road they always caught sight of me—if not me, certainly the smoke—and the little ones being curious to find out what was going on, invariably had their way. They would laughingly run up to me, and had lots of fun over my appearance, although it was what a pitch boiler should be. Nevertheless I felt embarrassed and wished that I could put on a better front. But my looks did not seem to bother them any; they came right up to me, asking questions that I did not understand, but I tried to make myself agreeable in different ways, and we became friendly in a very short time.

On my way back to the ship one evening I met the cook, who asked me how I had been getting along, and also inquired about the visitors.

"Too bad you can't talk the lingo," he said. "I will come down to-morrow and make it right for you."

"There is no need for you to interfere, as I am getting along first rate, and I am sure I will do better to-morrow."

"But you must learn a few sentences, at least. There will be no harm in that. You should be able to bid the time of day; it would help matters out a bit. They would feel more at home and so would you. I know I lost a fine

chance once under peculiar circumstances, and this is how it came about.

"I was chief steward on board a Baltic trader. We were lying at a place called Lübeck, in Germany. The skipper was a young man, and a sport if there ever was one. He had company on board morning, noon, and night, and he kept me pretty busy. Among his callers was a handsome young woman who came almost every morning. I think the skipper was a little gone on her. If so, I can't blame him; I was a little affected that way myself. My wife had died a short time before, and I was therefore prospecting for another one. One morning this woman had breakfast with the skipper, and when they were through he was called away to see some one on the wharf. I went in just about that time to clear away the table and found her sitting in the cabin alone. I nodded to her as any gentleman would have done, and she said, 'Wie Gehts' (How do you do). I did not know what it meant, and that is where the fun comes in, fool that I was. We had had hot cakes for breakfast, and seeing that she had eaten every one that I had put before her the thought struck me that she was fond of them and would like to have some more."

"What similarity is there between hot cakes and 'Wie Gehts'?" I asked.

"You don't think there is any? Well, what about 'wheat cakes' then, does that sound any nearer to it?"

I admitted it did.

"Well, that very day I made up a big batch of hot cakes and sent them out to her house, requesting her to let me know if she cared for some more. Now you see how necessary it is to be careful how you handle women folks. That lady never came aboard again."

I admitted that his was a peculiar case and that it would be necessary for me to steer clear of such pitfalls.

"Well, I wouldn't have made such a fool of myself if I had been situated as you are, having an old friend and shipmate at hand who is capable and willing to handle the lingo. Bear in mind, sonny, that you are no better off in English than I was in Dutch."

"You just think that over," continued the cook. "See how nice it would be if you could get on the right side of these little darlings. They would invite you to their houses and ask you to bring any of your friends along. Queer people, them Scotch. They like foreigners, but they have to be of the right kind. Look at the opportunity you have of learning the language. You would learn more English in two hours from those pretty little lassies than you would in a trip to China with that bully mate of ours, Yankee Swanson."

By this time we were near to the *Forsette* and seeing a large crowd of people on the quay making a great deal of noise and using very strong language, the cook remarked that there was a row on and that he would not be surprised if MacDougall and Swanson were having a set to; that if such was the case old man Bengston would be looking for another mate the next day. When we reached the crowd we found that what the cook had surmised was right. A cold shiver ran down my spine when I saw my old friend in the midst of that savage crowd, stripped to the waist, with a pair of boxing gloves on his hands. I elbowed my way through the crowd and taking his hand asked him what the matter was. Observing my anxiety and wonderment at the condition of affairs, a smile spread over his face and he said:

"Don't be alarmed, my boy. I'll be with you in a few minutes. Mr. MacDougall and I are going to give a little exhibition in sparring for the benefit of the Sailors' Home."

I felt somewhat relieved at his explanation, although

it was not altogether satisfactory on account of the many angry faces surrounding the combatants. Very soon they assumed the correct pugilistic positions, and I quickly saw that Swanson was perfectly cool, while MacDougall was furious and uttering threats.

MacDougall's tactics were evidently designed to knock his opponent out by sheer strength, as he was a man of muscle. But Swanson had taken his measure carefully during the past few days and was quick enough to find his weak points. He therefore let MacDougall work himself into a frenzy, to which he contributed by making side remarks reflecting on MacDougall's muscle, and side-stepping all blows. I then saw to my relief that Swanson had not served with the American colours for nothing. In a very short time, when Swanson saw that the bully was thoroughly winded, he started to perform on the various parts of his anatomy in a most scientific manner, more particularly the face. At length Swanson saw there was no use to continue the punishment, so he gave one good solar plexus blow that sent MacDougall to the "land of Nod."

The crowd was glad that the bully had met his master, and nothing was too good for Swanson in Grangemouth after that.

When the decision in the fight between MacDougall and Swanson had been unanimously rendered in favour of Swanson, Mr. Duncan advanced with outstretched hand to Swanson, expressing himself as well satisfied with the result of the fight. He insisted that everybody who had any interest in the fight should retire to the nearest public-house and celebrate the event by taking a drink at his expense.

The irrepressible cook exclaimed that he had never seen a prettier fight or a better managed one. "I doubt," he added, "if I could do as well as Swanson when I was his

age. Swanson polished him off to the Queen's taste."

Mr. Swanson said that he had no objection to taking a drink with Mr. Duncan, or anybody else in the crowd, provided it was understood that no one bore him any ill will. "If so," said Swanson, "let him step forward and settle it now while he is in the humour." No one came forward, so they all started for the public-house. I knew that was no place for me, so started to go on board, but Swanson saw me and taking me by the arm said, "It is all right, boy. You can take ginger-ale."

Every one was satisfied that Swanson was no ordinary boxer. But the cook had to have his say, telling the crowd how glad he was that none of them thought of taking on Swanson because instead of benefitting the Sailors' Home, it would more likely be the undertaker. He also said that he knew Swanson many years ago when he was only a lad in San Francisco, out of a job with a board bill to pay. There was a fellow giving boxing exhibitions at the Bella Union Theatre every evening, and he offered one hundred dollars to anybody who could stand four rounds with him. This fellow was called Yankee Sullivan. Swanson thought this was a good chance to get some easy money, so volunteered his services.

"Ah, boys, it was a sight to see, the way that fellow handled himself. I don't think he made a move that I could have criticised. Yankee Sullivan lasted just one little round, when he was down and out for good, so we thought at first. But after a long time he came to and the first words he uttered were, 'who hit me with a sledge-hammer?'"

Swanson and I did not stay long at the public-house. There was no ginger-ale so I did not get anything, except a shilling that Mr. Duncan gave me.

When we got on board the captain was at the gangway, and he and Swanson engaged in conversation at once. I

did not know what they were talking about, but heard afterward that the captain was afraid the authorities would make trouble for him as well as the mate on account of the fight. The captain had sent my brother to the hospital to see how MacDougall was, and he had been informed that his jaw was broken. This was not true, however. MacDougall left the hospital the next day, but he did not come to work again for Mr. Duncan. He evidently felt ashamed to mingle among his men, and they would have made his life miserable. It is human nature that when a man is down everybody has a grudge against him.

IV

THE following morning I was up early, as I wanted to see the mate before going to the pitch boiling place. Coming out of the cabin I saw him forward talking to my brother. It seemed that my brother was consulting him about getting paid off from the *Forsette*.

My brother had met a captain on shore with whom he had sailed before. He had a vacancy on his ship and offered it to him. My brother wanted to accept it, provided Captain Bengston was willing to pay him off. The mate said he would intercede for him, adding, "in case you get the job I shall promote one of the ordinary seamen and the little fellow here can go on the Articles as ordinary seaman."

I blushed at hearing of my intended promotion. But the mate told me that I would have to go into the fo'cs'le, and that I would have to be careful not to let that big chap ride rough shod over me, as he would make trouble for me.

When my brother's case was presented to the captain, he said that he would not stand in any one's way when he could better himself. He paid my brother off and he joined the Swedish barque *Concordia* at Liverpool, where she was loading general cargo for Capetown.

I was very sorry to lose my brother, but I had good friends in the mate and the cook so I was no longer a stranger on board. I was glad he had a chance to better himself, and it turned out afterward to be the best move he ever made, for it proved to be a small gold mine to him.

The longshoremen were assembling for work so Swan-

son shouted, "Turn to," to our men. I went over the gangway and walked slowly toward the pitch boiling establishment, there being no hurry for the pitch, as it was not required before nine o'clock. Passing the cook-house I thought of having another cup of coffee, and perhaps something to eat.

The cook-house was a barrack-like affair, long and narrow. One side of it was all stove and the other all shelves. There must have been at least twenty cooks, mostly foreigners. There was an entrance at each end of it, and as I entered I found our cook seated in a chair — the only one in the establishment — entirely surrounded by other dirty cooks. Directly in front of him was a small window, but no glass in it, through which he was squirting a continuous stream of tobacco juice, with a force and precision that was simply astonishing. He was evidently the boss of the place. When he saw me he shouted, "Hello, boy, what's up now? Any more news from the front?" I told him that I had come in for a cup of coffee. "Hey, you, Billy," he shouted to another cook, "get this boy of mine a cup of coffee and something to eat. And mind you don't take any of my stuff or you will get some of the medicine that MacDougall got."

Turning to me he said, "While that chimney-sweep is getting your coffee take a seat on the floor. I am in the act of telling these greenhorns a few important things in the manly art of self-defence. As I have told you before, I have been the principal actor in many a hard fought scrap. In relating these things to greenhorns who don't understand the game, it is of more importance to them to know that sometimes, just when you have got your man going, the unforeseen will happen and off you go into dreamland. That's what happened to me once. It was a dream pure and simple. This is how it happened:

"It was just after the Crimean war, when I was chief

steward of a pretty good sized Liverpool barque and we were chartered to go to the Black Sea to fetch home a regiment of soldiers, quite a number of officers and some ladies. They were a half starved lot when they came on board and were civil enough then, but they changed a whole lot I can tell you after eating my cooking. I worked as I never worked before, and as I never will again. It was all to no purpose. They kept kicking about everything and it got worse every day. With the captain's permission I was allowed to take some of the ladies into the galley to fix up certain dishes for their husbands. It sort of helped out in a way, too, though at times it was a perfect nuisance. Being a handsome fellow, if I do say it myself, it caused a great deal of friction among the officers. One day a young snob of a general came to the galley door and accused me of being too friendly with his wife, and also of having put poison in his pudding. These insinuations made me angry, not so much on account of the reference to the poison, but his wife — the Lord help us — was the ugliest woman on the ship. The charge was too ridiculous and I told him so. Many of the officers backed me up. This made him madder still. It seemed that he wanted me to admit that I was a little gone on her. I guess he thought it would be a feather in his cap on account of her ugliness. But I wouldn't have it that way and demanded redress, and with bare knuckles at that. The doctor investigated the pudding and found no poison in it. The general then agreed to accept my challenge. It was agreed that the fight was to come off on the Saturday following, on the quarterdeck. The captain volunteered his services as referee, which was agreeable to both of us.

"As we had two or three days to brush up before the fight came off, I selected a fellow out of the fo'cs'le to give me a bit of a rub-down every afternoon when I got

through exercising with a pair of 50-pound dumbbells. That was all the training I did. I didn't really require any, as I always kept myself in first-class condition. However, on this occasion I did take a little extra precaution. I wanted to give that snob of a general an illustration of the Crimean war on a small scale. How well I succeeded you will now hear.

"Saturday afternoon came round, and say, boy, how I did ache to get at that general. I was happy when the mate announced that everything was ready for the go. I left my room stripped to the waist, and as I stepped on the poop-deck I bowed to the captain and the spectators. My opponent was ahead of me in the ring, talking to another general who had been selected as timekeeper. The captain asked me if I had any objections to this general acting in this capacity. I told him that I had none. It was early in the afternoon and I knew that I had all sorts of time to polish off half a dozen generals. Everything being satisfactory, and according to Queensbury rules, the timekeeper said, 'go!'

"In the first three rounds I didn't do any serious execution; it was more after the fashion of a dancing match than anything else. Once in a while I would prick him up a little with a left or right hook to let him know that I was there, but outside of that I confined myself entirely to dancing around him like a cooper round a cask.

"In the fourth and fifth rounds I made it very disagreeable for him. He must have thought it was Sebastopol all over again. The captain asked as a favour not to prolong the agony. 'Everybody can see,' he said, 'that the general is not in your class.' I therefore decided to wind the fight up in the next round by giving a small imitation of the charge of the Light Brigade, which I thought would please the spectators, as the majority of them were soldiers.

"The timekeeper called 'Time' for the sixth and final round. I charged him with the intention of finishing him with a solar plexus blow. The blow was landed right enough but when he was falling he threw both arms around my neck and I knew no more. There we were, both of us knocked out. The mate pulled the general off and I finally came to."

We sat around and talked it over until Billy came with coffee and a snack to eat.

After eating I resumed my labours with the pitch, which was at boiling point when one of the calkers came down to take it to the ship. He also brought me a note from the mate in which the mate asked me to come to the boat with the calker. I wondered what he wanted, and was surprised when he said that the captain wanted me to go to Edinburgh with him. The chronometer was out of order and had to be taken to Edinburgh to be repaired. The captain thought he would give me a little outing at the same time for my good work with the pitch. Mr. Swanson had spoken to the captain about my being put on the Articles, to which the captain had no objections, saying that it was no more than right and that I might consider myself under pay. Thanking him I hurried away to get dressed for the trip.

At the depot the captain found several friends, captains of various vessels, who had decided to make the trip too, combining business with pleasure. I had charge of the chronometer and was pleased to make the trip.

This was the first time I had ever travelled on a railroad and everything I saw interested me very much. We passed through several tunnels, which puzzled me indeed. The scenery on the way was grand to my eye and everything looked substantial and comfortable, compared to what I was accustomed to see at home.

Arriving in Edinburgh we went to a hotel and had a

good meal. The skippers were all in good humour, Bengston in particular. He said all kinds of nice things about me to the other captains and, better still, gave me a pound to spend as I pleased. All this praise caused me to think a great deal of myself. I had the twenty franc piece ornamenting my silver watch chain, and compared it with the sovereign the captain had given me. I was undecided which was the prettier and wondered what the folks at home would say if they saw me at that moment. I felt sure grandpa would have shed a few tears at my good fortune.

The other captains had heard of the girls visiting me at the pitch boilers and joshed me about them. I admitted that I was in clover so far as they were concerned. One captain wondered how it was possible for me to get along when I could not speak the language. "Oh," said Bengston, "yes, he can. My cook, Baron Von Munchausen, takes care of that. Miss Duncan told me yesterday that he could say lots of things to her; in fact he asked her for a kiss."

When I heard this I was covered with confusion and felt annoyed that the cook should have betrayed me in such a manner. Had I really committed myself? And was that pretty girl who had asked me so many questions Miss Duncan? Every time I thought of it I blushed to the roots of my hair and swore that I would wreak vengeance on the cook for what he had done. I thought of telling Captain Bengston about the trick played on me by the cook, and then I thought that he might laugh at me, so I left the matter undecided until my return to the ship.

We went to a great many places of historical interest in the Scottish capital, among them being Holyrood Palace, where we saw the room occupied by Mary Queen of Scots, and also the axe with which she was beheaded. I

also saw the basket in which James, afterward King of Scotland, was lowered from the castle, thus making his escape. In the evening we went to a theatre. I had never been in one before. It amused me more than anything.

I did not sleep well that night, although the bed was much better than any I had ever slept in. I lay awake thinking. Somehow I could not get Miss Duncan out of my mind. The whole thing seemed a puzzle to me. Why did she tell the captain about it? If she told him she must have told her parents also. I thought she ought to have been ashamed to mention it, and yet she evidently considered me innocent of wrong-doing. I had helped her on several occasions to carry the little ones along the road when it was time to go home. At all times she had seemed pleased with my behaviour. Yet I felt determined to talk to Swanson who I thought would straighten the matter out for me. I soon fell asleep and dreamt that it was not I who had asked such an impertinent question but a fellow much bigger than I.

After breakfast next morning we went to the park and saw a number of children dressed in Highland costume playing there. It looked very odd to me, and so I asked Captain Bengston how they came to be dressed in that manner in the city. He told me that in some parts of the Highlands they wore no clothes at all. I laughed at him as I thought he was joking.

After dinner we went to the railroad depot and Captain Bengston put me on board the train, in charge of the conductor who was told to put me off at Grangemouth. The captain gave me some verbal orders for the mate and said good-bye.

With my sovereign I had purchased several souvenirs for the folks at home, among them being some fancy clay pipes for grandpa.

There was a big fat woman seated next to me in the

car, who talked a great deal to the other passengers, finally addressing a few remarks to me. I did not know what she was talking about, but as she persisted in addressing me I nodded my head, meaning that I did not understand English. The other passengers were very much amused at what she was saying, which caused me to feel very embarrassed as I thought she was making fun at my expense.

Very soon we entered a tunnel, and shortly afterward were startled to hear the most blood-curdling yells which we discovered came from the fat woman next to me. My souvenirs fell to the floor and were stamped upon by the woman who was still yelling something unintelligible to me. As I stooped to pick up my package from under her feet she landed me a most powerful blow with her fist that made me see stars and landed me on the floor. When we reached the end of the tunnel I resumed my seat, but not the fat woman. She stood frothing at the mouth and swearing volubly. When I gazed upon her I was horror-struck at her altered appearance. She was as black as an inkwell. Everybody was laughing at her except myself, as I was afraid of receiving another knockout blow. The train coming to a stop she called the conductor. He examined my hands and found no evidence of the crime with which she accused me. She continued to swear and was not satisfied that I had not done it. It was quite obvious that somebody in a spirit of mischief had rubbed her face with a boot-black brush and then thrown it out of the window. To make matters worse she wiped her face with a dirty handkerchief which she had. This only made the smear more general, and produced more laughter from the passengers. She got off the train shaking her fist at me.

Being very much upset over the loss of my trinkets and the false accusations against me, I did not observe the

passengers who got on at this wayside station until a little tot of three or four years came and sat on my knee. I recognised her as one of my little friends of the pitch boiling place. Making her comfortable on my knee she insisted on giving me a piece of candy, for which I thanked her in English. Looking around for her caretaker I observed her sitting almost opposite me beside an elderly lady who looked to be her mother. The mother said something to the little one but she took no notice; instead she put her arms around my neck seeming to be quite happy in my company. The mother was a pleasant looking lady, who seemed to enjoy the situation of her daughter and laughed when she noticed the liberties the little one was taking with me. I did not object as they were an improvement on the company I had had during the early part of my journey. After a while there were two vacant seats next to me and the lady and her daughter came over and occupied them. They introduced themselves as Mrs. and Miss Duncan, making me feel quite at home. We arrived in Grangemouth about six o'clock in the evening. The little one had fallen asleep in my arms and remained asleep after we got off the train. I accompanied the ladies with my burden which was growing heavier every minute. Miss Duncan walked beside me, chatting all the time. She offered to relieve me but I refused to part with my little friend. I did not know all Miss Duncan said to me and vowed I would start in that very evening to learn English. I understood a little English but could not express myself in that language. I was afraid to say anything for fear I should again ask for a kiss.

We very soon arrived at Mrs. Duncan's house. Mr. Duncan met us at the door and embraced his wife and daughter. He then took the sleeping child from my arms and kissed her affectionately, pushing me into the hall. I

tried to tell him that it was necessary for me to go on board ship but he would not hear of it. He showed me into the parlor, where I found Swanson and some more of Mr. Duncan's friends. Mr. Swanson, after shaking hands with me, asked me what sort of a trip I had had. I started to tell him but was stopped by Mrs. Duncan and Betsey, who relieved me of saying any more about it.

The evening turned out to be a most pleasant one for me. Miss Betsey took me in hand and said I was a wonder at picking up words in English. I asked Swanson to put me right in regard to the kissing, which had worried me so much. Strange to say, it did not worry me half so much now as it did in Edinburgh. I rather wished it was true, more particularly so when Miss Duncan said that I had never uttered such a statement. I then made up my mind that I would not boil pitch much longer without really asking.

Swanson was a general favourite that evening by telling funny stories, singing nigger songs and dancing horn-pipes. I never thought there could be so much humour in so stern a looking man.

Mr. Duncan offered Swanson MacDougall's position as general foreman stevedore, which was considered a very good position, but Swanson would not hear of it having promised his brother-in-law that he would finish the summer cruise on the old *Forsette*.

It was about eleven o'clock that night when we left the house. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan and their friends invited us to call again before we sailed. Miss Duncan promised to call at the pitch place the following day, and as a special favour to her I promised not to eat at the cook-house, as she wanted to bring me something nice for my lunch.

On our way to the ship Swanson asked me how I had enjoyed myself and when I told him what a good time I

had had he was pleased. He asked me if I would like to call again. I answered him that I would be glad to at any time. "I thought so," he said, "they are nice people all right. Miss Duncan will buy you some books to take along and we shall start to study English at odd moments on our trip to Norway and Russia. When we get back to old England you will be able to do your own talking." I felt encouraged and promised to be an apt pupil. "I know you will," said Swanson. "And there is something else you will have to attend to that is as important as learning English, and that is to know how to use those fancy gloves of mine. However, I am proud of you and so is the Duncan family. I hope the old man will get a charter for Grangemouth before the summer is over. Well, we shall see. To-morrow we ought to get letters from home. I suppose you will get a big one from grandpa. Have you written home?"

I told him that I had not. "That's bad," he said. "If it was not so late I would make you write to-night. But mind you do it to-morrow or there will be no more visiting Betsey. Never neglect to write to your mother. My case was somewhat different. In the first place I had no mother to write to, and in the second place I did not know how to write until I was almost a man. My father never had any use for me, except to give me a licking. Still I did not allow that to stand in the way of letting him know how I was getting along, and sometimes I backed it up with a few dollars that must have come in very handy for him in his old age."

I reflected upon what this man had told me, and my respect for him increased. After I had gone to bed that night I lay there a long time before sleep came to my eyes, vowing that never again would I give him an opportunity to criticise my behaviour in regard to writing home. I would write to-morrow even if there was no letter for

me. There was plenty of interesting news to relate. The trip to Edinburgh alone would be sufficient. I thought I had better not say anything about Betsey. I preferred to tell grandpa personally about her.

VI

A WAKING early next morning I turned out and went on deck, finding the cook to be the only one astir. He was getting a few things ready to take to the cook-house and asked me to help him, as it would save him another trip to the ship. "You can fetch the coffee-pot back for the men. That will be your job anyhow, now that you are going to be an ordinary seaman," he said. "I am glad that you don't seem to care for the cooking business. It is the last thing that a young fellow should go in for. Look at me. Here I am sixty years old and not a place for me to rest my weary head, nor a dollar laid by for a rainy day."

I admitted that his case was a sad one and said, "Why don't you marry?"

"Marry, marry who?"

"Oh, somebody."

"Well, yes, there was a time when I could have married somebody, but that was years ago and I was a fool, too, if I say so myself. I was altogether too particular, wouldn't stand for anything but the very finest points in the women folk. I now see my error, and I am afraid that there is none of the kind left that I am looking for."

I tried to describe the fat woman, my acquaintance of the train, to him, but I could not get him interested. Evidently there was something wrong with him that morning.

When we got to the cook-house, Billy, the cook I have spoken of before, treated me to a cup of coffee, and in a

short time our cook had the coffee-pot ready for me. Arriving at the ship, I was met by Axel (called "The Big Lobster" by Swanson), who demanded in a very angry tone why I was so long in getting the coffee on board. I told him I could not bring it before it was ready. That did not seem to satisfy him, as he remarked that my brother was not on board to take my part and if I repeated the offence there would be something doing. I got very angry and asked him to see about it at once, which he proceeded to do by upsetting the coffee-pot, which I had set on the deck, in his rush to get at me.

I had seen enough of Swanson's little scrap with MacDougall to learn that it would be most tactical on my part to keep away from him until an opportunity presented itself. I succeeded in avoiding him for some time, but I soon ducked and ran between his legs, thereby upsetting him. This caused a great deal of laughter among the sailors who were standing about, and Swanson, having heard the commotion, sauntered forward to see what it was all about. When Axel saw the mate he stopped chasing me.

"What's the trouble, Andrew?" he asked. I told him it was all over the coffee not being brought aboard sooner.

"Oh, is that all," said the mate. "And for that Axel wanted to lick you. Well, now you had better give him a chance, and I will see that fair play is given to both, and," turning to me, "if you do not polish him off as I did MacDougall you had better not call on any of your Scotch friends. They would not welcome you, be sure of that. You, Axel, just wait a moment while I bring out the mittens, and while I am away just stretch a rope across here so that nobody will interfere."

Axel was about two years my senior, very large and ungainly, but very much stronger than I. He had a nasty disposition and was constantly picking at me, mak-

ing sarcastic remarks about my being the mate's pet, and making life in general as miserable for me as he could. When I went forward among the men he made it a point to criticise my unseaman-like talk, and on several occasions called me a farmer.

When the mate was adjusting the gloves, first on Axel, then on me, I made up my mind that I should conquer or die in the attempt to lick my opponent. Swanson gave me some advice just before he said the word "Go." "Keep away from that lobster. Don't let him clinch, and every time you get a chance soak him in the jaw or the solar plexus, and he will be done for inside of two minutes."

A number of longshoremen had arrived on the quay and the mate invited them to come on board. Several remarked that it was not fair to pit me against such a big fellow. The mate said he would stand treat for all hands if Axel won. One of the longshoremen took him up. At that Swanson said "Go."

There is no use for me to describe the fight, being one of the combatants. I know that I was knocked down twice and saw any number of stars. But I saw my opponent go down twice, and had the pleasure of sending home a dandy blow on his nose that made it bleed freely and worried him a great deal, causing him to be careless in his defence, thereby giving me the chance to soak him one in the eye and another in the solar plexus, which doubled him up like a jack-knife. He started to cry, to the great amusement of the spectators. Swanson then came forward and announced me the winner, at the same time taking me by the hand, saying, "With a few lessons I will back this boy against any one in Grangemouth, for his size and age."

The longshoremen insisted upon shaking hands with me, and the fellow who lost his bet wanted to stand treat

YANKEE SWANSON

at once, but Swanson said it was time to turn to; the treating could wait until evening.

Getting ready to go to my pitch boiler, one of the calkers told me not to mind about it that day, saying, "We will look after it ourselves," intimating that I had already done a good day's work. I insisted that I was not tired; besides I did not like the idea of any one thinking I was too much used up not to attend to business. So I started a fire and soon had the pitch boiling.

Later on I sat down for a rest and took out pencil and paper, intending to write to my mother, but found that my hand was too shaky, so put it off for a little while. A calker came for some pitch, and taking a good look at me said that I looked first rate compared to Axel.

"Come along and take a look at him. You will find him an interesting object. You sure did make a better job of him than you did of the fat woman. Yankee Swanson is the happiest man in Grangemouth. I thought Mr. Duncan would burst his sides laughing when Yankee told him about it. Duncan is now taking up a collection to recompense you for the loss of the clay pipes and the hardware that you broke on the fat woman. Say, boy, you are all right. The cook told me all about it. That fellow is no ordinary square-head. It was lucky for you that Swanson put you on to Axel's weak points, or you would have been a goner. That fellow Axel is as strong as an ox, but Yankee is taking it out of him now; he is making him pack double loads. I feel sorry for the poor fellow. Duncan asked him to let up, but it is no use. That Swanson is a hard citizen. I should not like to work under him."

I told him that I did not care about going back to the ship just then, as I had a letter or two to write; besides I was on the lookout for somebody to bring me something to eat.

Praising my ability as a pitch boiler the calker picked up the pot and returned to the ship, while I began to write my letters with a perfectly steady hand. I was on the point of putting my writing material away when I observed Miss Betsey. She was standing some distance away, looking intently at me, evidently expecting to find me in pieces as her father had told her about the scrap. She made no move to come any further, so I went to her. She put out her hand in a most friendly manner and I squeezed it heartily. She expected to find some terrible change in my looks, but found none, except a lump on my forehead about the size of a goose egg. Her father had told her that I would not be able to take solid food for at least two weeks so she had only brought some soup. When she found that I was able and willing to eat anything in the food line she insisted upon going back for something more substantial than soup. I asked her not to bother, as I could go to the cook-house for dinner. She told me she would bring me something next day and also some books for Swanson to teach me English. I thanked her and said I should never forget her, at which she laughed heartily.

She wanted to know if I did not feel sore after the beating I had received, and when I told her "No" she seemed surprised because MacDougall was very much so after his fight, she having been told so by MacDougall's daughter.

I asked her why she had not brought her little sister with her. She informed me that her father said I was a most gruesome sight to behold and he was afraid she would not recognise me. It appeared that Miss Betsey had been misinformed about the whole business, so I was anxious to make it right. Seeing the cook coming toward us, I thought he might explain matters more clearly, but the question was, would he?

I was suspicious of the cook, as it was hard work for him to tell the truth. He handed me a couple of letters from home, and nodded his head in a familiar manner to Miss Duncan, at the same time taking the board upon which I had been writing and arranging a comfortable seat for her. After inviting her to be seated he squirted a streak of tobacco juice into the river, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at me, and said something about my not having any sense and begging her not to be offended. Then he squatted down on his haunches like an Indian and started to relate a lot of things which were probably lies, but they amused her, because she laughed heartily at what he was saying.

I felt angry with the cook, as I wanted him to put me right with Miss Duncan regarding the fight. After a while there was a lull. I supposed he was inventing a new lie, so I said, "Here, cook, tell Miss Duncan about the fight. She has been told that I got the worst of it. Please tell her the truth, cook, and I will promise to treat you to a pint of stout this evening."

"I am sorry you did not speak about that before. It is too late now. I wanted her to feel sorry for you, and on that account said Axel knocked the stuffing out of you, and that if it had not been for the mate and myself you would have been knocked out for keeps."

There were two buckets of water standing close by, which I kept handy to pour over the fire when my day's work was done, and also when the pitch boiled over, which it sometimes did. It was my fire department. Unable to control my temper, I was roused into a frenzy by the cook's mischievous falsehoods, and immediately charged him with the whole fire department, which paralyzed him for a moment as such a thing was entirely unexpected. He must have thought that Niagara Falls had broken

loose, and not being a friend of clean water, he must have felt very uncomfortable. After using the water, I picked up a piece of firewood, expecting the cook to charge. I did not have long to wait; he came at me like a mad bull, and I let fly the piece of wood which caught him on the head, knocking his hat off. On he came, and I ran towards the road but had the misfortune to stumble and fall on my face. Before I could get up he had me by the neck and started to drag me to the pitch pot.

My little friend enjoyed this episode immensely until she saw that the cook was master of the situation. Then she began to fear that there was real danger for me. She told me afterwards that she thought the cook was going to burn me in the pitch pot, and if so, it was time for her to act. With the piece of wood she had been seated upon she flew at the cook and belaboured his old head until it became necessary for him to give her some attention. Taking advantage of this, I began kicking at his legs, with the result that he gave up the unfair fight which was now beyond his control and retreated towards the cook-house in a most undignified manner.

Just then some small boys happened to come along the road and asked the cause of the exciting chase. Betsey told them that the cook had tried to burn me up, and would have succeeded if she had not intervened. The boys joined in the chase, hurling stones and pieces of coal at him, which made matters worse for the cook.

By the time he reached the cook-house he was exhausted and closed the door as soon as he entered, while my friend and I went back to the pitch pot.

It was now late in the afternoon, and as yet I had had nothing to eat and there were my letters waiting to be read; but I did not open them, knowing well that I would not enjoy them with this terrible hunger gnawing in my stomach. While thinking the matter over, a calker came

to get some pitch and not finding it ready asked what was the matter. I told Betsey to explain, which she did in a most satisfactory way because the calker laughed as I never saw anybody laugh before. He swayed his body back and forth, supporting his sides as if afraid they would burst, finally throwing himself on the ground alongside of the pitch pot, he roared and grunted so that we thought he was having a fit. After a while the calker came to his senses, got up and took a pinch of snuff, picked up one of the buckets and went down to the river to fill it. Coming back, he put the fire out and took the pitch pot, calling to me to come along. I said "Good-bye" to my friend, glad enough to leave, as I was very hungry.

I told the calker about the state of my stomach. He seemed surprised at what I told him, and called a fellow who seemed to be looking for a job and told him to carry the pot down to the *Forsette*. The calker and I very soon fetched up at a nice eating-house. Evidently he was a regular patron of the place, as he seemed to know every one. A handsome waitress came up to us and the calker gave his order. They appeared to be on very friendly terms, judging from their conversation. I did not like that, as I hoped she would go off and get our order first and then come back for the chat. It seemed she had forgotten all about it for the time being, and the calker looked as though he was going to throw another fit. He threw himself on the table and upset two water bottles, and the waitress dropped into a chair almost powerless to control herself. It seemed contagious, this laughing; every person in the room was soon laughing, except myself, and I guess I would have been, too, if I had not been so hungry.

At last the waitress thought it was time to see about our order, and when she came back she placed some bread and butter on the table. I felt like starting in on that,

but as the calker made no move, I hesitated. After some time the steaks and potatoes came, with plenty of coffee. The calker invited me to help myself, which I did. I certainly enjoyed my dinner, and commenced to feel like myself again. The calker remarked that I seemed to be in a hurry, but I took out my letters and showed that they were unopened.

He observed that I was somewhat excited, as well I might be, not knowing what sort of lies the cook had invented for my benefit to tell the captain and first officer. As far as the mate was concerned, I felt easy enough, but with the captain it was a different case altogether. I was afraid he would think I had not shown sufficient respect for old age, even if, as in this case, old age had forfeited all respect by telling lies to a friend.

While we had been eating, a number of Duncan's men who worked on the *Forsette* came into the restaurant, and when they saw the calker and me sitting there they came over to us and started to relate the cook's version of the case. It was just as I suspected — a story without a word of truth in it. He had told the captain that without any reason I had enticed a lot of young men to waylay him and beat him up, but he had fought with his usual bravery, having finally to give up on account of the great number of young men who were beating him up with stones and scantlings. The calker said that under the circumstances they would all go down to the ship with me and give the captain and everybody else concerned the true facts of the case. I was very glad of this, as I did not know how the captain would take it.

Arriving at the *Forsette*, we found all the sailors and second mate ready to go ashore to get something to eat, as the cook had nothing ready, his excuse being that the other cooks had robbed him of his stores; that he was unable to defend himself owing to the terrible beating he

had received at the hands of the ruffians I had set upon him.

The calker who had been so kind to me took it upon himself to be the spokesman. He related to the captain and the mate all that Betsey had told him. Perhaps he exaggerated a little, but if so, it must have been in our favour. I say "our," because Miss Duncan did as much damage as I did. The captain tried to put on a dignified look, but could hardly restrain himself while listening to the calker's ridiculous tale. Everybody, including the mate, joined in the fun, until the poor cook, who was sitting on the main hatch, his face buried in his hands, every inch a fallen hero, could stand it no longer so he got up and walked into his galley.

After the calker and his companion had left the ship, the captain called me aft, and in the presence of the mate asked me to tell the whole story regarding myself and the cook. After I had finished the story he seemed to reflect upon it for a moment, and finally said: "Well, boy, I don't blame you for getting angry with the old cook on account of the lies he told about you, but you should have had some respect for old age, when you threw the water on him; besides the cook is a born liar, but it is mostly about himself and does nobody any harm. Therefore you will have to apologise to him at once. I can't understand how that little girl of Duncan's could raise all these bumps on his head. If I did not know different I would swear that Swanson had been giving her a few lessons. Are you sure you did not assist her with a scantling?"

I told him that I had confined myself entirely to his legs, and that Miss Duncan had attended to the head decorations. Mr. Swanson grinned and said something about Miss Duncan's having shown considerable skill and generalship. He praised her courage in tackling an old

campaigner like the cook when she thought her friend was in danger. "Anyhow I will hear all about it this evening," he said, "as I have an invitation to call on the family. The cargo will all be out by to-morrow, and this being my last chance to call I will take the boy along and bring him face to face with the girl. I am anxious to find out all about this episode before we apologise to the cook."

The captain thought that was a good scheme and ordered me forward. All the sailors except Axel had gone ashore to get something to eat. He did not like being seen by anybody on account of his swollen nose and black eye.

I sat down on my box and started to read the letters from home. They did not contain much news, as they were all written a few days after we left. Mother in particular warned me to be good and to always walk the narrow path. Grandpa scribbled a few lines, telling me he was taking care of my pigeons; that his old dog Blucher missed me a great deal, so much so that he did not eat for several days after I left; also that my younger brother was not successful at turning the grindstone, and as a consequence his tools were not in the condition they used to be. "But I don't blame him, I have nothing to recompense him with. He does not care for my stories of 'Old Nap.' He is a good boy, though, and misses you a great deal, as do the rest of us."

This brought tears to my eyes. I tried to hide them because Axel was sitting there looking at me. I was not ashamed, but I did not want him to think I was repenting my treatment of him.

Just then the cook came up and told Axel that in the future he was to help carry the stores and cooking utensils to and from the cook-house. In other words Axel had been promoted because I couldn't cook anything except pitch.

Axel did not take kindly to this advancement. He considered it a step backward. I did my best to encourage him to accept the position, telling him that it would be splendid to see him and the cook walking up the street together with their bruised faces. I also said that I had heard the mate say that to-morrow would be the last day for calking, and that he much preferred Axel to me for assistant cook because I was a better sailor.

No more was said about the subject that evening. I turned in to go to sleep, but some drunks came in shortly and woke me up with their noise. They were laughing about the cook's adventure with me. They said it was the talk of the town. One fellow in particular raised such a racket that Swanson, hearing it all, walked into the fo'c'sle grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and with a swift kick landed him out on the deck on all fours. The poor fellow was a sight when he came back into the fo'c'sle. The cook got a rag and some water to wash him with, then decorated him with sticking plaster until he looked like a scarecrow.

I did not sleep very much that night on account of thinking of home, and for the first time since leaving I wished I was back again. I felt restless in the morning when I turned out, and not waiting for Axel to come with the coffee I went on shore.

My intentions were to visit the eating-house where the calker and I had dined previously. When I reached there a young fellow was just opening up the place. He said good morning and asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted a cup of coffee.

"A cup of coffee?" he said. "What's the matter with Munchausen? Is he past repairing, and did Yankee Swanson send him to the undertaker? The fellow who was punished last night is a sight. I swear his mother wouldn't know him. He was in here last night for his



JACK LE FEVRE WHEN I FIRST SAW HIM.

hash. He was telling us what he is going to do to Yankee Swanson before he quits the ship. How does Yankee look?"

I told him that I had not seen the mate since last night, so could not vouch for his looks.

"Well, after I have straightened up a bit I'll go down and take a look at Yankee. However, go in if you want some coffee. You will find the lassie there, and she will attend to your wants. Never mind paying for it. Tell her that Jimmie is good for it."

I entered the place and found the same girl whom I had met the evening before. I asked her for a cup of coffee. She brought it, also some bread and butter. After I had finished I took out my purse to pay for it, but the girl would not accept any money, saying, "This is on me, laddie." I thanked her and went out. Not finding Jimmie I went back to the ship.

I found Mr. Swanson standing on the quay. He came towards me and asked if I had seen anything of Gustave, the fellow he had had the trouble with the previous evening. I told him what I had heard at the eating-house. "Then," he said, "that fellow has run away, and it is a good riddance. I wish some more of these clowns would take a walk before they make trouble." He told me that it would be my last day at boiling pitch, as the calking was nearly finished, and the cargo would all be out by evening. On the following day we were to go to the coal-bunkers, where it would only take a few hours to load, after which we would have to get out of the dock and anchor in the Firth until ready to go to sea.

He told me to keep a sharp look out, and notice what was going on, as we were going to rig out the jib-boom and the royal yards were to be sent aloft before evening.

Leaving him, I walked down to the pitch boiling place and started the fire. After a while a calker came along

with a pitch pot, which he placed upon the fire and then lighted his pipe. He sat down to rest and enjoy his smoke while the pitch was cooking. He told me that only one more pot would be required, and remarked that he guessed I would be glad to hear of that. I gave him to understand that I enjoyed the work very much indeed, and felt sorry that it had come to an end so soon.

"Well," he said, "you have made a good many friends, and I suppose you will be sorry to leave them."

I admitted that the Scotch were great people and that I would miss them all, himself included. This seemed to please him and he asked me if the boss had said anything to me about money. I told him no. "Well, he will before you go away. All of us have given him to understand that you are to be paid a pound, which is to be taken out of our wages. You are worth more than that, but we are all poor men, and that is all we can afford. Besides, the boss will do a little on his own account. He has plenty of money, but don't say I told you." I promised him that I would not, and the pitch being at boiling point, he took his pot and off he went.

Some time previous to the above events there occurred a certain incident which was to be the introduction to a long friendship.

One day at the pitch pot I noticed a boy standing on the road looking down towards me. I had seen him several times before at the cook-house, where he had made himself generally useful helping the cook. He seemed to be of a happy disposition, always jolly and good-natured, even when the cooks called him nasty names or refused to give him anything to eat after doing some work for them. He would grin and take it as a joke. His clothes were nothing but rags, and his shoes had neither heels nor toes. In short, his appearance was awful. I had never seen any one so ragged and dirty before. I beckoned him to

come down. He hesitated a moment, looking up and down the road as if expecting some one. When he came down to where I was, I asked him if he was hungry. I offered him a couple of hard-tacks that I happened to have in my pocket, and he thanked me in such a gentlemanly manner that it struck me as peculiar in such a dirty boy. His English was different from what I was accustomed to hearing in Grangemouth. I therefore concluded that he was a stranger.

After he had finished the biscuits he asked me for a drink of water. I handed it to him, and he took a long, deep drink. Then he patted himself on the stomach in a most comical manner. I think he wanted me to understand that he would now be all right for twenty-four hours anyhow. Taking a seat upon the ground, he looked at me for a long time with such pleading, sorrowful eyes that I felt sorry for the poor little fellow. Very soon he asked me if I liked music. When I told him I did, he took out a little tin pipe from his pocket, wiping it tenderly with a dirty rag, then running over the scales a few times he finally began to play the "Marseillaise." Nothing could have suited me better, as I at once thought of grandpa. It was his favourite tune and the only one he cared anything about. I tried to keep tune to it by singing, which pleased the little musician very much; so much so that he started to march back and forth, causing me to feel afraid that he and his rags would soon part company.

After he had repeated the "Marseillaise" several times he sat down and asked me if I liked dancing. When he found that I did, he said he would dance for me after resting a little. I then thought he must be a lost actor or something equally interesting.

Having rested a little, he took out a harmonica and rubbed it up a bit. He then ran up and down the scales to see if it was in tune, but shook his head as if doubtful

of the result. After several attempts at blowing, he struck up the "Blue Danube," which he played through to see if he had the right key. Taking a careful inspection of his shoes before dancing, as if he intended to make a good job of it this time, he again struck up the waltz. The boy danced well, considering the bad shape of the ground, which was covered with sand, gravel, and pieces of brick scattered everywhere; and worst of all, here and there were big lumps of pitch in the sand, caused by the boiler overflowing. I knew it would be the means of causing disaster to his shoes and called his attention to the fact.

I was too late, and the boy was not listening to anything except his music when the catastrophe happened. In executing some fancy step he managed to get his feet tangled up in a pitch patch, with the result that he fell and left the soles of his shoes stuck in the pitch. The poor boy picked himself up, walked over to where he had got stuck, and stood there looking at the soles of his shoes for some time. He was evidently figuring if it was worth while to recover them. Observing his perplexity, I told him not to mind, as I would give him a pair, having two pairs of my own, and that I would fetch them for him if he would look after the pitch while I was gone. Upon hearing this he became good natured at once, and wanted to know what he had to look out for. I showed him how and left for the ship. On my way I met one of the calkers and told him about the stranger, as I was afraid he would molest the boy if he did not know the reason for his being there.

When I arrived at the ship I found Swanson on the dock talking to one of the Scotchmen. Observing me, he asked me why I had come back to the ship, thinking something had gone wrong with the pitch pot. I told him about the strange boy I had met, and also what I had come

to fetch for him. He thought for a moment. Then he said, "Can you spare the shoes?" I told him that I had two pairs beside the ones I had on. I also said that it was my intention to take him a shirt and some other things that I could very well spare, as the boy was almost naked. The mate then told me that I was not to give anything until he saw the boy, as he was afraid that he was some ragamuffin playing on my sympathies. He then ordered me to return to work and to send the boy up to him, when he would look him over and perhaps give him something to do if the boy was found worthy of it.

When I arrived at the spot I found the boy occupied in dancing a hornpipe with his bare feet, having discarded the uppers in expectation of what I had promised him. He was playing the tin pipe and the calker was beating time on the pitch pot with a piece of rock. Miss Duncan and several more of her friends were spectators. The little kids were turning somersaults and performing some amusing tricks. Miss Duncan asked if I could do anything like that. Confessing my inability, and feeling very jealous, I thought that if the youngster was only properly clothed he would soon be creating havoc among the hearts of the ladies, and that I certainly would not be in it for one moment. I enjoyed the dancing as much as the children. I was only a child myself, although I "paddled my own canoe." The old calker enjoyed it more than any one else. When the dancing came to an end he was pronounced a success.

The poor boy had been so busy entertaining the girls that he had not noticed my arrival. When he did observe me and saw that I had brought nothing he became very down-hearted, but was gentleman enough not to say anything. The calker started to leave with the pitch pot, when I asked him to take the boy along to the mate, who wished to see him. The calker looked dubious at that,

and said, "What can Yankee Swanson want with that boy? Perhaps he is going to let Munchausen adopt him, as the cook told me yesterday that he had a lot of salt horse that had gone bad on him, and he may employ the boy to consume it."

I told the calker that he was mistaken, as Swanson intended to give the boy something to do, if everything was satisfactory. The calker looked at me for a moment, and then burst out laughing, as if it was all one huge joke. He said, "Sonny, that is the funniest yet. Fancy Swanson giving up anything, except such as he gave Mac-Dougall."

I could not help laughing, as it was true, in a way, never having seen Swanson give anything away myself before; but then, there was no reason why he should not do so if he wished. The calker told the boy to come along, and he looked at me as much as to say, "Is it all right?" I nodded approval, and off they went to the ship. My visitors having had enough fun, also said "Good-bye," and left me to think what sort of a reception the boy would get from Swanson.

VI

MR. SWANSON gave the boy a much better reception than I expected. The boy's story was a strange and sad one. There was no reason to think that he was telling an untruth. He has since told it to me many times, and I shall relate it further on in my narrative. I prefer to do this, because when I decided to write these reminiscences I thought it would be best to relate things just as they occurred, or as I remember them.

Mr. Swanson felt satisfied with the truth of the boy's story. He and Captain Bengston interested themselves in the boy and bought some good cheap clothes and shoes for him, but did not allow him to put them on until he had a good scrubbing down with "sudje mudje," while Axel and Munchausen had to swallow the mortification of being compelled to fetch hot water from the cook-house for that purpose. Swanson told the cook that he would hold him responsible if the job was not done properly.

The boy had a home for the time being. Swanson made him cabin boy, and his name went on the Articles (Jack Le Fevre) at twenty-five cents per month. He became a useful member of the crew and was well liked by everybody except Axel. The cook admitted that the boy stood ace-high with him. Jack and I became warm friends from the day he entertained me with his music and dancing, and ever since we have been on the most friendly terms.

It being my last day at the pitch establishment, I said "Good-bye" to a number of friends who called. None of the Duncan family came, as Mr. Swanson had promised to

call on them that evening, and was going to take me along.

I went up to the cook-house for dinner, which I found to be quite an elaborate affair. Evidently the cook was giving pointers in fancy cooking to the other cooks. For some reason or another the cook was very affable to me, giving me the best of everything. He spoke very highly of me to the other cooks, and seemed to have forgotten all about the affair at the pitch pot. I felt sure that he had a card up his sleeve to spring on me when an opportunity offered.

After dinner I went back to the pitch pot and waited for the calker to come for the last of it. I did not have long to wait, for he and Jack soon came along. Jack had a wheelbarrow, into which we put the wood that was left over, and several other things that I had made use of. The abandonment of the camp made me feel a little down-hearted, as I had had a fine time there and would miss it a great deal.

When we reached the *Forsette* we found the boss calker and the captain settling up their accounts. Jack and I were busy getting the things on board, because after that was done our day's work was completed and we could wash up.

When I reported to Swanson he told me to clean up a bit and put on my good clothes, and report to the old man in the cabin. "The remainder of the day is yours," he said. "To-night we will take a little trip ashore, and to-morrow we will get our coal on board, and then away we go."

I went up to the cook-house to get a bucket of hot water, which the cook gave to me without any trouble. He also presented me with a piece of Castile soap, which I suppose he had stolen from one of the other cooks. After bathing and dressing myself, I reported to the captain, who told

me that the boss calker was well satisfied with the way I had supplied his men with pitch, and the men had asked him to pay me a pound of their wages. Captain Bengston handed me the money, and informed me that the boss had given him an order for a suit of clothes for me. He told me to accompany him, as he had business up town, and would see that I got properly fitted. On the way we stopped at the cook-house, where the captain spoke to the cook about some stores that he expected down in the morning. While the captain was talking, the cook kept his weather eye on me, being curious to know what I was doing in company with the old man. When the captain was through with him, he managed to edge up to me, although I tried to avoid him, and whispered in my ear, "Say, boy, did the calker give you anything?" I told him that he had, and that I was going with the old man to get a new suit of clothes. "Didn't he give you any money? I have been giving him hints all along about doing something for you, and I thought if he had given you any cash I would like to borrow a few shillings, as I have a few friends I would like to call on this evening. The old man won't give me any more. You can come along if you wish, and I will make it pleasant for you. I have no hard feelings against you on account of that little racket with the girl. It was her fault. I was only fooling, don't you see?" I had a few shillings in my pocket, and must admit that I felt sorry for the poor old fellow. He was not so bad, and he made me laugh at times. So I gave him two shillings, on condition that we be friends again. I did not stop to listen to what else he had to say, as the captain was a good way ahead of me, so I hurried up and caught him, but walked a little behind him, as I was afraid he would ask me what the cook wanted, and if I told him he might be angry with the cook and me. I had intended giving the few shillings to Jack, but comforted myself with the

thought that I still had the pound, and was on wages, thanks to Swanson.

In the evening Mr. Swanson and I went out to call on our friends for the last time. I had a new suit of clothes, and so had Swanson. He looked first rate, and being in good humour, we chatted as we walked along.

The captain had shipped another sailor to take the place of the one who had run away. Swanson said he was well pleased with him, because he had acted during the day as if he knew his business. He was a Swede, but had sailed in English and American ships and spoke English well. We met several people whom Swanson knew, and they wanted to take us into the public-houses and treat, but Swanson excused us by saying that I did not drink.

As it was early in the evening, Swanson took me to a music hall. We heard a couple of songs and saw some fancy dancing. It was all very funny. I thought of Jack, and said that he could beat them all. Swanson laughed, and remarked that he hoped he would turn out as good a sailor as he was a dancing master. "He is a Frenchman," he said, "and as a rule they ain't much on salt water; but I suppose there are exceptions."

Passing a candy store, Swanson said to me, "Have you any money in your pocket?" I told him that I had. "Well, then buy a box of candy for the ladies; that's what we do in America, and I believe it is the style here also." He selected a nice box and I paid for it.

On arriving at Mr. Duncan's house, we found the family sitting out on the doorstep. They seemed very glad to see us. Mrs. Duncan said I looked fine in my new suit. I liked that, although I wished Miss Betsey had said something like it; yet she was kind enough, just the same, and made me feel at home.

Mr. Duncan was the first one to say anything about the racket with the cook. We had to go over the whole story

again, amidst a great deal of laughter. Betsey deliberately told how she had beaten the cook with the piece of wood, whereupon Swanson said if such was the case she would have to come to the ship and apologise to the cook, as he had told the captain that I was the instigator of the whole thing, by causing a lot of young men to beat him up. Miss Duncan said she would go down the following day to see us off when we hauled out of the dock, and if the cook was not in hiding she would give him some more.

Mr. Swanson had evidently forgotten all about the candy. I had not, but was too bashful to say anything or to offer it to Mrs. or Miss Duncan. I kept it in my hand all the time as if afraid it would run away. I finally mustered up courage to offer it to Miss Betsey. She looked at it, and on seeing what it was, blushed a little, and thanked me in the very kindest way. I got as red as a turkey cock. Swanson was grinning at me, and I thought that every person was doing the same. I was glad that the jolly calker was not there, for I am sure I should have made for the door and run away. As usual, Swanson came to my rescue. He told them that I was bent upon taking something to Miss Betsey, because she had been good to me, and that he proposed to buy the candy, which he felt sure she would appreciate. Mrs. Duncan said it was very kind of me to think so well of them; that she had taken a fancy to me the first time she met me on the railroad cars, and she sincerely hoped that we would meet again. She predicted that in a few years I would be captain of some fine big vessel like the *Forsette*. "Yes, he will," spoke up Mr. Duncan, "and he will give me his stevedoring. Won't he, Yankee?"

"Of course he will," said Swanson, "and then he can take Betsey to Edinburgh for an outing. The fat woman will be dead by that time." This caused a general laugh,

and I had to laugh myself, at the mention of the fat woman.

Swanson asked Betsey to play something on the piano, which she did. Afterwards she accompanied Swanson while he sang "Suanee River," "Nancy Lee," and other songs.

Swanson told about our new boy Jack. Mrs. Duncan said she would help the little fellow in the way of clothes. She said she had seen him once on a Sunday afternoon at some park in Grangemouth, where he had been dancing for pennies to get something to eat. She wondered then who he was and where he came from.

Swanson thought it was time for us to go, as we had to be wide awake next morning, and there was a great deal to be done, meaning that we had to get our load of coal on board and haul the ship out of the dock and anchor her in the river.

Miss Betsey gave me a little package containing books and a few other things that would be useful to me at sea. It was very thoughtful of her, and I thanked her and expressed my gratitude the best I could. Swanson enlarged on what I said — at least he said a whole lot. Mrs. Duncan kept looking at me and remarking, "the poor little fellow."

We said "Good-bye" with a good deal of handshaking, and hoped we would come back to Grangemouth from Archangel. Miss Betsey asked me, as a favour, to make good use of the books. I told her she could take my word for it that they would be completely worn out. In fact I was doubtful if they would last that long, as I intended to go at them good and strong. She laughed a little sadly. I think she was sorry I was going away, and we were never to see each other again, perhaps; but we did meet again years afterwards, but in another part of the world and under changed conditions. I shall tell my readers

about it when I get that far, but it will be some time before I can do so. I will now leave the Duncans for the present; but they were such nice people that I shall never forget them.

When we got out into the street Swanson asked me if there was anything I wished to buy before going on board. I told him that I would like to get a shirt and a pair of socks for Jack. Swanson said he was very much in need of such things, but thought that the Duncans would send something down for him in the morning, as he was sure Mr. Duncan would come to see him, if nobody else did. If Mr. Duncan did bring these things then I could keep them for myself. I told him that I had promised Jack something, and did not like to disappoint him, even if the Duncans did give him something. We looked about for a store, but they were all shut up for the night. Swanson said that we had stayed too long, but he promised to get me what I wanted in the morning. When we reached the dock gate we saw two men walking ahead of us, very much under the influence of liquor. They were arm in arm, supporting each other. I recognised one of them as our cook and the other as the new sailor that the captain had engaged in Grangemouth. As we passed them the cook shouted, "ship ahoy, there." Mr. Swanson stopped and took hold of him by the shoulder, saying, "Is that you, cook?" When the cook saw to whom he had spoken, he offered all manner of excuses, but Swanson said nothing. We went on board, and our friends followed as best they could.

The next morning we were astir early. The cook, who was as drunk as he was the evening before, had been to the cook-house and prepared the coffee on time. I was glad of it, because if it had been otherwise, the cook would have been in for a good scolding, if nothing worse.

We hauled the *Forsette* down to the dock gate, and at

high tide we passed through the lock and entered the other dock, where we loaded the coal.

To me the loading was an odd operation. A car loaded with coal, weighing ten tons, was swung out over the main hatch. A pull at a tripping line disconnected one end of the car and its contents ran out and dumped itself in the hold of the ship. In about three hours it was all over, and we had to haul away at once to make room for other vessels which were waiting to take their turn.

We moved to the dock gate again, and at high tide in the evening the tugboat took hold of us and towed us out into the river, where we anchored.

During the day Swanson had purchased the things I wanted, which made Jack extremely happy. He looked altogether another boy from what he was at first. Mrs. Duncan was as good as her word. She sent him some very good underwear, so that, with the clothes the captain gave him, and what he received from the mate, he was as well off as anybody on the *Forsette*.

The captain had promised to take Jack along for the trip to Norway and Russia and back to some port in England. He did not know which port it would be, but it made no difference to Jack; he was as much at home in one place as another.

I knew if Jack would make good with the mate he would be all right, as he had a tender heart for boys. He had been a boy himself, and from what he told me, he must have received a great deal of ill usage. Strange to say, it had the effect of making him very considerate of boys. Hardship and abuse of that sort more often harden a person; but then, Swanson was no ordinary person, as I found out in time.

The next day was Sunday, and after early coffee all hands turned to. Some were busy rigging out the jib-boom, and others sending up the royal yards. The first

job I got when we came on deck was to reave off the two gantlines on fore and main to send the royal yards aloft. The second mate had charge of sending the yards aloft, while Swanson and half of the men busied themselves with the jib-boom. It was a race to see who would get through first. Everybody seemed to take an interest in the work, and things went along smoothly. We were all through with these two jobs by breakfast time.

After breakfast the sails were taken out of the locker. They were all tagged with leather tags and were sent aloft with the same gantlines that I rove off for the royal yards. Afterwards all hands went aloft to bend the sails, one watch each on foretop and main. The sails were furled as fast as we bent them. When that was done the ropes were coiled down snug, decks swept clean, and the pumps manned. This ended the day's work, and then came the chief event of the day, "slicing the main brace." Everybody took their "nip," except Jack and me. The cook was sure to be around when anything of this sort was going on. The captain was pleased with the manner in which the calking had been done. The vessel hardly leaked, although loaded down to her water mark.

I noticed that the captain and the mate were on better terms than on the voyage out. Evidently they had patched matters up. I was glad of it, as they were both good men. Everything on board a ship, as to her being good or bad, depends on these two men. Nothing is more disagreeable to the mate, as well as the watch, to have the captain come on deck in the morning, before he has had coffee, and start in to find fault with everything he sees. As a rule, the mate, if he happens to be a fellow who scares easily, will try to make things agreeable by being disagreeable with the men. The "handy Billy" will be brought into use at once. The yards will want to be braced up a little more or else checked in a little. A

gasket might happen to be adrift, chafing a sail somewhere, which is something awful. I pity the poor boy who left it in that shape, at least in an American ship. He is lucky if he gets off without having his ears boxed. Luckily for us on the *Forsette* we had a mate who wouldn't stand for anything like that. On the other hand, I think there was hardly anything that any reasonable man could find fault with when he was on deck. Nothing escaped his notice; at the same time, he was not a man to keep a fellow working all the time, just to have you doing something.

When Swanson came on deck, night or day, and relieved the watch, he would take a walk about the ship, every now and then casting an eye aloft, and when he had gone his rounds he knew pretty well what was wanted. He wouldn't do what I have seen the second mate do many times, viz., break the stops on the buntlines to make work for some of the boys. Swanson caught him at it once, and called him down for it. No one liked the second mate. He was not a bad man, but somewhat of a hypocrite. He had a habit of saying, "Thank the Lord I am not like that." He was very quick to see the faults of other people; as for himself, he was a saint, in his own estimation.

I was made happy when informed by Swanson that I was on his watch. Axel was on the second mate's. The new man, Swanson also took. I think he thought he was a hard case and needed trimming a bit. He always liked to do that himself, although the second mate was a handy man with his fists. Jack was to stand no watch, his duty being to keep the cabin clean and to assist Munchausen when he couldn't find anything to do, which was practically what I had to do on the voyage out.

It was Monday morning, early in June, that the tugboat came alongside and passed the hawser on board. The

captain was on board the tug, having been in town clearing the ship for a place in Norway called Bodo. As soon as he came on deck he gave orders to heave up anchor. All hands and the cook, even Jack, lent a hand. It came in easy enough, but the cook was feeling a little gay, so started the old chantey, "We are bound for the Rio Grande." All hands joined in the chorus. After a while he switched to the "Banks of Sacramento." We got the anchor up all right and catted it. The wind being fair down the Firth, we set the fore and main lower topsails to help along the tug, the current being strong and against us.

I do not remember how long it took the tug to take us out to where we let go the hawser, but I do remember that it was a most beautiful day, and it gave me a fine opportunity to see what I had missed going up, owing to its being night time, and the incessant conversation of the cook.

After the anchor was catted and the lower topsails sheeted home, we did nothing more until well out in the entrance of the Firth, except to steer the vessel, and the carpenter always had that job, going in or out of port.

There was considerable wind outside, and it was in the right direction. We had nearly everything set when the tug blew its whistle as a signal to let the hawser go. Dipping our ensign to the tug, the skipper shouted a pleasant voyage, and off we were to Norway at a pretty good clip. The hands were called aft to splice the main brace, and the watches set, Swanson taking the first watch.

I was ordered to take the wheel, relieving the carpenter, who went forward with the other men to get their dinner. After a while I was relieved by one of the men to get my dinner, and as I went forward the captain called me back and gave me a letter. When he handed it to me he winked his eye and said something about sweethearts. The cook

came out of the cabin at the time, and seeing me with a letter an idea struck him that he could be of some use to me in translating it, suspecting it was in English. I had no idea of permitting him to have anything to do with my correspondence, love or otherwise. I declined his offer, but went to the carpenter's place, where there was no one. When I opened the letter I was curious to see the signature. It was Betsey Duncan's all right. I put the letter back in my pocket, and went to the fo'c'sle to have my pea soup and chunk of salt beef. Having finished dinner I went back to relieve the man at the wheel. The mate was walking the poop deck with a smile on his face — a sure sign that everything was O. K.

In any well regulated ship it is strictly forbidden to speak to the man at the wheel, except the officer of the deck in giving an order. Swanson impressed this on my mind on many occasions. In this case it was somewhat different. I was only a boy and he considered himself as my father, at least he treated me as such. After a while he said, "Well, Betsey did not come down to see us off after all."

"She wrote, though," I answered.

"When? To-day?"

"I believe so. The captain just gave me a letter."

"What did she say?"

"I can't read it myself, as you know. I therefore brought it along so you can see for yourself —"

"That would not be fair to Betsey," said Swanson, in his most teasing manner. "Suppose it was a love letter. I would be no hand at explaining it to you if it is. I could not tell a good love letter from a bad one. It was always my luck to make a mess of things when love was on the board. Let the cook tackle it. He is an expert. He will be able to unravel it thoroughly and explain the fine points from the weak ones."

"In that case," I replied, "the letter will go unread until I can find some one that can tackle it. The cook got me into much trouble once by my placing confidence in him."

The smile on Swanson's face developed into a laugh. "Very well, Andrew, don't blame me if it is not what you would like it to be. Under these conditions I will tackle the job, but would advise you to try the cook first."

As I would not listen to anything about the cook, Swanson took the letter and started to read it. I was watching his face, which wore a mingled expression, more of fun than anything else. When he had finished he said, "Well, it sounds all right. There may be some fine points in it that I don't understand. I told you that I was a poor hand at it. This is about what she says. She wishes you a very happy voyage and a safe return to Grangemouth. She wants you to remain her good friend and to think of her once in a while. She feels certain that you will meet again, and sends her regards to the mate and the captain, and warns you to steer clear of the cook, as he is a very bad man, because he tried to make trouble between you two, and by doing so he made trouble for himself. Then she winds up by saying, 'Good-bye, Your True Friend. I have nothing to send you. You never asked me for anything.' What can she mean by that," said Swanson. "There you are. That is something the cook could see through in a minute. We will let it go at that, and between you and me we will answer that letter in Norway."

I asked Swanson to keep the letter for me, being afraid that the cook or some evil-minded person might get hold of it. It is worth keeping, I thought, as bye and bye I would be able to read it myself without an interpreter.

Nothing more was said about the letter. I had my doubts about Swanson, though, as I had seen enough of him in Grangemouth to know that he could be as mischievous as anybody; and as for Betsey saying that I had never asked for anything, and therefore she could not send me anything, I attributed to Swanson's fertile imagination.

We had a most beautiful trip across the North Sea to Bodo. It was daylight twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and as we proceeded towards the Arctic Circle it became daylight altogether.

The distance from Grangemouth to Bodo is about one thousand miles, which we covered in a week. This is not bad for a vessel of the *Forsette* type. The royals were never furled during the entire trip. The wind was westerly, sometimes veering to SW, light to moderate breezes, with a smooth sea. I enjoyed every watch of the trip, and hated to turn in when my watch was up, because of the beautiful weather. Mr. Swanson took great pains with Jack and me, as he was anxious to make good sailors out of us. Nothing important was ever done without him telling us the why and wherefore, showing us how to splice rope and to make numerous knots, some of which were very fancy. When handling the ship under sails on that voyage, he never squared or braced a yard without telling us why he did so and what effect it would have on the vessel.

Swanson became very much attached to my friend Jack. It was a stand off whom he liked best. Jack had the advantage of me in this respect, that he spoke English. Swanson considered that language his, I think. At any rate, he could use it better than his mother tongue, having left home at an early age. Besides, Jack was a song and dance artist of no mean order, and, as I have already stated, Swanson was fairly good at that himself. It was

not strange, therefore, that he should like the boy, particularly as he was so down-trodden by misfortune which was not of his own making.

Jack was not standing any watch, so had the evenings to himself, and often when Swanson and the skipper were in good humour they would send for the boy to bring up his tin whistle and the harmonica. The boy was happy to be able to accommodate them, and he would play sometimes for hours, and for a change he used to do a little stunt in dancing, which delighted us all. Sometimes the captain insisted that Swanson dance a jig or hornpipe, which he did, but his dancing did not compare with Jack's for gracefulness.

Miss Betsey's books I made good use of on the watches below. I soon found out that the easiest way to learn was by listening attentively to Swanson talking to the boy or to Captain Bengston, who also spoke English well, although he made use of the east coast brogue, which is not considered good English.

Sometimes after being relieved at the wheel, the mate would keep me on the poop with him for an hour or so, when he would talk to me in English. He had great patience to explain everything I asked about. I often wondered how he could bear to be asked so many questions, and on one occasion I expressed myself to that effect. His answer was that it did not matter so long as I did not ask the same question twice. He told me I had a good memory, and was quick to pick things up, but he would box my ears if he had to repeat to-night what he had told me last night. At times I would speak to the cook in English, but I could not learn much from him. I always had to go into explanations as to who had taught me, and invariably he would criticise the mate and the English he spoke as being incorrect. "The Americans do not speak English," he would say. "It is a mixture

between Indian and French; some English, of course, too, when spoken the way Swanson speaks it. It reminds me of a Patagonian more than anything I know of. The English I speak is the pure stuff, and no mistake. I am sorry you waste so much valuable time in learning that stuff. It will never do you any good unless you should be crazy enough to take Swanson's advice and sail in Yankee ships. If you do, you will never be a sailor. All that they want in these ships is a fellow that is handy knocking out some poor fellow like Gustave, that he made a mess of in Grangemouth. He ought to be thankful that I was there to patch that fellow up or he would have bled to death. Where, then, would he have been? In jail, of course, where he ought to be. I was that mad that I could hardly keep myself from going out and giving him a piece of his own medicine. Old as I am I ain't afraid of the likes of him. Any time he wants anything in the shape of Jem Mace, The Game Chicken, or any other first class duck, I will be there with the goods."

He then asked me if Swanson ever said anything about him, and I told him that Swanson always spoke in the very highest terms of him, especially of his cooking. "Well, as far as the cooking goes, he has no kick coming. He was never fed better in his life than he is here. Just fancy plum duff twice a week. Where did he ever get that? Not in his fancy Yankee packets. I sailed in some of them and know all about them, but I never liked them. There is too much knockout business for me — no friendship whatsoever among them. If you should happen to be so unlucky as to borrow a dollar or two from one of them fellows he would never stop talking until it was paid back, and with big interest at that, mind you. I don't like that. If I borrow a little from a shipmate, I expect him to keep mum until such time as I am willing or able to pay back. Then if he is a true friend he will say

'Never mind, pal, have a drink with me, and we will call it square.'

I believe that the old fellow could have kept up that talk for hours if I would have listened to him. It was all right for a change, knowing as I did that he could not help it. When I made a move to leave he would always say, "Now keep this to yourself. I would not talk like that to any one else."

I told him I could well believe that, also his reasons for doing so.

"Of course you do," said the cook. "You are different from that fool Axel. I am disgusted with him. I taught him quite a lot at the cook-house in Grangemouth, but he never as much as gave me the price of a glass of ale. Now what do you think of that? Ain't that the limit?"

"Pretty tough," I said. "It is hard to believe that he could be so ungrateful."

"It is a fact just the same. I even went so far as to tell him of the little borrow you obliged me with, thinking it would limber him up a bit. It was no use. The fellow had no sense. I think Swanson was right for once, in Axel's case."

I told him I was sorry that he mentioned the matter to anybody, more particularly to Axel, as he would tell it all over the ship. "Don't worry about that," the cook said, "you can tell him that you did it because I gave you a pointer or two. That will make him feel small, and perhaps he will get next himself to do better in the future by his betters."

I thought the chances of anything of that sort occurring with Axel were very slim indeed, in which the cook concurred.

VII

SUNDAY morning we made the coast of Norway, and by noon we were within five or six miles of land, rocky, forbidding-looking islands and headlands. We were going along at a fairly good speed, with everything set that would draw, the wind being dead aft. Towards evening we had land ahead and on the port bow. We were now several degrees north of the Arctic Circle, and as there is very little difference between night and day in that locality during the summer months, we kept on our course, although it seemed a very intricate piece of navigation. We almost rubbed up against one or two islands. The water is several hundred fathoms deep close up to within a few feet of the rocks. For that reason there is no danger, unless you run on to them.

The scenery is grand ; but it is also the most forbidding scenery in the world that I have ever seen, except, perhaps, Tierra del Fuego, which is the counterpart. It gave me the shivers when I saw those great high mountains, several thousand feet high, and in some places with over-hanging cliffs. Not a blade of grass, or anything else that grows, is to be seen on these islands. In some places there were immense waterfalls, caused by the snow melting on the mountain tops and the water falling straight down into the sea without touching anything.

The following morning the wind fell lightly and we hardly moved through the water. It was as smooth as glass. We were within hailing distance of a small island, on which there was a boat-landing and also a few stone huts. A boat with a man and a boy in it put off towards

us. We backed our mainyards and the boat came alongside. When the man came on board he enquired where we were bound. Upon being told he asked the captain to give him a chance to pilot the vessel. The fee he asked was very moderate, I think, because there was no haggling about it. The boy took the boat back to the landing, and the pilot then assumed charge of the *Forsette*.

The wind had fallen dead calm, and the captain enquired anxiously if there was any anchorage in the neighbourhood. The pilot told him "No," but he said, "there is no danger at all. What little current we have will keep the vessel in the centre of the fjord (inlet),"—and what he said turned out to be so. I have seen the same thing on other inland waters; Puget Sound, for instance, where the anchorages are very scarce also. I remember on one occasion, when out fishing with a friend in a small boat on Puget Sound, about three miles from Tacoma. Just at the time we had caught all the fish we wanted a dense fog came down. We had no compass in the boat, so were practically lost, as far as knowing the direction we should proceed. We therefore took in the oars and lit our pipes, waiting for the fog to lift. Towards evening we heard the puffing of a steam launch. She was quite near us and I hailed her, asking how far it was to Tacoma. The fellow in the launch was evidently annoyed at being asked such a question. At any rate he was very sassy and shouted through the fog, "Go to H—I, what do you take me for? You are in Tacoma now, you fresh guy."

All that night the *Forsette* drifted with the current, and it happened to be favourable, so we made good progress. Sometimes we were very close to islands, but never touched any. All hands were on deck within call, as the pilot expected "catspaws" to come along, and that would require trimming yards and sails. The cook had gone to his bunk, so Jack and I made ourselves useful in the

galley by keeping the coffee hot and frying fresh herrings, which could be caught by the simple process of dipping a bucket overboard with a rope attached. A big school of whales was very busy all around us that night, feeding on herring. They were having a jolly time. One big fellow came so close to the ship that when he "blowed" he almost smothered Axel with water as he was standing on the fo'cs'le head, keeping a lookout. This gave Axel an unpleasant odour, and when he went aft to relieve the wheel the pilot objected, saying that the odour interfered with the navigation of the ship. Swanson made him change his clothes, and accused him of being asleep on the lookout, otherwise he could have side-stepped the whale's breath. I thought that Swanson was unreasonable with Axel, but then no one liked him, and even the cook said he was not worth his salt.

One day Axel started to make things unpleasant for Jack, while on watch below, and Swanson overheard him. Axel was put to clean out the pigpen, with orders to report when it was done. When he did report, Swanson took a look at it and said it was not properly done, and ordered him to get some sand and canvas and scrub away at it until all the odour had disappeared from the pigsty. The poor fellow was almost broken-hearted when Swanson told him that it would not pass inspection. It was a good lesson to him to be more careful in the future. Every now and then when Swanson was not around his nastiness would crop out, as he had a bad disposition.

During the morning a gentle breeze sprang up, thus helping us to make several tacks across the inlet, and weathering a little island where the course was altered several points. By noon we sighted Bodo and came to anchor during the afternoon. We were all more or less fagged out that evening after the sails were furled and the decks cleared up. We had had very little sleep during

the last twenty-four hours. The captain was expecting the port authorities to come off that evening to receive us, but they did not. I suppose it was after hours with them. Government people are the same all the world over; sunrise to sunset constitutes a day's work for the port doctor in most parts of the world, but would not be the proper thing in Bodo, because the sun does not set there for weeks. On the other hand, their nights are equally long during the winter.

Bodo looked beautiful from the ship. It is situated on a flat piece of land surrounded by high mountains. It is really on an island, but looks to a stranger as if it were part of the mainland.

The islands and the mainland about Bodo are not by any means barren and desolate looking like the other outside islands I have described. As a rule the stranger is agreeably surprised when visiting this part of the world for the first time. I was so myself, although I had not seen anything to speak of, except my home and Grangemouth. I had expected to find little stone huts without windows, and a hole near the ground to crawl through for a door, such as I had read about among the Hottentots or the Patagonians. Therefore, as Jack and I were sitting on the railing that evening, admiring the beautiful view that surrounded us, I could not but feel that this little place Bodo, although so far north and within the Arctic Circle, had a charm of its own that would continue to grow on a person after getting better acquainted with the people and their mode of living.

The inhabitants of northern Norway have one advantage that no other people possess in the whole world within the same latitude, and that is, their harbours are ice free, winter and summer. The cause of this is the Gulf Stream. This great ocean river, after crossing the Atlantic, sweeps the northern coast of Norway in its course

to the Arctic Ocean, where it finally disappears. This causes the climate on the coast to be mild, comparatively so to other places situated in a more southern latitude. As an illustration, take Labrador.

The Gulf Stream is certainly a great advantage when we take into consideration that the country is so rugged that no roads worthy of a name could be constructed except at an enormous expense. Therefore all transportation goes by water. Another advantage is the large amount of fish that abound in these waters. No one can have any idea how plentiful they are until they see for themselves. If a person has sufficient money to buy a fish hook and a piece of string, starvation is out of the question in Bodo. There were a number of small boats rowing about in the harbour with young people in them, out for an airing. Some of these had musical instruments and entertained us with a few songs. Jack had thought of taking his instruments and playing a few tunes, but many of the men had gone to bed, being tired out, so we went to bed, too.

The following morning the port doctor came on board and gave us pratique, after which the skipper went on shore to see the consignee. Axel and I went as boatmen. When we landed at the little wharf the captain told us not to leave the boat, as he would soon be back. The pilot, who had gone ashore with the skipper, came back alone after a while. He told us that the captain had received orders to take the *Forsette* to a place twenty miles further up the inlet, called Grotto, where the coal would have to be discharged. He also stated that the captain would not be back for some time, and that we would have plenty of time to take a run on shore to see the place. Axel thought it was a capital idea, and suggested we go at once. I declined to do so, because I did not like his company, and because the captain had said

we were not to leave the boat. The pilot then said that it would be all right, as he would stay by the boat, and handing me a crown said, "Take something at my expense. It will do no harm." I told him I did not drink, and would not leave the boat without permission, as I felt sure the old man would not like it. He then gave the crown to Axel and told him to go and enjoy himself.

Axel, nothing loath, did so. The pilot thought it was time for another drink, and asked me to tell the captain that he need not wait for him, as he would come off in a shore boat.

The first to come back was Axel in a very drunken state. He was very abusive, calling me a sucker, and telling some boys who were fishing from the wharf that he would have killed me at Grangemouth if it had not been for the mate and the cook. Not wishing to have any trouble with him, I remained silent. He was stronger and bigger than I, and there was no telling what he would do in his drunken condition. When he saw that I did not care to fight, he got much bolder and picked up a big cod that one of the boys had just taken off a hook, and threw it at me with all his force. I ducked, but in doing so, fell into the water, narrowly escaping the boat. No harm was done, as I was a fairly good swimmer. Scrambling into the boat, I wrung some of the water out of my clothes, while Axel and the other boys laughed at me. I thought the matter over and decided that my only salvation was to go on the wharf and fight him to a finish. With that idea I took off my jumper and went on the wharf. What with my lessons from Swanson and the few friendly bouts with Jack, I felt confident of winning. Axel was surprised to encounter such a whirlwind of fury as I sailed into him. I was angry right through and through and never gave him a minute's rest. It was hit, hit, hit, as hard and as fast

as I could, and regardless of all rules of civilised warfare. His face was smeared all over with blood, and in his distress he started to run. I followed him up, attacking him in the rear with a dried stock fish that I had picked up on the wharf. There is no telling how this fight would have ended if it had not been that Axel had the fortune to run into Captain Bengston as he came down the wharf.

The old man was speechless when he saw what had happened. He stood still, as though he were rooted to the ground, with Axel seeking protection behind his back like a six-year-old kid. It was lucky for me that he did so, as it saved a lot of explanation. The old man got a whiff of his breath and understood at once. "You are drunk," he said, as he slapped Axel's face and sent him down on all fours, where he lay and grunted like a hog. The captain ordered him into the boat, but he kept grunting until the old man put new life into him by means of a swift kick, which had the desired effect. The captain said nothing to me, and I offered no explanation. He asked the boys, who gave him all the information he wanted, and I was glad to hear them tell the truth, as it seemed to me from the manner in which they enjoyed the fun that they were all on Axel's side. The pilot came along by this time, and he told the captain what he knew about the affair, the captain partly blaming him for giving Axel the money.

Axel came back to the ship as a passenger, the pilot taking his place at the oar. When we got alongside, Swanson was at the ladder to receive us, and had a sarcastic grin on his face when he saw the condition of Axel. The captain started to explain matters to the mate, but stopped short when Swanson said he had witnessed the whole affair from the ship with his glasses.

After the boat was hoisted on board Axel made a move

to go and fix up a bit, but Swanson put a stop to that by telling him to clean up the pigsty. He went about it in a sort of half-hearted way until the mate gave him to understand that it would be an all day job unless he got a move on him. Axel still remembered the sand and canvas business on the trip over, so pitched in like a good fellow and by dinner time the mate let him off by saying that the sty was clean enough for any hog.

The cook was thoroughly disgusted with Axel and would not even offer him a piece of sticking plaster, which was sadly needed. Axel pleaded for a little piece, but the cook's heart was adamantine. "I told you at Grangemouth that it is always good to have a friend," he said. "That little money matter I wanted you to help me out with would never have hurt you any. As for sticking plaster, it would be foolish to waste any on you. You are better looking now than you ever were before. That boy improves your looks every time he polishes you up. He is altogether different from you. He helped out a bit in Grangemouth. It was only a little, to be sure, but that is neither here nor there; he did the best he could, and he did not do it for nothing. I gave him a few pointers that I fancy he is making good use of. Swanson and I watched the whole proceeding from the poop, and we were tickled to death at the fine way the little fellow struck out from his shoulder. I recognised my fine little points the very minute he went after you. If I was you I would take to the rocks and give little Frenchy a show to make an honest dollar or two. Swanson would be only too glad to get rid of you, I am thinking, after you have had a few more whacks at the pigsty."

Poor Axel! It was pitiful to look at him; yet it was next to impossible to prevent laughing at the way the old rascal of a sea-cook went at him. It was a welcome change for him when Swanson sang out "Turn to." We

took out a kedge anchor from the hold and several coils of rope (3 inch) from the sail locker, as the pilot intended to kedge the vessel well past a little island, where he expected to get a little wind to start us on the way to Grotto.

When we hove short on the anchor, Axel and I were sent aloft to loosen sails, in order to have them ready to be sheeted home should a catspaw come along. The second mate and two men went in the boat to carry out the anchor. About three hundred fathoms of small line were coiled up in the after end of the boat, and away they went with it in the direction of the island, and as far as the line would reach.

When the kedge was down, we took in the slack on the line and tripped our anchor, after which all hands manned the capstan and away we went as fast as we could run around the capstan. After we got a little way on her it was easy work, because there was no current in the inlet just then. We took the line off the capstan, and all hands tailed on to the rope with a will, brought on by splicing the main brace a couple of times, and by the cook's lusty singing, "Blow the man down in Grangemouth town, hay, hay, blow the man down," and several other chanteys.

Jack and I thought it was great sport, and made as much noise as the cook. The old pilot laughed, and said he had never seen a jollier crowd.

We were abreast of the island in a couple of hours, and the wind which the pilot had predicted, or rather hoped for, came in a favourable direction. Everything that would draw was sheeted home and set, so that by midnight we had the anchor down and the sails furled toward our destination, Grotto. The mate detailed Jack to stand anchor watch, and all went to their bunks pretty well tired out. Grotto was a very small place of perhaps a dozen houses, and was used principally as a whaling station. As the wharf was not large enough to be of any

use, we had to discharge in lighters, which was a very slow process, on account of not having a steam winch on board.

The carpenter was set to work to make coal tubs from some empty barrels, while the sailors rigged the hoisting gear. The lighters were fairly good sized — twenty-five tons each. Swanson figured that if two were loaded in a day he would call it a good day's work, and the whole cargo would be discharged in six days.

At noon the following day we were ready to load the first lighter. Swanson arranged things in this manner: Four men in the hold to fill the tubs, four men at the handwinch for heaving, and the second mate, carpenter, and one man — Axel — to dump the tubs in the lighter. I was detailed to the hold to attend to the hook. Jack's position was the easiest of all; he supplied the men with water, and at times was called upon to fill their pipes, as the mate allowed the men to smoke. The cook had a sort of roving commission handing out the grog, which is considered necessary in Swedish vessels to facilitate work. In American ships this is considered detrimental, but in my experience I have found it very handy at times, especially when work had to be rushed.

We were able to load the two lighters daily, as per Swanson's estimate, which gave us plenty of time to ourselves, because the mate let all other work go. To get the cargo out was his main idea, as the captain was anxious to get to Archangel before the White Sea began to freeze. This it sometimes does at the end of September.

During the daytime and at night we used to take the small boat and go for a trip on shore. Swanson did not care, as long as we were on the spot when the empties came alongside. There was very little amusement for a sailor on shore, but Jack and I found means to enjoy

ourselves. One day Jack and I went ashore, and at the station a young man told us that he expected a tribe of Laplanders with a herd of reindeer to camp in the neighbourhood that night. The Lap scouts had been into the station during the day and notified them to that effect. It was considered quite an event when these people arrived, which they did once a year. They generally had a quantity of dried reindeer meat to dispose of, and many other things, which they exchanged for their winter's supply of coffee, tea, and sugar. Their presence made things lively in Grotto, as the supply boats came there from Bodo and other near-by towns to do business with them.

Another piece of news that the young man gave us was, that an English nobleman's yacht would be in Grotto in a day or two to take on coal at the station, and he hinted that the yacht would likely come alongside the *Forsette* to save time, labour, and money. We were also told that the manager of the whaling station had promised the Englishman a whale hunt during his stay here, thereby making his visit interesting as he came there every year. From the high opinion they had of the nobleman, it was evident that he spent his money freely. Jack and I then took a walk to a hill to see if the Laps were in sight, the young man pointing out to us in which direction they would come.

We did not see any of them, and as the shoremen nearly had a lighter empty to take off to the ship, Jack and I got into the boat and went on board. We gave them all the news we had received on shore, and every one hoped that the yacht, the Laplanders, and the whalehunt would all turn up to-morrow, as there would be no work on account of it being Sunday, thus giving us a chance to take in the sights.

The cook asked me if the young man had told me how

many reindeer there were in the herd. I did not know, but bluffed him by saying offhand, seven thousand.

"Is that all? It's hardly worth looking at," said the cook.

"I thought that was a big herd," I said.

"Man alive! A big one, huh! I saw a herd once in Siberia that had fifty thousand head and one thousand big Dane dogs to herd them."

"What did they feed the dogs?" I asked.

"Feed them? Well, you would scarcely believe it, but it is a fact, just the same. They fed them on snow-balls, icicles, and tallow candles. It was a splendid diet, as they were all as fat as butter-balls."

I intimated that it would require an enormous amount of candles, but he said that was a mistake; that one box would be sufficient from one end of Siberia to the other, for the simple reason that the climate is so severe that the food takes a long time to digest. "The only drawback," he said, "is the time taken in feeding the dogs. The Laps have plenty of time and move by easy stages. With the reindeer it is different; they require a lot of moss, which grows under the snow. Sawdust is a luxury for the reindeer. I once saw a tribe of Laps that had pitched their camp in the neighbourhood of a sawmill. It was in the northern part of Sweden. There was an immense pile of sawdust just outside of the mill, and during the night, when nobody was about, the deer got a scent of the sawdust. They tackled the whole lot, and not being satisfied with that they started in on a pile of six by six timbers, and if the watchman had not woke up in time, they would have got away with the mill also. Seven thousand ain't much to look at, but I guess that you and Frenchy will be interested, as neither of you have seen anything of that sort before."

The lighter was now alongside, and the cook, feeling

fine, as he always did after one of his lies, came out and gave the boys a hand at the winch, at the same time singing the old Black Ball chantey:

“ Whiskey, Johnny, whiskey is the life of man;
Whiskey for my Johnny.”

The lighter was loaded in a very short time. The men in the hold were down to the skin, which made shovelling easy. It was hard on the winchmen, because the fellows below were constantly shouting “Heave up.” Swanson was over the hatch with his pipe in his mouth, and a satisfied grin on his face. Once in a while he would say something to the cook that made the men laugh, and the cook always had an answer ready for him.

The following morning, before we turned to, I ran up the fore royal yard and looked in the direction the Laplanders were expected to come. The reindeer were there all right, but not seven thousand strong. They were just then descending the mountain ridge, and still several miles away from Grotto. They were mere little specks on the snow, and the animals moved with irregularity, scattering over a large territory. The Laplanders and their dogs followed behind. Some of the people were on skis, and others on native sleds drawn by reindeer.

Although it was a little past midsummer, the snow and ice on the hills made good travelling. I came down and reported to the mate what I had seen. He seemed quite interested and went up on the main topsail yard, remaining there for some time.

Captain Bengston went on shore after breakfast, and on his return told Swanson that the Laps had pitched their camp on the mainland, about half a mile from Grotto. There were one thousand five hundred reindeer with one hundred persons, including kids. They also had a number of dogs, which looked like wolves, that kept up

a continuous performance of howling, which we could hear from the ship. Jack seemed much interested in the tribe, and asked me if we could row over in the evening to pay them a visit. I advised him to ask Swanson, and if he gave permission we would go after supper. None of the sailors seemed to care about going, except Axel, but Swanson would not allow him to go with us, as he was afraid of trouble. Instead of Axel he suggested the cook, as he would make an excellent chaperon. The cook was not unwilling, provided we took sufficient money to buy him a drink or two. We promised to do the best we could for him in that line, but I thought it was doubtful if these people had anything of the kind that he cared to drink. "Don't you fool yourself on that score," he said. "I know these fellows, and can talk some of their lingo. We shall have no trouble to get along with them. I am going to take some tea and make them a present of it, but don't you tell the old man."

After supper we set off for the camp, Jack and I pulling, Munchausen in the stern sheets handling the tiller. We were all togged out in our best, and Jack took his tin whistle in case there would be some dancing. The cook had advised him to do so, as something of that sort would likely take place, and if not, then when the Englishman's yacht arrived at night he surely would be able to make an honest dollar or two. If the yacht should come alongside it would give us a chance to get acquainted, as it was dollars to doughnuts that he knew the lord, and if not, the lord knew of him and his cooking.

"It is not so many years ago that I was cooking on one of these craft," said the cook. "I suppose that I would have been there yet if it had not been for a little trouble I had with a widow duchess, that I think I told you boys about. It was a foolish move on my part, yet I was not to blame. She was clean gone on me, and I don't know

as I could blame her, as I was as fine a looking fellow as you could wish to see. Her relations were dead against me, and jealous — my, oh my, I never saw the likes of it. It got so bad that the men folk on board could not eat for a week. We were then cruising in the Baltic Sea, and the weather was cold. Their appetites should have been at their best. They had the nerve to blame it on the cooking, thinking of course to get even with me in that way. The widow would not stand for it. She was putting on flesh while the lords and dukes were getting thin. Finally they got desperate, and one morning doctored her coffee so that she got deathly sick, and the captain had to put in to Copenhagen for medical attendance. By some hook or crook they got the doctor to swear that the widow was poisoned, and got her to believe it, which was real cruel for the pair of us. They left her in the hospital, and I never got a chance to explain things to her. However, I fixed the lords and dukes on the way back to England, which caused them to remember the cook, and no mistake. They started to praise the cooking after the widow left. I thought I would give them some of the stuff they had given the widow. The result was that two of them came within an ace of dying before we got back. They tried to make trouble for me in London, but gave it up for a bad job when I threatened to expose the whole case. They did not want the widow dragged into it again, they said. The matter was ultimately compromised by giving me a year's salary."

The cook cut short his yarn when we came close to the camp. Some of the Laplanders came down to the beach to inspect us. When the boat was hauled up on the beach, they made us welcome by shaking hands and inviting us to their tents. They have a language of their own, but most of them speak Swedish or Norse, which are very similar. We therefore had no trouble in making our-

selves understood. Jack was very much at home. He was wonderfully quick at picking up Swedish, which he spoke better than I did English. We had several little spats over that, each one accusing the other of being selfish, Jack wanting to speak in Swedish, and I in English.

The cook made himself so much at home among the Laps that it looked as though he had found a long lost brother. He made a bluff at speaking Laplandish, but no one seemed to understand what he said. Jack said it was strange that he could not make himself understood, but the cook told him there was nothing strange about it, as the Laps talked so many different dialects, and he only spoke the best grade.

There was a pot hanging over the fire in the centre of the tent which the cook proceeded to investigate, pronouncing the contents dogstew. He asked Mrs. Lap if we could have a little when it was ready, and she said she would be pleased to give him some. I was glad she did not include Jack and me in the invitation, as I did not like the idea of tasting dogstew, and told the cook so. He seemed surprised at that, and told us we would find it a change from salt horse. Moreover, the stuff we were getting on the *Forsette* might be old cat for all he knew, and if it were not for his fancy cooking we would never be able to eat it at all. I thanked him for the information, but inasmuch as he had nothing to do with the cooking of the dogstew, we thought it better not to take any of it. "There is some truth in that," he said, "but just to be sociable I wish you would try some." We told him that we would see how he got along with it, and if he did not make too wry a face, we would try some of it. The boss Lap in the tent and the cook were having a long confab about things that did not interest us, and we were therefore anxious to get out and try our luck in some other tent, expecting to find it not quite so dull. But

the cook would not hear of it, as Mrs. Lap expected us to remain to supper, and it would be bad manners to leave her in that way. When Mrs. Lap took the pot off the fire the cook asked permission to treat them to a pot of tea. Producing his package, he asked for a pot, which she extracted from a bundle of rags, and was appropriated by the cook. In a short time the tea was ready, and Mrs. Lap was busy dishing out the dogstew in little china bowls. Serving the cook first, she passed one to each of us, then to her husband. The children did not come in on that deal, as they were not allowed to come into the tent while there was company. They opened the flap that answered for a door and looked in, but that was as far as they got. Poor little fellows, they licked their chops when they got a whiff of the stew. I asked the cook why they did not give them any, and he told me that they would have to lick the bowls clean after we were through. It was the custom among the Laps not to overfeed children, and beside it was a saving to clean dishes that way in the winter time, because fuel was scarce and water could only be got from boiling snow or ice. Each of us was given a spoon, but after being told of their method of cleaning dishes, we could not touch any of it. The cook said it was fine, not dog, but a nice, fat, juicy bear. He wished us to try it, and said that Axel would have enjoyed it, as he was only good for doing that sort of thing.

Some friend of the Laps called, and both of them went outside. While they were gone Jack and I threw our stew into a slop pail. I was sorry to do it on account of the children, but it was impossible to eat the stew, and I did not like to offend the poor people, as they meant well.

When the Laps returned, they finished the stew, and asked if we would like some more. Jack and I declined with thanks, even the cook said he had had enough. I in-

timated to the lady that I should like a cup of tea, thinking we would get clean cups for that, but I was mistaken. She did not ask the children to lick the cups, but proceeded to pour the tea into the stew bowls. This was more than Jack and I could stand, and as we were getting very sick we made a break for the flap, and swore never again to enter another Lap tent during meal hours. The cook was very much offended, and said he would never again take us out for a good time, in fact he would report our bad manners to Swanson, who would not like to hear that at all.

"Axel would know how to behave better than that," he said. We were too sick to reply to him, so left him in disgust. He returned to the tent, while Jack and I strolled through the camp, observing the animals, which were more interesting.

The Laps were the worst beggars I had ever met. They asked us for everything in sight that they thought belonged to us. We bought a few trinkets they had for sale, but they charged more than they were worth. One asked us to take a drink with him. He poured out some liquor in a dirty wooden bowl. It smelled like corn brandy, but the Lap said it was not so; it was a much superior stuff brewed by themselves.

This might be the stuff the cook was telling us about, so we thought we would buy him some for misbehaving at the dinner table as we did. Asking the Lap how much he charged per bottle, he said he did not care to take money, but would let me have a bottle in exchange for my coat belonging to the suit I bought in Grangemouth. I told him to try again, and he suggested my shoes would be about right. I told him he was unreasonable, and started to walk away, when a happy thought struck Jack. Taking out his tin whistle, he commenced to play a tune which pleased the Laps very much, because every tent-

flap was raised, and in a short time the whole tribe, including a lot of dogs, gathered around the musician. When he ceased playing, he wiped his instrument and put it back in his pocket. The young folks were disappointed, as they had paired off for a dance. Nothing would induce Jack to play, unless they gave him a bottle of their brew. When they knew what was wanted they went to their tents and returned with bottles galore, which they offered as a gift for more music.

The cook and his lady friend came out about that time, and he volunteered his services to take charge of the bottles. No objection being raised, he started to pick out the best brands. As there were no labels on the bottles, it was not an easy task, but his nose read for him. He selected a dozen bottles, which he pronounced extra fine, and suggested that I should take the bottles down to the boat and watch them until he saw fit to go on board. I told him I did not come ashore for that purpose, but to enjoy myself.

"You are very disagreeable," said the cook. "What more enjoyment could you have than the haul we have got away with. I never heard of such luck. Just fancy, twelve bottles extra dry, and I expect to do better than that before we leave. I don't mind telling you that the lady who gave us that excellent stew is a widow. Do you see the point?" with a knowing wink of the left eye.

I told him I understood. "Well, she is the richest woman in the tribe; five hundred of the reindeer are hers, and I don't know how many dogs. That dirty looking fellow in the tent is a brother of hers. Of course he is boss at present, but if my eyes do not deceive me, there will be no trouble ousting him. The widow is clean gone on me. Did you notice how she blushed when I gave her a lover's wink?" I said I did not notice it.

"Well, perhaps you did not see it. It was pretty

smoky in there. You could not see much of anything, when I come to think of it. She was blushing, all right, and I was following it up fine when that little fool Jack spoiled the whole business by playing his infernal whistle. I will catch up again if you will only do as I tell you — go to the boat and watch the bottles."

The cook went back to the tent of the charming widow, while Jack and I went down to the boat to wait for the cook's return. The Laplanders were in no mood for much fun, I thought, as they had pitched their camp that day, after days of travel. We decided that we had selected a bad evening for calling.

While waiting for the cook, Jack entertained me with several pieces of music. He also danced a jig that was then all the vogue in England. He insisted that I learn step dancing, and informed me that we could make a lot of money in England by dancing in the music halls. I did not think I would ever be able to master those fancy steps, but Jack insisted that I could do so inside of two weeks if I would allow him to teach me. So it came about that I became a dancer. Nobody in the ship knew anything about it. We used to ask Swanson for the boat to go ashore, and there behind rocks, or anything else that happened to be handy, I received my first lessons. At first I was very clumsy, but Jack encouraged me. After a few lessons I found it very interesting; so much so that on several occasions I very nearly gave the whole thing away by forgetting myself and doing a few fancy steps on shipboard. I had promised Jack that I would be careful and let no one know anything about it until some fine day at sea, when there was nothing doing, and Swanson was in a good humour. Jack was to take out his whistle and play one of his favourites, and then I was to step out and do the grand act to the surprise of everybody.

It was time for us to go on board, but there were no

signs of the cook. Jack said he would run back to the camp and see what had become of him. He found the cook and the widow returning from a stroll among the reindeer. The cook said he had found it most interesting. "Which?" asked Jack. "The widow or the deer?" "The prospects, you little fool," answered the cook." "Prospects of what?" said Jack. "Another dog stew?" "No, the prospects of giving you a good licking if you don't behave yourself in the presence of a lady. I will report this to Mr. Swanson and he will stop your shore leave." "I notice that you are taking a lot of liberties yourself," said Jack, "by holding your arm around the lady's waist."

"That's nothing," said the cook. "We are engaged, but don't say anything about it. Her relations are dead against it, and besides she has a lot of kids, too many to suit my fancy. But you can't have everything your own way all the time. As I have told you before, I have been a fool in my time through being too particular, and as a result the ladies gave me the slip. But no more. I am going to stick to this. If it is a fact that she is the owner of five hundred head of reindeer, I don't intend becoming one of them by no manner of means. As soon as I can get charge of the woman and her herd I shall round them up and drive them in to some big town in Sweden and sell out. The deer are worth one hundred crowns apiece. That figures up to fifty thousand crowns. We will then settle down in some pretty little place where there is plenty of sunshine, to live on the fat of the land. No more dog stew or tallow candles for us. If you keep this to yourself you won't get the worst of it. The little lady is extremely fond of music, and I don't think she will have any objection to my adopting you. Seeing she has so many of her own, one more or less cuts no figure. In

your case, any one would take you for a Lap anyway."

Jack got angry at the cook's insinuations, and I think the lady would have objected also if she had understood English. The cook was then informed that if he stayed longer he would have to swim to the ship. He lingered a moment, long enough to steal a kiss from the oily widow. Jack told me he did not know whether the widow objected or approved of the cook's way of making love. She grunted out something that might have meant either. Anyway, the cook was satisfied, and after wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice, which unfortunately landed in the eye of a dog and caused it to set up a most ungodly howl. He then came aboard, and as we rowed leisurely along the beautiful fjord the cook gave us an outline of what he intended to do, provided things turned out right. We were both sleepy and paid no attention to what he was saying. He accused us of being ungrateful for not taking more interest in things concerning himself when he had made everything interesting for us.

When we got alongside of the ship the cook wanted to take charge of the bottles, but Jack put in a stiff kick and said that they belonged to him. He was going to give them to Swanson, so he could treat the sailors on the following day when working cargo. The cook said that was a piece of foolishness, to give such excellent stuff to sailors. "They won't appreciate it. Better let me have it, and I will get some cheap powerful stuff for them some other day." But Jack would not stand for that, and finally compromised by letting the cook have one bottle, which he said was a measly way of treating an old pal who had done so much for us.

The shore people were getting an empty lighter alongside just then, and one of the men asked how we enjoyed

ourselves at the camp. The cook started in to tell them all about it, but Jack and I took ourselves to bed, knowing we would have a hard day's work the next day.

Jack's bunk being aft, he had the misfortune to drop a bottle as he walked down the ladder. Its contents flowed all over the floor. Swanson, being a light sleeper, woke up with a start, not on account of the noise it made, but from the odour of the excellent fluid that had gone to waste. He let out a roar that almost frightened poor Jack to death. He wanted to know who had authorised him to bring Chinese stinkpots on board. Jack said he had brought it as a present to him, as the cook told him it was most excellent stuff, almost as good as champagne. Swanson turned out and took a smell of the bottles, after which he despatched them over the side, and then told Jack to go forward and tell the cook that he wanted to see him at once. I had just got my clothes off when Jack delivered his message. The cook was in the act of treating one of his chums, having had a little nip himself, when his face assumed a mingled expression of contempt and fear. After stowing away the bottle in his bunk and muttering something to himself, he walked aft to find out what was the matter.

The cook had no sooner gone than the friend he had treated called all hands to take a drink. Inside of two minutes the bottle was empty, and everybody in their bunks again. When the cook came aft Swanson reprimanded him for having been so inconsiderate as to let the boys have liquor when he had cautioned him to take good care of us. It was with that understanding that he had allowed him to accompany us ashore.

The cook told the whole truth regarding the stuff, and how it came into our possession. Jack was very much surprised, and so was I when he told me what the cook had said. I never thought that he was capable of telling

so much truth at one time. Swanson forgave him on the understanding that it did not occur again, and ordered him to get a bucket of water and a rag to clean the cabin.

The cook said something about letting the boy who had dropped the stuff do the cleaning up, but Swanson would not hear of it and told him he should consider himself lucky to get off so easily. Jack took pity and offered to clean up, but Swanson would not have it that way. He said that was encouraging vice. The result was the old cook got the bucket of water and made a bluff at cleaning it up.

After the job was done he came into the fo'cs'le with the intention of having a good nip before going to bed. He sat down and stared at the lamp hanging from the ceiling. I was still awake, and kept watching his old face. It really was a sad sight to behold, and I wondered what thoughts passed through the old man's brains. He must have felt humiliated to be treated in the manner that Swanson seemed to take pleasure in imposing on him. I thought then, and have thought thousands of times since, how it is a person in authority can take pleasure in humiliating a person who is not in a position to retaliate.

I liked Swanson, but I certainly did not approve of the way he treated the old man, who in his way was harmless. As I lay there in my bunk watching the old fellow, his face furrowed from half a century of hardship and dissipation, I felt sorry for him, and I prayed to God to protect me from a similar fate.

After a while the cook commenced to grope for his bottle, and when he discovered that it was empty his rage knew no bounds. He worked himself into a frenzy and threatened to kill all hands. With that object in view he went out and soon returned with a large axe used for chopping wood. The sailors all pretended to snore, but woke up suddenly when they saw the cook meant business.

Axel and the sailor who shipped at Grangemouth ran out on the deck shouting "Murder." This brought the captain and the two mates forward on the run, and Axel, without being asked anything about the racket, commenced to tell the captain the whole thing, which was only partly true. He did not say anything about himself and the men stealing the bottle and drinking the contents. He said they were all asleep and that the cook came in, wakening the whole lot of them by threatening to kill them all.

Swanson walked into the fo'cs'le, where he found the cook sitting on the box with the axe in his hand. Swanson asked him for the axe, which he readily gave up. He then asked him what made him go crazy all at once. The cook told him about the bottle that he had brought, intending to give them all a drink, but while he had been in the cabin they had stolen his bottle and consumed the contents. Swanson, turning to the men, asked them if such was the case, and they all swore the cook was telling a lie. The cook proposed that the second mate should smell their breaths, but Mr. Ericson objected to this. "Thank God I am not a drinking man," he said. "That is the reason I proposed you should smell them, as you would be sure to detect them," said the cook. "The boy must have seen and heard the whole business, but if he was to tell the truth these galoots would throw him overboard some dark night. They are the meanest lot I ever had the misfortune to be shipmates with, and that is the reason I intended to finish them all off with an axe, as there ain't a single one that I would care to soil my hands with in a square stand-up fight."

Captain Bengston came into the fo'cs'le and proposed that the safest way would be to put the cook in irons until he came to his senses. Swanson said that it was not fair, as he felt sure the cook was the injured party. He then asked me if I knew anything about the matter.

"Don't be afraid to speak out," he said, "I will see that nobody puts a hand on you, and if they do, they will get something that they will not forget in a hurry."

I repeated the cook's statement, and when I had finished, the fellow from Grangemouth shouted that I was as big a liar as the cook. He did not say any more just then, because Ericson, who was standing close by, got a whiff of his breath, and not being able to stand the smell of liquor, decided to close his mouth, which he did with a blow powerful enough to fell an ox. The fellow fell on the floor, completely knocked out. A chum of his tried to restore him by throwing water on his face, at the same time remarking that it would cost the mate dearly. Ericson laid him low in a similar manner, and asked if any more had anything to say about the matter. Nobody responding, Swanson told them all to go to bed and leave the cook alone, as he expected all to turn to in a couple of hours, otherwise he would take a hand in the fun himself. He ordered the cook into the galley, and he was glad to get out; he did not have to be told twice. When the two men whom Ericson had knocked out came to look at themselves, they swore that the cook would soon have to make a long journey to a place where all sea-cooks go.

I lay awake listening to their talk, expecting every moment to hear of some fancy place that would be assigned as my abiding place in the future. Nothing was said about me, so I guessed that Swanson's warning had a wholesome effect.

Next morning I was wakened by the cook singing "Nancy Lee" in the galley. I had to laugh when I thought of all the racket a few hours before. Evidently the cook had forgotten all about it and was ready to be friends with the whole world if given half a chance. I got up and went into the galley to find the cook busy with

the coffee-pot. He was glad to see me, and gladder still that I had told the truth regardless of consequences.

"I am proud of you," he said. "You never said anything about the other bottles that I wanted to take charge of last night. It was lucky you did not, for if those swine had got hold of them there would have been murder sure; as it is, it is bad enough. Say, what a wonderful slugger that fellow Ericson is. He can give cards and spades to Swanson when it comes to hard hitting. I bet those two fellows he laid out won't be able to eat for several days. If they are slack about turning to this morning, Yankee will put the finishing touches on them. I was somewhat to blame, as it was wrong to give them good liquor. It requires a gentleman like myself to appreciate good stuff. Swanson does not, and most people make mistakes by judging, entirely, the odour. That is all wrong. Suppose you were to buy Limburger cheese in London; the grocer would think you were crazy if you objected to the odour. It is the same with liquor. If Swanson had only tasted instead of smelling, he never would have thrown it overboard. There is no use crying over spilt milk, but next time we make a haul like that we won't tell anybody."

I replied that it was doubtful if Swanson would let us go any more, on account of the racket last night. He seemed to think that Jack and I could square matters by telling the mate how much the widow was in love with him. Even if we stretched the point a little and added that she intended to present him with a young reindeer, he would not feel hurt about it.

I suggested that if she did give the reindeer calf that he take it on board alive or else be present when it was killed, as otherwise she might palm a dog off on us. He laughed and said if such should be the case he would cook a first class dogstew that they would never forget. If he did that I would have to tell the truth about it, and

then what if he should happen to run up against Ericson's fist. He admitted that the results would be far from pleasant.

No more was said about the stew, and as it was "turn to" time, the night watchman called the men for their coffee. The men started to come out one by one, swearing at every one, particularly the cook, who rather enjoyed the abuse, as he kept singing "Nancy Lee" until the sailors threatened to bombard his galley with lump coal.

When the lighter-men came from shore, Ericson went forward and sang out "Turn to." Swanson was standing at the main hatch, watching us, as we piled up from the fo'c'sle. He noticed that the two men who had got licked by the second mate did not come. He ordered Ericson to see why they were not present. In the meantime the rest of us went to our respective stations and started to hoist the coal. The second mate was a long time returning — at least Swanson thought so. He went forward to investigate matters himself.

It now appeared that these two men refused to do any work, demanding to see the captain about getting paid off. The cook was accordingly sent aft to summon the captain, who when he made his appearance had some irons in his hand and a law book. The captain explained to the men what would be done to them if they did not return to work at once. The Swedish law is very severe for offences of that sort, so the men decided to go back to work.

They certainly had changed in looks since I last saw them. One could hardly see on account of his eyes being swollen. The other fellow's jaw was entirely out of shape, and his face of a purple color. Both had formerly worked at the winch, but now on account of their changed appearance they asked Swanson as a favour to allow them to go to

the hold, where they would not be so conspicuous. This was granted, but not with very good grace.

Ericson said several times during the day that he was thankful to the Almighty that he was not like these fellows who did not know how to behave themselves, and consequently met with such awful accidents. "Here I am," he said, looking at his left hand, "in pain and hardly able to upset the basket, all on account of their bad manners toward a fellow that always wishes them well. It ought to be a warning to them that they can afford to profit by in the future. Just think of what would have happened if they had run up against Swanson. They should thank their stars that I can't hit very hard, and then I am soft-hearted, too."

The cook, who heard Ericson express himself that way, thought it would not be amiss to say something by way of sympathy, and said that he was handicapped himself with too soft a heart. "When I saw you hit the men last night I am sure I felt the pain a great deal more than they did."

"Is that so?" said Ericson. "How do you think you would have felt if I had succeeded in killing them off with the meat axe?"

The cook was not prepared to answer that question. He shook his head and requested Ericson not to refer to that matter again, as he felt like crying.

The lighter was loaded by noon, and there being no more empties for the afternoon, Swanson let us have the day to ourselves after we had swept the decks and cleaned up generally. The cook was a splendid fisherman at all times, but this morning he had caught enough cod and halibut to fill a deck tub. These he had stewed, boiled, and fried, and it was certainly a feast. He also made a delicious broth for the two men who had sore jaws. It being my duty to fetch the grub from the galley, the cook

told me that the broth was for sick men only. I declined to tell the fellows, giving as a reason that I was not soft-hearted enough.

"You need not tell me that," said the cook. "If you had not backed up Jack he would have let me take the other bottles, and these poor fellows would not have met with such nasty accidents. You are to blame for it, and the least you can do is to see that they get proper nourishment."

I told him that I would tell the men the broth was there and they could help themselves.

"All right, have it your own way. You will never amount to anything in this life," he said, "for you won't take advice from your betters. Never ask me for a favour again. Everything is Swanson with you. Here is your grub, and get out of here."

The men were very hungry and thought the fish were delicious. The sick men made several attempts to eat, but without success. It must have been a painful process, judging from their wry faces. They got angry when I delivered the cook's message. They did not say or swear much, but gave me plenty of black looks, and muttered something about what a nuisance it was to have kids in the fo'cs'le.

Axel laughed at these remarks, as he classified himself as a man, though he had been whipped by a boy twice, and he stood a splendid chance of getting another whaling if he kept up his fun much longer.

After a while one of the men thought he would try a smoke, thinking to get some comfort. He had no sooner lit the pipe than he threw it away, and swore the pain was the worst he had ever experienced. If he ever got back to civilisation again he was determined to fix Ericson. He said he felt like giving his shipmates a piece of his mind for allowing him to be treated the way he was,

but would defer it until some other time. The other fellow did not have very much to say, as a pain in his stomach bothered him. He kept rocking his body and groaning with pain. Once or twice his nostrils twitched as a dog's will when they smell something good. I guess he perceived the odour of the broth, which he longed for. After some groaning he said if he only had something that he could eat he would feel better, and would be pleased if some one would fetch the broth, as he could not go himself, and the looks of that old hyena in the galley would make him worse. Axel offered his services, but they were declined because of his liability to drink it all before he got to the fo'cs'le, just as he did the rum last night. He then asked me if I would go. Thinking to oblige him, I went to the galley, but the cook said I was too late.

"Do you think I am running an all day and night restaurant?" he demanded.

I pleaded with him, saying that he would be sorry if he did not give it to them; his tender heart would rebel when he saw their suffering, as it did the night before when the second mate pummeled them.

Just then Captain Bengston came out on the poop-deck and shouted "Cook!" Munchausen went aft to see what was wanted. This was my chance. I took the copper pan with the broth in it to the fo'cs'le, emptied it into another pan, and put the cook's pan back into place.

The sick man went at the soup as if he had never eaten before, while the other one eyed him and waited for an invitation to join. "Ain't you going to leave some for your pal?" said one of the men. The fellow retorted, "Don't talk. What can you expect from a man like him? He would see a man starve to death before he would offer you a bite, and I was the only one that took his part last night. I am sorry now that I did not let

Ericson hammer him thoroughly. Never again will I take his part."

Ericson came forward and said that Swanson wanted me. Going aft, Swanson said that Jack and I were to fix ourselves up and go with him in the boat. We were not long in getting ready, and we soon had the boat at the ladder, with a flag in the stern sheets. Swanson appeared togged out in his best, smiling, and with a cigar in his mouth. We knew then it was either the whaling station or the Lap camp. A great number of boats had been rowing past us during the morning toward the camp, so we expected there was something doing in the camp that evening.

Before Swanson came into the boat the cook came to the side and whispered to me, "Say, kid, if you see that little lady of mine tell her that I will call on her this evening and settle matters." I told him not to worry, that she would be informed of his tender heart and how he made sick people comfortable.

The conversation was cut short by Swanson's appearance, who ordered the cook to get out, as he was not wanted. The cook gave me a sly wink, as much as to say, "Make it all right for me with the widow, and I won't forget it." Jack and I then bent to the oars with a will. After a little, Swanson ordered us to take in oars and step the mast with two sails set — a sprit and jib sail.

The wind being fair at the time, we went with the sheet well slacked off, flying through the water. Swanson put on his Sunday smile and acted like a boy at a picnic. He explained to us the art of sailing a boat to advantage. We became interested in what he said to us, and that pleased him very much. He allowed us to steer the boat while he attended to the sheets himself, which was the most important part of sailing in these waters, on account of the fierce squalls that originate in the canyons and be-

tween the islands, having enough force to upset any craft if the sheets are not looked after properly.

In rounding a little island, one of these squalls struck us. The boat careened and took in a lot of water over the lee gunwale. Swanson sung out to Jack, who was steering at the time, "Hard down." At the same time he let fly the sheets. Jack and I became quite excited, but Swanson laughed although his fancy shoes were full of water.

The squall lasted about a minute or so, but Swanson said he was going to take no chances. We then put into a little island and took on board a lot of rocks as ballast. The water was baled out and we set off again, with Swanson steering and each of us with a sail apiece, fully warned to look out for squalls.

The boat was well pointed up to the wind, which was blowing quite briskly now as we made several tacks across the fjord. Swanson said she was as stiff as an old church. In rounding an island called the Chimney, so named on account of its shape, we fell in with another sailboat of our own size. Swanson sized it up for a moment and said we could beat it, and bore down on it to utter his challenge. When within speaking distance, it turned out to be the manager of the whaling station and two of his men out for a spin on the fjord. They said they were expecting to meet the English yacht that had been due for several days, but not being in sight, had decided to run down to the Laplanders' camp to see what was going on. Swanson said the camp was our destination also, and if they were game he would put up twenty crowns on which boat would get there first. "All right," said the manager, "I will go you, but let me take on a little more ballast." "I will do the same," said Swanson.

The manager and Swanson were jollying each other on the outcome of the race. The former took a bottle out of

his pocket and took a stiff drink, begging Swanson to excuse him for not offering him any, as it was not considered good form in Norway to offer an opponent a drink before a fight or a race. "But regardless of who is winner, we will have a drink together when we get to the camp."

The distance from the island to the camp was a little over seven nautical miles the nearest way. A small island situated in the centre of the fjord, and about half way to the camp could be passed on either side. It was understood by the manager that each party had the right to choose their own route, if it was advantageous.

By keeping the island on the starboard side the distance to camp was a mile longer, but if the wind held out right it would be a fair wind after rounding the island, whereas if keeping to the port side it would be a dead beat to windward, provided the wind did not change.

It was 3 o'clock by the manager's watch when he gave the word to start. In a moment we had the sails set and stood off on the starboard tack, with the manager's boat in the lead. He did not point as high as we did, so Swanson thought he was blanketing us, and went about. The manager made a long leg of it and did not go about until he was close over on the other shore. On his return tack he discovered that he had made a mess of it, as Swanson was to the windward of him. Evidently our boat was the better sailor on the wind, or else the current helped us.

On passing the manager, Swanson shouted, "Double your stakes," but the former said he would see about it when we got up to the island.

"It will be too late then," said Swanson, "as we will be so far in the lead that we can't talk to you, and I am not going to wait for you there for the sake of another twenty crowns."

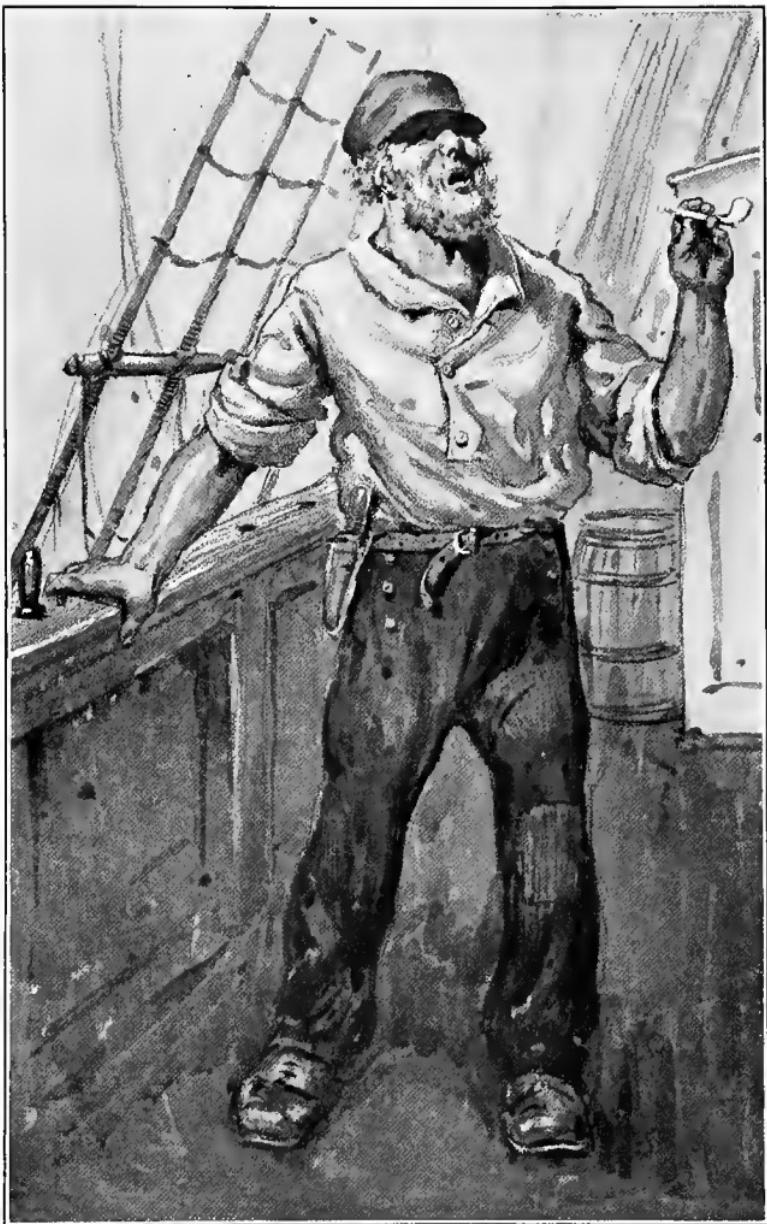
The manager started to make short tacks, and Swan-

son, out of pure mischief, made a long leg and stood over to the other shore, but soon a gust of wind came that put the lee gunwale almost in the water. We kept our eyes on Swanson, expecting him to sing out, "Slack away," instead of which he said, "Hold on to everything, and don't slack an inch, if you know what is good for you." The wind then veered a couple of points in our favour, but the manager's boat was too far to leeward for us to shout to him, so we contented ourselves by waving our caps at him.

At 4 o'clock we were at the island, and Swanson, finding that the wind was still from the same quarter, decided to beat to windward and make a fair wind to the camp. The channel was very narrow, and the wind, falling light, we did not make good time. But then the manager was a good half mile in the rear, and everything pointed to our winning the race. While the wind was light with us, down to leeward it was fresh, with the manager making for the other passage. When he disappeared on the other side we were unable to tell how he was getting along. We were anxiously waiting for the wind, which ultimately did come with as much as we could take care of. After three or four tacks we weathered the island and squared off for the Laps' camp, with a flowing sheet. Swanson was happy and singing. Jack thought of playing on the whistle, but Swanson ordered him to attend to his spinnaker sheet.

When we had covered a couple of miles the manager's boat appeared at the other end of the channel. It was quite evident that he was badly beaten. At 4:45 we rounded to off the camp, doused the sails and put out the oars, landing on a smooth, sandy beach and securing the boat.

Swanson decided to rest a bit until the manager arrived. "We will drink to his health," he said, "if anything is left in the bottle. If there is not, it will be an additional



YANKEE SWANSON.

expense. Half of the stake belongs to you, boys, to do as you like with, except to buy any more of that stuff you brought on board last night."

We faithfully promised to obey his orders. He then related to us his varied experience in boat sailing, both at home and abroad, and it was interesting, more particularly so when he told us of the large amount of money that changed hands on the outcome of yacht racing in America.

It was 5:45 when the manager's boat arrived off the camp. We gave them three cheers when they rounded to. The manager embraced Swanson like a long lost brother, and brought out the bottle, but it was empty, and the evidence was right there in his face and walk. He was a good loser, and paid his money without any complaint. Swanson turned over half of it to us. The manager told Swanson that he was so confident of winning the race he would have bet any amount of money on the outcome before we started, but seeing how he handled the boat we felt less sanguine about it. It was the first race he had lost, and would not have minded if he had lost it to a Norwegian.

"What difference does that make?" asked Swanson. "If you find it so very hard to lose to a Swede, let us have another go at it again next week, and both of us put a little more money on the result."

"I'll go you," said the manager, shaking hands. "The English yacht will be here for sure, and King Oscar is on his way down from the North Cape, where he has been watching the midnight sun, and most likely he will drop in for a few days. When he is here we always get up something in the way of sport, and he being a Swede, will take more than ordinary interest in it. He will hang up a purse that will be worth sailing for. Come on up to camp and see if we can get something safe to swallow.

As a rule it is fierce stuff they have. I hear from my men that some of your men got badly poisoned by it."

"Yes, that's a fact, and I am sorry to say that they met with an accident afterward," Swanson replied.

"Is that so? Did they fall overboard?"

"Worse than that; they ran up against the second mate's fist, and have lost their appetites for the time being."

"He does not look like that kind of a man," said the manager.

"That's true. He is a very tender-hearted man, but it was his fist that did the job; his heart had no say in the matter."

"That seems funny to me."

"It does not to the poor men," said Swanson. "You can see them for yourself to-morrow if you are coming to see me about that race of ours."

Arriving at the camp, we found a large number of visitors. God knows where they all came from. Jack had no idea there were so many people in Norway. The manager was hunting for a bottle of good liquor so that he could treat. There were many peddlers and many kinds of liquor, but none of the kind he wanted. At last he got what suited him, and they sat down at a table with the bottle and some glasses. Jack and I excused ourselves, after which we wandered off to hunt up the cook's sweetheart, who came in sight very unexpectedly.

We entered a circus tent, and found it to contain a dancing bear, an organ grinder, and a Dutchman trying to stand on his head, which he did not succeed in doing. He seemed very much put out about it, and blamed the audience, which was very noisy. He had better success with the bear, who danced all right, but growled a good deal, as though he did not like it. The Dutchman en-

couraged him to make funny noises by freely using a heavy hardwood stick on the paws and ribs.

The cook's lady love was in the circus and elbowed her way to us through the crowd. She shook hands as if we were old time acquaintances. Jack was her favourite, and she lavished all her attention on him, and he in his best Swedish tried to tell her that the cook would come along later. It was amusing to me, and I enjoyed the conversation more than the circus.

When the show was over we went to look for something else, and hearing music from a near-by tent, we decided to enter. The widow told us it was very fine dancing. "Just like you," pointing to Jack. I invited the widow to come along, and wondered what the cook would say if he saw me with her. When we entered, judge of our surprise to see Swanson and the manager watching a clog dancer on a portable platform. They did not notice us enter, so I went up to Swanson and gave a pull to his coat tail. Turning around he asked for Jack, and I told him he was escorting the widow. He ordered me to bring him at once. "Shall I bring the widow also?" He made a grab for me, but I ducked and got away. I saw him relating something to the manager, at which they both laughed heartily.

The tent was packed with fisher-folk and farmers from the surrounding country, and also people from Bodo. This gathering was nothing else than an annual fair, where all the people combined business with pleasure. The Laps disposed of their reindeer product and bought supplies for the winter.

I returned with Jack and the widow to where Swanson and the manager were. The latter recognised the widow as an old acquaintance, and informed us that she was one of the wealthiest in the tribe. She was considered quite

a "catch." Swanson said that the cook had succeeded in landing her all right, and was waiting to get another show at her, when he would be king of the whole tribe, dogs and all. The manager said he was welcome to her.

"Jack, here is a chance for you to make an honest crown or two," said Swanson. "Did you bring your whistle?" Jack answered in the affirmative. "I want you up on that platform, just to show these people what is really a dance. You do your best and we will do the rest. As you have your wooden shoes on, give us a clog dance. Use plenty of steam and kick the stuffing out of that platform."

Jack did not seem to fancy the proposition. The audience was not to his liking. He asked Swanson to allow me to dance with him, but he would not listen to it, so Jack took out his whistle and announced that he was ready. The manager stepped forward and said that he would introduce a little sailor who had a great reputation in England and France as a clog dancer, and would furnish his own music while dancing. He also hoped that if the dancing came up to their point of view they would not refuse to put something in the hat when it was passed around.

The manager then took Jack to the platform and lifted him up, the audience cheering the little foreigner lustily. Jack bowed and acknowledged the greeting in true actor style, which caused Swanson to say aloud, "The boy is a born actor. I am proud of him."

Running over the scales a few times, at length he struck up a clog dance, and his little feet started to rattle on the boards like a pair of Spanish castanets. He kept perfect time with his feet, twisting and turning in all manner of shapes. The audience was spellbound, and nothing was heard but the rattle of Jack's shoes. He wound up the performance by turning a somersault without touching the

platform with his hands. The audience went wild at this unusual exhibition. The widow went crazy and jumped upon the platform, embracing Jack and smothering him with her kisses. Finally she grabbed his cap and went among her tribe, exhorting them to contribute without stint.

She evidently thought that the more that was contributed the more Jack would dance. When she turned the proceeds over to him he thanked them all; at the same time he kept a wary eye upon the widow.

After resting for a little the crowd began shouting for another dance. Newcomers were continually arriving until the tent could hold no more. The atmosphere was stifling, causing me to feel faint. I tried to get outside, but it was impossible to move. Jack had started another dance, which I could not see, but could hear the rattle of his shoes, and was mighty glad when he finished. At length I was enabled to escape the overpowering stench, and made my escape to the outside, where God's pure air was never more appreciated than it was at that moment. Swanson and the manager, after some little trouble, rescued Jack, who was the victim of another buxom lady. When he was brought outside, the poor boy was completely exhausted, and could only feebly shake my hand, being utterly unable to speak. Swanson had Jack's cap full of silver, and the manager had his arms full of beer bottles, while the widow had a basket of sandwiches. We all squatted down and had a most enjoyable feast.

After the lunch was eaten Swanson ordered me to fetch the flag from the boat, while the manager counted Jack's wealth, amounting to fifty Norwegian dollars. The money was tied up in the flag, and we all said good-bye. As there was no wind, Swanson and I took the oars with Jack at the tiller and off we went to the old *Forsette*.

At 4 o'clock next morning the night watchman reported

to Swanson that some vessels were entering the harbour. They proved to be King Oscar's yacht, *Kong Ring* and Lord R.'s *Ocean Spray*, entering at the same time. Swanson cast his eagle eye fore and aft, a low and aloft, seemingly disgusted with things in general. He ordered the watchman to rouse us, and the cook to have coffee ready for the men at once, as he wanted to wash decks and the royal yards sent down before breakfast, because the old ship was getting top heavy, and it would be necessary to take on ballast before the remainder of the coal could be discharged with safety.

The men grumbled, some on account of being roused so early to wash down. "Just fancy, washing down a rotten old collier like this! It's worse than a Yankee slave packet. They won't even give us a crown to go ashore and see what's doing at the camp. They are afraid we would run away. Run away! and in a place where there is nothing but rocks, which no one can eat. Even the rocks are preferable to what that hyena in the galley calls soft-tack." One of the speakers took a loaf of stale bread and threw it at the bulkhead, behind which the cook was taking an early morning smoke. The clay pipe dropped from the cook's mouth and out he ran on the deck, shouting, "What in H— are these galoots up to now. Firing a royal salute, or are they gone crazy?"

Coming aft, I found Swanson explaining to Jack the fine points of the king's yacht, which was in the lead and approaching slowly. Although it was only a little after 4 o'clock, the sun was up, and everything looked beautiful. The ensign was run up and dipped as they passed under our stern. King Oscar was on the bridge, a tall distinguished looking man, every inch a king.

"Take off your caps," said Swanson, when the yacht was closest, "and shout, 'Long live King Oscar!'" The king raised his hat to us in acknowledgment of our salute.

Swanson turned round and found the cook with his pipe in his mouth, cap on back of head, and arms folded across his chest in a very defiant and insulting attitude. Walking up to the cook, Swanson demanded to know why he had not taken off his cap as we did.

"I have no use for the likes of them. They are no good to you or me," replied the cook.

"If it was not for your grey hairs, you old pirate, I would wring your — neck," yelled Swanson. "Get out of my sight before I do it anyway."

The cook hurried off as fast as his old legs would allow him, muttering something about a terrible temper.

We were greatly disappointed when the yachts did not stop at Grotto, but went on to the Laplanders' camp. Our friend the manager came off on a small boat to inform us that the yachts would be back later in the day, that they had only gone to inspect the camp. He wanted Swanson to come along with him, as he had to interview the captains regarding the amount of coal required. Captain Bengston was not on board, and Swanson did not like to leave the ship during the captain's absence, but after some persuasion he consented to accompany the manager and left Ericson in charge, giving him a lot of instructions, the principal one being that should the king's yacht come up from camp, the men must all be assembled on the fo'cs'le head and shout, "Long live the king," until the mountains shook with the echo, and if any one did not bare his head he was to be knocked down and out, if possible.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate. "It will be carried out to the letter. I can always do finer work when I have no one to interfere with me, and you can depend on it that I will handle this crowd." Ericson then ordered "turn to" in a louder tone than usual, at the same time giving them a fair warning if they did not get a move on

themselves. He announced that Mr. Swanson was going away for the day, and a certain amount of work had to be done and the quicker it was done the better. He said he would do as much as anybody else. "But," he continued, "I am as hard-fisted as I am soft-hearted, and if there is any loafing or hanging back, it will be bad business." "Ah, give us a rest," said the fellow with the swollen jaw. "Bye and bye," said Ericson, "wash down."

Swanson came on deck all togged up and took a glance at the gang washing the poop-deck. He said something to Ericson about them not killing themselves in the matter of work. Ericson allowed it would go swifter after a little. "All right, do your best toward getting the dust off her in case we should have visitors from the fancy craft when they return." "Don't worry, Swanson, it will be done, or my name ain't Ericson."

Swanson shouted to Jack to have the cabin windows shining like a new Norwegian dollar, as the widow would be sure to visit us one of these days.

Swanson being safely out of hearing, Ericson went up to the fellow who had said, "Ah, give us a rest." "Here, you said something about giving you a rest." "That's what I said," mumbled the fellow. "All right, I will give you a rest, and that just now." And with that he hit him a fearful blow on the healthy side of his face, dropping him like a log. Ericson picked him up as if he had been a baby and threw him bodily into the sea. The fellow tried to get hold of the fenders on the ship's side, but Ericson was brandishing a four-by-four scantling over his head, and swore by all that was holy to brain him if he came up the side. Letting go the fender, he swam to the boat that was hanging under the stern and scrambled in. "Well, boys, it is too bad we are a man short, but we will have to make up for it. That fellow is having the rest

he asked for. I hope no one else needs a rest. If he does just let him ask for it."

This was a master stroke on Ericson's part. Never have I seen a collier's deck cleaned so thoroughly as the *Forsette's* was. After the deck was finished the sailors wiped down the paint work. Ericson then ordered Axel and me to reeve off the gantlines for sending down the royal yards, and to get everything ready up there so that it would take only a few minutes to lower the yards.

I had never before sent down a royal yard, but knew how to do it, as Swanson had drilled it into me many times when at sea. It was therefore a certainty that things would be all right by the time the men were through on deck. There is a fascination about sending up or down the royal yards for every young sailor, and then there is always the pride in being able to do the job and do it quickly.

Spar drill in the navy is always a pleasure to watch. I remember once in Montevideo seeing a lot of warships of many different nations, at spar drill. We of the merchant marine took a keen delight in observing the contest, but the Yankees were always first, beating all others every time.

There I was with the gantlines, four inch rope. It was pretty heavy when I got it in the crosstree, where I belayed it for the time being. Looking over the maintop, I saw that Axel had his gantline foul of the topsail halyards. At first I thought of calling his attention to it, but seeing that Ericson was watching us, he might decide to give me a rest cure also. I unshackled the royal halyards on the yard, and unrove it by bending a small gasket in the shackle. When that was done, I belayed the halyards in the crosstree, and by means of the gasket I rove off the gantline, which was my first lesson in sending down a royal yard. The sail being bent and furled on

the yard, I slacked up the gaskets and restowed snug as possible. I then bent the gantline on the yard by dropping the end of the gantline on the fore part of the yard, brought the end up again on the after part, and took a full round turn with it. The end was then brought across the standing part of the gantline and belayed well on the other yardarm by taking a round turn and half hitching the end. I now went out and took off the mousing as on the brace hooks. Ericson, seeing me do this, sang out to me to unhook them at once and rehook them on the cross-tree. Having no further use for the foot ropes, I unbent them and stretched them along the yard. The unparalleling of the yard was a matter of no moment. I simply had to take out a small forelock, which I did with a marline-spike. All that remained to be done was to climb up on the masthead and start the seizing on the lifts. Everything was then ready for the men to sway away on the gantlines so that the seizing on the lift could be taken off altogether.

Going down the crosstree, I sang out, "All right," and waited developments. Axel had not been heard from as yet, but really nothing seemed to have been done by him. The men were putting away their buckets and brooms, so I knew something would be doing soon. The cook came out and cast his evil eye aloft first on one top and then on the other. If any remarks were passed I did not hear them. The fellow who had asked for a rest was very comfortable or else dead. There was no movement to be detected as he lay stretched on the bottom of the boat. Everything was grand and peaceful from my elevated position, and I was enjoying myself immensely. I could see the yachts and numerous other craft containing visitors.

At last Ericson sang out, "Away on the foretop gantline." "Ay, ay, sir," and up I went to the masthead,

casting the seizing adrift in a jiffy, and sang out "Lower away." As the yard cockbilled, I shouted, "Vast lowering," while I seized the upper yardarm to the gantline; then, "Lower away," "All clear," and down I went on the gallant backstay.

The men took the yard and stood it up in the fore rigging and secured it. "Well done," said Ericson. "Look at that fool on the main. God only knows what will become of him if he ever gets down here alive. Run up and show that flathead how to send down a royal yard, otherwise it will be dinner time before we are through with the job. We need a little rest as well as that fellow in the boat."

When we came on deck, Ericson sang out, "Breakfast all." After a moment he said, "Except Axel. He'll get his to-night." He gave Axel some grease and brickdust, telling him to clean up some old copper plate, and when that was done to scrub out the pigpen. The rest of us were to have the day to ourselves, except when the king and lord came back, when we were to go on the fo'cs'le head and shout for them. The fellow who was resting was not to be disturbed until the king arrived and then he would have to shout as loud as the rest of us.

I went to the galley to fetch the grub. The cook was there smoking. He asked me how I liked the mate. "Pretty hard-fisted, ain't he?" he said. "He sure is a dandy on the resting business. Never saw sailormen worked as hard in my life. He's got Swanson skinned ten miles, both for work and resting; never thought it was in him, he looks so peaceful-like. That's the worst with these soft-hearted men, when they break loose they are worse than the devil." I took the grub to the fo'cs'le, where I found the men waiting for me. They asked what I had brought. I answered, "Coffee and cracker hash."

One fellow said that was not worth while getting up

for. "In the last packet I was in we got apple pie on Sunday and a glass of grog after the decks were washed down. This is the limit."

"I understand the cook wants to meet the lord, too," said another. "He used to be chief cook to the lord's grandmother, and came near marrying her. That's what he told Jack a few days ago."

"You can't believe that cook," said the first. "I wish Swanson had dumped him this morning. It would have been a good riddance. I am sick of Ericson. Just look at what he has done to poor Nils. The last I saw of Nils he was lying like a flapjack on the bottom of the boat."

After breakfast a boat arrived with the mails from Bodo. Ericson distributed them, and I got no less than six letters from home. Swanson received several with the Grangemouth stamp on them. Finding a comfortable nook under the long-boat I read my mother's letter first. It was the usual motherly letter. She said she had been informed that Swanson was a terrible man, fearing neither God nor the devil. She also cautioned me to keep my catechism on all occasions, so that I would not be behind the other children and fail when I went to my first communion. Then she went on to tell about my pigeons, and the great care grandpa took of them. The dog, Blucher, had chased them one day when the old gent was feeding them, and he had given Blucher a scolding. The dog had not been the same since, evidently taking the matter very much to heart. She said that brother Nils was well satisfied with his new position, having written so from Liverpool. The letter wound up by telling me to be careful when up on the mast, not to fall down and break any bones.

My father's letter was in a similar strain. Crops looked promising, and plenty of foreigners circulating money.

My sisters wanted information regarding the looks and clothes of the young girls in Scotland, and if the Scottish girls were as pretty as the girls at home. I thought, "Just wait until I describe Betsey Duncan, and then you will open your eyes."

Grandpa's letter was the last, as I knew it would be the most interesting of all. The old man began with the tools, saying that they were next to useless, as I was not there to turn the grindstone. "Ernest does the best he can, but he does not know how to handle the stone. He blames it on me, saying I press harder on the stone now than I did when you were at home. There is no sense in that, as I am getting feebler every day. You remember the old dog, Blucher. He is almost as bad as his namesake, who did us so much damage after Moscow. Yesterday I was feeding the pigeons in the yard, and he was lying down watching me with his nose between his paws, when suddenly he jumps up and snaps at them and bit me in the hand. I grabbed at him, but he got away from me. You know that I was ninety my last birthday. He would not stop running when I called him. Then he jumped the fence, and as I came after him a rock fell down on my right foot, crushing the top of my wooden shoe. I then took off my shoes and went after him again. The rascal started to whine, and when I called to him he came only too gladly, as he was tired out. I did not whip him, for he is getting old too, and has been a good dog in his day. The only way I punished him was this: he had no supper, which made him feel very bad. Your mother is worried a bit because your mate has a hard name. I told her to quit that, as the 'Harder the better' was our rule in the army. When I served under Marshal Davoust he had an awful name, but I found him to be the best of the whole lot, except the Little Corporal himself. These hard fellows are all right for those that are willing to do

what is right, but a martinet for the lazy ones. Next time tell me all about this fellow Swanson. They say that he almost murdered a fellow in Grangemouth. Well, good-bye, and don't lose the snuff box or the gold piece. Your grandpa, Nils Hanson."

Jack, who had finished his cabin, was anxiously waiting for me to finish my correspondence, to have a social chat in English. It was Swedish and English on alternate days now. I could not break away from grandpa's letter, laughing and crying over it. And old Blucher; poor dog, he must have been jealous. I was glad he did not beat him.

Now and again Jack would rattle his shoes, and blow a few notes on his whistle, to attract my attention, but it was no use. Grandpa's letter was more fun to me. At last Jack came over and sat beside me. He wanted to know what I was laughing at. When I told him it was grandpa's letter he insisted on sharing the fun with me, which caused him to laugh as heartily as I did. I had told Jack a great deal about my home life previously, and now after this letter he expressed a desire to see the old man, a real Napoleonic hero that could chase dogs over fences at the age of ninety. It was no wonder that Napoleon won his victories. Jack then made up his mind to stay by the old *Forsette* until she returned to Sweden in the fall.

That afternoon Jack and I laid under the boat, building air castles. I told Jack that if he would only turn the grindstone lively for the old man to sharpen his tools that he would win favour with him, not but that his nationality would have some influence too. This conversation took firm hold of Jack and he was more determined than ever to speak Swedish. He was a bright scholar and already could understand all that was said in Swedish.

Jack asked if Blucher was very old. I told him that he

was about the same age as I was, as he had been in the family since I could remember. "In that case he can't live very long, and I would like to bring him another dog," said Jack. "Wellington" was suggested for a name for the dog, but when told that it would not be agreeable to the old man he changed it to "Nap."

"You remember that pretty white dog at whom the cook spat after kissing the widow. He forgave the cook, because he knew he had to spit after kissing the widow."

"Are you going to let her kiss you to pay for the dog?"

"Oh, no. I will give her a clog dance, one of the lively ones, that will fetch the dog and a reindeer calf into the bargain."

"We'll see what Swanson thinks about the scheme. If the widow does not part with the dog he can get one of those white pointed-nose fellows from the manager."

"They are not as pretty as the widow's dog, and besides, I figure on getting a reindeer calf. It will make the cook green with envy. He is jealous now as it is. Somebody told him she kissed me last night."

It must have been Axel who told the cook, as he was at the gangway when the manager joshed Jack in the morning.

"Look at Axel now," said Jack. "There is Ericson finding fault with the cleanliness of the pigsty. Ericson is a bad man. Swanson would not be so hard as that, anyhow on Sunday."

"You wait and see what Swanson will do to him after he has read his wife's letter and finds out that Axel wrote home and told his mother that Swanson almost killed a man in Grangemouth; and that Miss Duncan and I licked the cook and made him blind in one eye."

"Did he say that?"

"My mother told me so in her letter, and she has been crying about it ever since."

"Swanson will kill him. Don't you think we should tell Axel before Swanson gets back, so that he can run away, jump overboard or do something?"

Axel then appeared, Ericson having let him off, after all. As he was passing us I called him and told him the contents of my letters. At first he was dazed and did not seem to realise the enormity of his tale-bearing propensity. Jack began to whimper and threw his arms around Axel's neck, sobbing out the terrible fate awaiting him when Swanson read his letters.

Axel admitted giving his mother the news, but did not think of any possible harm coming out of it, never expecting his mother to tell the news to everybody in the village.

"I don't know what to do," said Axel. "Swanson does not like me the same as he does you. This morning the cook told me that Swanson was a murderer, and the reason he came back to Sweden was because a price was set upon his head in America, and that if they caught him he would be hanged."

I told Axel that it was a lie, and the cook would have to suffer for making such a statement. Axel was terror-stricken and afraid to meet Swanson. Jack at this moment struck up a clog dance on the harmonica, and started to rattle his shoes. This caused us to laugh and the spirit of mischief to enter Jack, who had observed the cook at the galley door with a grin on his face. The cook made some slurring remark about "Crazy French kids"—Jack ran up to the door, and turned a somersault. In doing so, one of his shoes flew off his foot, missing the cook's face, but landing in a kettle of boiling water, which caused some splashes to land on the cook's hands and feet. The cook howled loud enough to wake the dead, picked up his poker, raced Jack round and round the decks, with Jack always in the lead, turning somersaults and dancing.

Axel and I were laughing when Ericson came out of his cabin, where he had been reading his mail. He joined in the chase and captured the cook by the collar, demanding to know the cause of the trouble. Jack told the story, but the cook wanted to explain. Ericson told him to shut up, as he could not tell the truth if his life depended on his doing so.

"I want you to understand that for the present I am master of this craft," said Ericson. "A little warm water on your hands and feet will only take dirt off of them. If I was permanent master I would see that you used plenty of it and often. Get into your doghouse, and let the boys alone."

The cook withdrew in a surly mood, and Jack sat down by me, enquiring how I liked his imitation. Not comprehending what he meant I asked for an explanation. He said he was giving an imitation of grandpa and Blucher, the somersaults representing Blucher taking the fences and ditches.

The whole thing was so ridiculous that it made me laugh so that my sides ached. After a time the three of us met again to consult over plans for Axel's future. Jack said he had talked with Swanson that morning regarding the money he had and told him that half of it belonged to me. It was not Jack's fault that I had not danced, as Swanson wanted Jack only. The other half he was going to buy clothes with, unless Mr. Swanson wanted it. This brought tears to Swanson's eyes, who said that he only wanted to know if his heart was in the right place, and squeezed his hand until the tears came.

"It's like this, Andrew," Jack said. "You will have to part with your money for Axel's sake. I would give mine, but what would I say if Swanson asked me for it so that he could take care of it until we got to England. I would have to tell a lie, and I don't like to do that.

If the worse comes to worst we can make a clean breast of it and I will settle with you when we get to Archangel or England."

I could hardly reply to the little fellow, but at length told him it was a good scheme. He jumped up and embraced me and then Axel. He rattled his only shoe, the cook refusing to give up the other, as he required it as evidence for Swanson.

Twenty-five dollars would be sufficient to take Axel home, ten for steerage ticket and fifteen for expenses. The steamer left every Saturday from Bodo, and it was no trick to get to Bodo. Axel was overcome by the boy's generosity, although in the past he had done him every nasty trick that he could think of. Jack informed Axel that he would bring the money after dinner, as he was afraid Ericson would hear him handling the money and think something was wrong.

I went to the galley for the grub and asked the cook if I had to save any food for the fellow in the boat, or if he was going to save any. He told me to find out from the second mate, who had the swelled head because the old man and the mate were not on board. He muttered, "That old square-headed elephant would have trouble putting his hat on without a shoe-horn."

I went aft to see Ericson and get instructions regarding the man in the boat. He had just finished dinner and was filling his pipe. Stating the case to him, he pondered whether the man should have anything to eat or not. "All right, let him come up. I don't think he will eat much. Tell Axel to relieve the man after he has had his own dinner, and to keep a good look out for the yachts. Let me know when they are coming, as I am going to have a nap."

Jack, overhearing the conversation, got the money and brought it to Axel, who thought it would be a good time

to get away. I told Axel of the mate's orders and Jack went with him to haul the boat to the gangway. The fellow who had been in the boat all day did not seem the worse for his bath or the beating he received. He thought it was a great joke to get out of hard work as easy as that.

His eating power had improved some, but probably it was due to the fact of his not having any food for so long. Axel got into the boat and Jack dropped it astern, making the painter fast as before. Then we all prepared for a good long nap, as it was Sunday.

Late that afternoon we were aroused by Ericson announcing that the boat had been stolen and that Axel had run away. Also, the yachts were coming down the fjord full pelt. Swanson would sure raise a row if he was in the neighbourhood. "Stand by, all of you," roared the now half-crazy Ericson. "Get up on the fo'c'sle head and start in to practise. Now then, one, two, three—why in h—— don't you holler? Here, you get up on the t'gallant yard, and if you don't yell, I'll pull you down." He tied a rope around the leg of the fellow and sent him aloft with orders to yell until his head came off.

The fellow took precautions to tie himself to the yard, so that if Ericson pulled he would have to pull the mast down too. Jack was sent aft with orders to dip the ensign when the yachts passed by our stern. The cook was detailed to regulate the shouting by counting "One, two, three, long live the King and Lord R.," every thirty seconds. At first the cook was to manage the rope attached to the fellow aloft, but the cook did not seem to like the job, so he took it himself. This was a foolish move on Ericson's part, as he had had ample revenge on the poor fellow.

The yachts were still some distance off. Ericson let the fellow know that he was still on the job by giving an

extra hard pull or two. The fellow let out a most ungodly howl, as if his neck was broken.

"Aha! It hurts," said Ericson. "There will be no trouble with you, my man. Remember, it's noise we want."

The yachts were now pretty close in, and word was passed to the cook to begin the shouting, which was done; but not a blessed word from the masthead. Ericson was fuming. He jumped up on the top of the house and bracing his feet against the mast, he pulled with all his might, at the same time telling the cook to keep up the shouting. The king's yacht was very near, with the king on the bridge. Lord R. was on his also. Both of them raised their hats in recognition of our lusty shouting. Ericson almost pulled his arms off trying to get something, man or noise, which was the last he remembered for some hours after. It seems that the fellow aloft, when he saw what Ericson was up to, reached down and cut the rope which had Ericson's whole weight on it, and Ericson turned a back somersault, landing on the deck, and striking his head on an iron bar rendering him unconscious. The fellow aloft then started to make up for lost time by yelling long after every one else had knocked off.

The cook then assumed command when he saw that Ericson was out of commission, by ordering him to shut up. "It's all over," said the cook. "Not by a good deal," shouted the fellow, "it has only just begun. Long live the King, and the Lord help us and Ericson."

King Oscar's yacht did not anchor, but the lord's did a little distance from the *Forsette*. The shouting of the sailor attracted the attention of those on the yacht, who lowered a boat and came alongside of us to find out the cause of the shouting "Lord help us, and Ericson." An officer in very fancy uniform came up the gangway,

and asked to see the captain. "He is not on board," says the cook, who had gone to receive the officer. "Ah, well, are you the first officer?" "No, sir. He is on shore, too. I am the chief steward and cook." "Ah, I see. Is the second officer on board?" "He is, but he is nearly dead." "I would like to see him if he is well enough to speak." "I don't know about the speaking part. He took sick and fell down and hurt himself."

"Say, what is the matter with that strange thing on the fore t'gallant yard? Is he sick also?"

"Not at all, the healthiest farmer in the bunch. He took a fit when the shouting commenced, and ran aloft like a monkey. We have been trying to coax him to come down, but nothing will do but a gatling gun, or perhaps a good jolt of whiskey."

"I wish he could be brought down, as it is very annoying to his lordship."

"If you had some whiskey in your pocket I might try to fetch him down, but it might be hydrophobia. I knew a fellow who caught it by just talking to another like that."

"This ship must be a bloody floating lunatic asylum," said the officer.

"It will be shortly if we don't get a drop of something to fetch that fellow down."

"Have you any idea what brought it on?"

"Oh, yes. Nothing but overfeeding and too much rest."

The cook asked the officer if they had a doctor on board, and was told that the doctor was in Bodo escorting some ladies of their party.

"That's too bad," sorrowfully replied the cook. "We have not anything to fetch that galoot down with, so that his lordship can have some rest. It does not matter to us, as we will soon get used to it. As a matter of fact, I

would rather have him there than below, if he has made up his mind to carry on in that unchristian manner all night."

The cook made a move as if to go to the aid of the second mate, but turned round and said, "Give my compliments to Lord R. and tell him we are very sorry for causing all this annoyance, and if he could send us a bottle of whiskey to coax him down and give him a few drops after to steady his nerves a bit, we would be ever so much obliged to him."

"All right. I don't think his lordship will have any objections to doing that, provided you make him cease yelling."

The officer went away in his boat and no sooner had he gone than the fellow ceased shouting. He started to come down, but the cook ran up the rigging, meeting him half way. "Go back, you fool, and shout harder than ever. You'll spoil everything and prevent me from getting a little medicine for the second mate, whom you have nearly killed, and will swing for yet. Go back and yell. Your life depends on it."

No argument on the cook's part could induce the fellow to stay, as he said his jaws would not stand for it.

"You will be sorry for this, and will have to go to jail," said the cook, who went up the mast and resumed the yelling. The cook proved to be a past master in the art of making hideous noises. Everybody admitted that the other fellow was outclassed, and the cook kept up the most horrible earsplitting yells with the sole purpose of hurrying the medicine along. From his elevated position he had a clear view of the yacht's deck. Not seeing them making any move to hurry up the medicine, or at least not quick enough to suit him, he resorted to a move that he had every reason to believe would bring forth the desired result. Running out to the extreme end of the

yardarm, he took hold of the lift with both hands, letting his feet dangle as if with the intention of letting go at any time. At the same time he produced the most blood-curdling yells that can be imagined. This last move was a master piece of strategy. At once they began falling over each other to get the medicine and to prevent the seemingly desperate man from committing suicide. When the boat left the yacht's side the cook gradually worked in toward the mast, with the idea of getting down in time to receive the medicine, well knowing that if it fell into anybody else's hands it was good-bye medicine, as far as he was concerned.

Keeping his eye on the approaching boat, he slid down the gallant backstay like greased lightning, uttering several howls. The supposed lunatic was dangerously near, he thought. He threatened to expose him if he did not run up and down the deck and give a few more yells. This little talk had the desired effect on the sailor, who made himself less conspicuous, but made enough noise so that nobody but the cook had a right to find fault.

The small boat from the yacht was now alongside, and a sailor came up and handed the cook two bottles. He could hardly believe his own eyes.

"God bless the lord," he said. "He has the heart of a king, and the style of an emperor. How well he knew what was wanted. Two bottles, too. Ah, I see, one for internal, and the other for external use. I can hardly find words to express my thanks to his lordship. You can tell him I knew his grandmother, but that was long before the Crimean war."

The quartermaster that brought the medicine enquired about the lunatic, and the cook told him there were signs of improvement already. Being possessed of wonderful smelling powers he had smelled the medicine as soon as the boat left the yacht's side. He then hinted that an-

other bottle or two next day might be necessary. The young man said that they were going away that evening on a whale hunt and would not be back for a couple of days. This caused the cook great anxiety, as they might run shy of medicine.

The young man asked the cook if he was a Britisher. "Well, I should say I am. I am a veteran of the Crimean war, and my father was with Nelson at Trafalgar and with Wellington at Waterloo."

"Your father must have been fond of fighting on land as well as on sea. I am glad to have made your acquaintance, cook. His lordship will now be at ease. He was afraid that the poor fellow would have let himself go from that fore t'gallant yard. Well, good-bye."

After the young man had gone the cook wondered where would be the best place to put the bottles. He was determined that no one should steal them from him this time. Besides, there was trouble enough on board for one day.

The supposed lunatic asked if the medicine was not for his use. This roused the ire of the cook, who told him that he did not see any use in wasting medicine on him, as he was going to be hung, drawn, and quartered in a week. There were too many eye witnesses to his horrible deed. With this information the lunatic threatened to start the shouting afresh, but the cook said he did not care, as he had made arrangements with his lordship to shoot him from the yacht with a Mauser rifle, that being the easiest way to save the expense of a tedious trial, and likewise funeral expenses, as he would naturally fall in the water and no one would take the trouble to hunt for his body.

This was too much for the sailor, who walked forward to see how Ericson was getting along. They had him stretched out on an old sail, trying to revive him by pouring water on him and rubbing his hands and feet.

We proposed to carry him back to his bunk, but no one would assist us, saying he was better off in the open air, and perhaps he was. He had a large swelling on the back of his head and was breathing heavily, but still unconscious. The cook was referred to as the ship's surgeon, on account of his age and experience in many seas and other lands. Every one was more or less sorry for Ericson, yet said he deserved it. They were all from the same place (*Höganäs*) and knew each other's people and would have acted in the same manner if they had been in the second mate's place.

The cook soon took charge of the case and issued his orders in an authoritative manner. First he ordered the clothes removed, then felt his pulse and heart beats.

"We must get him on his feet before Swanson gets back," he said, "or there will be trouble, and we will all go to jail. This is worse than murder in the eyes of the law. Rub like the devil while I pour some of this precious fluid into him."

The cook was very careful regarding the quantity of liquor that he administered. However, the mate very soon showed signs of coming to, and was able at last to enquire how long he had been lying there. He was informed that he had been about an hour.

"I remembered falling off the house. I did not mean to pull so hard. It was wrong of me to do so. Is that poor fellow badly hurt?"

"Hurt!" said the cook, "not at all. He is right here, and is the man that brought you to. Would you like to see him? Come here, August. Ericson wants to shake hands with you."

August, who had been feeling pretty blue, now came forward, wreathed in smiles, and shook hands with Ericson. We assisted Ericson into his clothes, after which he walked aft, still very much dazed. The cook and

Jack accompanied him to his cabin, where the cook mixed him a toddy, strong enough for a Western ocean bo'sun, which sent him to sleep in a very short time. There were no signs of the manager and Swanson returning, but the yacht passed very close to the *Forsette*. They stopped to speak to us, enquiring after the lunatic. The cook replied that he was more docile now, thanks to the medicine, which was excellent stuff, but it was a pity that he had no more of it. This hint did not move the captain of the yacht to send any more medicine. After they had steamed away the cook told us that we would have to stick to one common story, or we would have further trouble. The following tale was devised by the cook as being the best to tell:

Ericson fell from the top of the house. It was none of our business what he was doing there. August went up the fore t'gallant yard, the better to shout on account of his weak voice and then took a nasty fit, which made him utter such ungodly noises that they annoyed his lordship and caused him to send over to see what was the matter. He felt so distressed about it that he sent some medicine, which was entirely consumed by Ericson and August.

But how was Axel's absence to be explained? The cook swore that Axel had stolen two of his apple pies when he went to relieve the man in the boat.

"What shall I say if Swanson asks about my shoe?" enquired Jack.

"You don't need to say anything about that at all. I'll tell him myself," said the cook.

"All right. Then I will explain to him what became of the medicine. I found one bottle in my bunk and have stowed it away where you can't find it. It has quite a funny label, too."

The cook started to run and see for himself if Jack

had told the truth, but he observed me giggling. He then knew that I was on to him also.

"You d—d little rascal, I know you are French, but I never thought you would steal a dying man's medicine. I was just going to give him some. Well, now, Jack, I always spoke well of you. You know where the shoe is, but look here, don't do anything you'll regret all the rest of your days. Let the poor fellow have his medicine that I worked so hard to get him."

"Oh, he won't die to-day anyway," said Jack. "I only guessed that you had put it in my bunk."

"Don't mind what I said to you, Jack; I was only fooling. I did put it there, because you were the only one I would trust. Come with me and we will get that blessed little shoe."

VIII

IT was late that evening when Swanson and the manager returned. On their way they noticed a boat stranded on one of the islands, and found it belonged to the *Forsette*. It puzzled Swanson, as he found nothing but the oars, mast, and sails belonging to it. They took it in tow and thus became delayed. When they came alongside, the manager declined Swanson's invitation to come on board, but promised to come in the morning and see about hiring some men to help load with ballast. The cook was at the gangway when Swanson arrived, who immediately asked for Ericson. He was informed that he had met with a bad accident while celebrating the return of the king and the lord, by falling from the house. Swanson asked him if he had sent for a doctor. The cook said, "No, his lordship heard of the accident and sent over some medicine, which made him go to sleep." Swanson then asked for an explanation regarding the boat. He was then told about Axel deserting the ship, taking the boat with him.

"Gee, but you must have had lots of fun to-day, cook," Swanson said. "Did Axel get away with all his clothes?"

"The greater part, I think. He had a pocket handkerchief full or nearly so. I don't think he left much behind him."

The cook then explained how Axel had been sent on watch by Ericson while the rest had a nap. Swanson expressed a great desire to meet him, as he would like to have an explanation from him regarding some nonsense he wrote home to his mother.

Next morning, of course, when we turned to we were shorthanded on account of Axel, so I was detailed to take a shovel and do a man's work. Ericson limped about the deck, preferring to do that than remain below. The manager came off to breakfast, and he arranged for two men to come off and help until Captain Bengston returned. I did not hear any more about the race, but heard that if the yacht came back he would want her alongside to coal. I wished she would do so as I would like to hear the cook's lies.

The following day, just at dinner time, a party of Laplanders and some dogs came alongside. Swanson invited them to come on board. Among the visitors was the widow, also the white dog that Jack had taken such a fancy to. The first thing she asked for was Jack, not even mentioning the cook. Swanson shouted for Jack, who was down in the cabin setting the table. When he appeared he was received with open arms, but not kissed, much to his relief. Swanson told him to take the visitors around a bit and to show them things they were not familiar with. Evidently the widow had forgotten all about the cook, because she seemed surprised to see him in the galley. The cook gave her the glad hand, which she reluctantly took, but the dog showed his teeth. He invited them into the galley, but would not permit the dog to enter. The result was that all declined the invitation. The cook was heard to comment upon the fickleness of women, widows in particular. Jack was meanwhile making friends with the dog, for purposes of his own. The widow said he was a remarkable dog, and proudly made him go through some tricks that were really worthy of a circus dog. The dog walked on his hind legs, with his front legs across the back of his head. The widow then gave one of her shoes to one of her friends with the request that he hide it. After some time she let the dog

know that she was shy of a shoe, and told him to get it for her. He started off, but could not find it. She scolded him for not bringing it, which seemed to affect him greatly, as he began to whine. The next time he went hunting he returned, barking and seemingly very happy. The widow said he had found the shoe, but it was beyond his reach, so Jack volunteered to assist him. The slipper was found stowed away in an inaccessible place in the fo'c'sle. The shoe was given to the dog, who returned it to the widow.

Swanson and Ericson came on deck and mingled with the visitors, who were enjoying themselves sightseeing. Swanson ordered the cook to prepare coffee and bring out the hard-tack. The cook was determined to make himself solid with the widow, by his fine cooking. He shouted to Jack to help him with things in the galley, but Jack was too busy feeding the dog with hard-tack to pay any attention to him.

The Laplanders are noted for their begging propensities. They have no shame in that respect, and will ask for the shirt off your back, even if they know it is the only one you have. Jack asked Swanson if he would have any objection to buying the dog from the widow for him, but the very idea of giving money to a Lap for a dog made Swanson burst out laughing. Jack told him what he intended doing with the dog, and what name the dog was to have. This caused Swanson to burst into peal after peal of laughter.

The Laplanders having seen everything worth looking at, and having begged for everything they saw, including the chronometer, Swanson thought it would be opportune to make overtures to the widow for the dog. At this moment the cook announced that lunch was ready. Swanson then told the widow how well and young she looked, and how much attached his son Jack had become to the

dog; that he had asked his father to request her to present it to him, as she already had so many other dogs. The widow was surprised and undecided what to do. Finally she said that the manager had told her that Jack was a Frenchman and he couldn't talk Swedish. How did he account for that?

Swanson was taken aback at this, but explained that Jack was his adopted son, of whom he was as fond as though he was his real child; whereas she had four sons, and would therefore appreciate Jack's request for the dog, to remember her by when in foreign countries.

During this conversation Jack was standing by, petting and fondling the dog, which had become attached to him. The widow said it would be a sad blow to her to part with the dog, as it was the only friend that she had had since her husband died. It was the best dog in Lapland, and she could get three reindeer for it any time. She said she would give him any other dog which he could train. Swanson told her that his heart was on this dog, and Jack wanted it to remember her by.

The cook had everything ready for the lunch, so they all went forward to partake of coffee, hard-tack, butter, and salt horse, to which they all did ample justice. The cook paid particular attention to the widow and insisted upon her taking more sweetening in her coffee, but she wanted it without sugar. Putting her hand over the cup to prevent him dropping any into her cup, the cook still insisted, but the dog came to her aid by taking a bite at the cook's calf, and both got entangled in the ensuing scrimmage, with the dog as victor.

The cook ignominiously fled into the galley, yelling with pain, and swearing vengeance on all Laplanders, dogs, and everything he could think of. He called me to help him, and to get the bottle of arnica and the bottle that his lordship sent over, or he would faint on the coal

box. I told Swanson what he wanted and he ordered me to get the things for him. I asked Jack for the other bottle which was in his keeping. The cook was much relieved when he saw me appear with the bottles. He grasped the lord's bottle first and started to drink it. I warned him it was for external use only, but he said it was useful also internally, in severe cases. After taking several good, big drinks he asked me to rub the arnica into his legs. When I suggested that he lie on his face to enable me to rub his calves better, he said it was necessary for him to lie on his back, as the medicine would act better that way.

An empty lighter came alongside and the Laps began to prepare for their return to camp. Swanson gave up all hopes of getting the dog; but not so Jack, who took out his harmonica, playing a few notes and rattling his shoe to call their attention. At once the Laps became excited and those who had not seen Jack before, but who had heard of his performance, demanded an exhibition of his skill. Nothing would satisfy Jack but the dog. The widow tried to collect a purse among her friends, but Jack would not listen to it; it was the dog or nothing. Finally it was agreed that Jack should have the dog, with the understanding that if it got homesick while the *Forsette* was at Grotto, he should be returned to camp. This arrangement being agreeable to all parties, Jack struck up a clog-dance. He was determined that they should have their money's worth, so went down to his little room and discarded his clogs, putting on slippers. He then did a sand-dance, which the Laps thought the most wonderful of all.

Swanson was sitting on the rail, smoking his pipe and watching the dancing. He admired the tact of the boy, who had carried the deal through so well, where he had failed. The dancing over, the widow came to Swanson

to express her gratitude for all the kindness shown to herself and companions. She was informed that the pleasure was ours, and that the dog would be well taken care of. The widow told Jack the dog's name, but it was too long to remember, so he was christened Napoleon, in the presence of all the visitors.

The name did not seem to suit the Laps. It was found upon enquiry that they were all familiar with the history of the great man, but disapproved of his sad end. However, as the dog was now Jack's, the matter rested with him. After asking Swanson and Jack to come to the camp and give them another dance before we sailed, they bade us all "Good-bye," and even the cook, who was found lying in his coal box, snoring like a hog and evidently under the influence of the external medicine.

No sooner had they left than Jack shouted out the good news that the dog was ours. I warned him to look out for the cook, who would be sure to have a grudge against the dog. Jack was confident that Nap would take ample care of himself.

The work was very hard on me, as I was not strong enough to do a man's work at shovelling coal. Jack saw my predicament and often came into the hold to help me by picking up large pieces of coal and throwing them into the basket. Swanson observed him doing this and never missed an opportunity to praise the boy. He said he would try to find out about him when he got to England, as it was a pity that a boy with such brains should be allowed to run wild. One time he remarked about the difference between him and Axel.

"Yes," said Captain Bengston. "And did not Axel give you a fine name at home? What did your wife say about it?"

"She thinks that every one that has lived in America is a bad one and her sister is nearly as bad."

Bengston said his wife thought him the worst savage that sailed the North Sea, because he did not go to church twice on Sunday.

There had been a new sailor engaged to take the place of Axel. He was a native of Bodo, and about twenty-five years of age. He turned out to be a first class sailor and an all round good fellow.

The cargo left on board was now only about fifty tons. It was therefore necessary to load some ballast. To this end two lighters were borrowed from the manager for the purpose of loading her with rocks. This work was cleaner and far more agreeable than unloading coal. During our stay at Grotto Captain Bengston heard from the owners that he was to take charge of another ship on his arrival in England. This was such good news to the captain that every time a lighter came alongside every man got a bottle of beer. The captain was anxious to get away as soon as possible, on account of the early closing of navigation at Archangel. By eight o'clock that evening we had all the ballast on board and were sitting around in various cliques, conversing with each other. Jack and I were trying to prevent Nap from being homesick, and the cook was engaged in catching codfish. Jack said to me that Swanson was to take command of the *Forsette*, and Bengston of the new big vessel that the owners had recently bought. Bengston told Jack that he was to go with him on the new vessel, and that they would likely be gone for a long time, probably to China or India. "You will come, too," said Jack. I told him it was impossible, as I had to prepare for my first communion, and besides, my people were anxious to get me home. Such being the case, he preferred to go with me, and if Swanson would permit it, to sail with the latter. I told him I had spoken to Swanson about it, and he was willing that Jack should come home with the ship, but

he was afraid that he would leave us when we got to England.

This satisfied Jack that Swanson was a good friend to him, so he informed me that Swanson had a letter for me from Miss Betsey, as he had heard him tell Ericson about it. Just then Swanson called me and I went aft to see what was wanted. Swanson gave me a letter, which he said came in the captain's envelope, and evidently was from one of my many sweethearts in Grangemouth. He warned me to make good use of my school books so that I could answer it.

Jack was all smiles when I came along with the letter. He suggested that we go into his room to read the letter instead of going to the fo'cs'le. The captain and his mates saw us making a sneak for the room, which was kept spotlessly clean by Jack. Lighting the lamp, we sat on the floor and started in to business. Jack's education had been neglected, consequently he was of no use to me in unravelling it. It was therefore necessary to get the dictionary from the fo'cs'le. On my way, it was my misfortune to be waylaid by the cook, whose ears were marvels at gathering news. "Hey there! do you want any assistance with that love letter of yours?" I did not answer, but ran right in for all my books, to save making another trip. Coming out, he was still there, and when passing he muttered about the awful ingratitude of some youngsters, and the way they were brought up nowadays.

Jack was feeling a little hurt, that he, a Britisher, could not read or write English, but I cheered him up by saying that before we got back to grandpa we both would be able to speak and read both Swedish and English, but there must be no more boxing or dancing. With this assurance we began our struggle with the letter, which was as follows:

"GRANGEMOUTH, July 15th, 1877.

"ANDREW WALFRID NELSON,

"*My dear friend:*—

"('Gee whiz, she remembers the whole name,' said Jack. 'I bet she remembers me, too.') I often think of you and the other boy that could dance so nicely. ('What did I tell you? I'll bet she will say something about the shoes, too.' 'Hold on; you disturb me,' I said. 'All right, I was only anxious to find out if she remembered me. She is the first one that ever did, except you and Swanson.') Mamma and I are anxious to know if you are making use of the books. Mamma says that the little English boy can help you a great deal with your studies, if he is friendly to you. He seemed to be such a nice little chap. We often laugh at him losing his shoes, and papa laughs when we talk about the fat woman on the train. MacDougall works for papa, but he does not swear any more. Best regards to Yankee. I liked his nigger songs. Papa is trying to sing one of them in the kitchen now, but he can't make the fancy steps that Swanson did. I hope the *Forsette* will come back to our place. Papa tells me to ask you to bring me a Russian lacquer cup from Archangel, and I will give you something else when you get back. All the little boys and girls that used to visit the pitch place have been asking for you. They all say you were a good boy, and I say the same. Papa is writing to Capt. Bengston and Mr. Swanson.

"Good-bye,

"Your friend,

"BETSEY."

"Well that's all. What do you think of it, Jack?"

"I wish I could read as quick as that," said Jack. "She is a nice girl to remember us like that, and she is pretty, too. Do you know we got off awfully cheap with

Nap, and I have been thinking that we could buy Russian lacquer cups for Betsey with the money we have left."

I told him the money was his. Besides, \$25.00 worth of Russian lacquer ware would fill the *Forsette*. A cup such as she wanted would not cost more than twenty-five or fifty cents. And then what about the new suit of clothes he intended buying in England, to wear when he and I and Nap got our photos taken.

He did not know that the cups were so cheap, and objected strongly to my not accepting half of the money, saying he would send it to the widow to pay for the dog. I told him that he had already given the widow something to pay for the dog, that she would remember all her life, and make his name well known throughout Lapland. When he asked what it was he gave her, I said, "Kisses." He made a very wry face over the matter.

"If it was not for the kissing, I would ask Swanson for leave to go to the camp to-morrow evening and make a few dollars more by giving a boxing exhibition." I said it was a capital idea, and we could take the cook along to act as referee and collect the cash. Jack became excited at the mention of the cook, saying he would likely keep all the money, and then just see what a racket he made last time.

The boxing proposition was given up, as we were all anxious to get the coal out of the ship and get to sea again. Our men had only been ashore once while at Grotto, so Swanson let them have the boat to go over to the whaling station and witness the cutting up of a whale that had been captured that day. I was sorry that I did not get a chance to see it.

During our stay in Grotto there were a large number of whales in the harbour, but they were of a species that whalers did not care about. Consequently, I did not

see a whale hunt, but the cook, from his everlasting fund of adventures told us all about it.

"I remember many years ago, when boatsteerer on an Aberdeen whaler, we were off the coast of Greenland after bowhead. The season was nearly over before we made our first haul. Everybody was thoroughly disgusted because we had no wages, working on 'lay,' as it is called. We were afraid that the old man would turn tail and go down to St. Helena after sperm-whale, which would mean another year of it. One day, at daybreak, a dozen nice, big fat bowhead came along. We lowered and manned the four boats, leaving the captain, cook, and the boy on board to look after the ship. It was a beautiful morning, with a gentle breeze from nor'rd. Setting our sails, we stood off on a course to head them off, and landed right among them as slick as possible. The first fellow that came up I let have the harpoon, good and strong. Off he went like a streak of greased lightning with every inch of line and going at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Yes, that was a joy-ride for you. Talk of your Flying Dutchman. For real sport and rapid travelling, give me a Greenland bowhead with a harpoon in him. There is nothing on dry land or salt water to beat him. Just to give you an idea of how fast we were going,—when I hooked on the ship was five miles away, hull down. Very soon we were back to the ship again, passing close under the stern, when the skipper shouted, 'How many irons have you got into him?' and before I could answer she was hull down again and nearly out of sight. I could not tell all that happened during the first thousand miles or so that we travelled that day. We got frostbitten on account of our clothes being blown off. It was getting colder and colder all the time until we thought we were crossing the North Pole, when we again crossed under the stern of the ship, and the skipper shouted to be careful not to catch

cold, as we were stripped to the bare poles. At last I got the whale subdued, and gave orders to shorten in on him. I gave him another harpoon, which made him sound, and I finally got him to the ship's side, where we made fast and got the blubber from him that night. The other boats did fairly well, but their whales were a long way from the ship and had to be buoyed until the following day. Ah, well, it's experience that tells in the long run."

As we were hoisting the last basket of coal that afternoon the manager came on board and engaged in a whispered conversation with the captain. They sent for Swanson and soon we could see that something mysterious was on the tapis. It appeared afterward that a body had been washed upon the beach, which was thought to be Axel's, and the manager wanted some one to come ashore and identify the body. Of course, nothing of that sort could be kept a secret on board the *Forsette* while the cook had free use of his ears. There was nothing to equal them for news gathering; they should have been classed as an improvement on the wireless. If some Yellow Journal had known of his existence, what a fortune it would have made out of him as a waterfront reporter!

Swanson had no sooner left the ship than the cook called Jack into the galley, and there told him what he had heard, impressing upon him that the body undoubtedly was Axel's. Poor Jack imagined he was to blame for the cause of Axel's death by aiding him to escape, and burst out crying. The cook was utterly unaware that Jack or I had any hand in assisting Axel, otherwise I do not think he would have said anything to Jack about it. Jack came weeping to me in the fo'cs'le, where I was busy cleaning myself of coal dust. I thought some one had whipped him. When he had told me the story I asked him if he had told the cook anything. He said that he had not. We were all right, then. If it was Axel's body

we could make a clean breast of it to Swanson, and if not, we could keep quiet.

It was an anxious time for us until Swanson returned, which was not until sunset, when he told us that it was not the body of Axel, but of some unknown and older person. The body could not have been in the water over a couple of days. It was buried in the churchyard, with Swanson and the manager as pall-bearers.

This was good news to us, but the man who worried most was Swanson, as it was known he had threatened to do something to Axel if he found him.

Axel was indeed not dead, but very much alive and using his tongue to besmirch our characters.

The last load of coal was in the lighters, where it was to remain until the yacht came up from Grotto, and thus save the expense of rehandling. The manager remained to supper and spent the night with the captain and mates. They had a jolly night, singing and dancing. Bengston, feeling well satisfied with the way things had gone and the news of his promotion, sent a bottle of brandy and some beer forward to the men, which made them talkative, especially the cook, who told a tale of tiger hunting even more hair-raising than the whale hunt.

I was anxious to write home, so Jack and I sneaked off to his room, where I had great difficulty in writing, on account of the noise made by the captain and his friends, and also because I had to use the floor for my desk.

The letter home was an easy matter, as I wrote collectively, thus saving time and labour. I warned them all against Axel's evil tongue, and praised Jack to the skies, telling them of the \$25.00 he had made a present of to Axel. I almost ran out of paper, telling about grandpa's future dog and his wonderful tricks. Jack wanted me to tell them of what new tricks he was going to teach the dog, i. e., filling grandpa's pipe, etc. I told Jack he would

have to be very careful of what he said or wrote to the old man, as he was very touchy.

Then came the letter to Betsey, which I dreaded, but was determined to write. With Jack's assistance and the dictionary, I had no difficulty in finding the words that I required. After it was finished I read it over and Jack pronounced it first class. Jack suggested letting Swanson read it, but I could not see it that way. When I went to my bunk that night I wondered what Betsey would think of the letter, and if I had made good with my studies, or would she think I was a blockhead.

There really was no call for me to worry over my letter. I did not know Betsey then as I learned to know her afterward. She received my letter in the spirit it was written, which was what I expected. I hardly ever thought of my first English letter again, having every reason to expect that it was consigned to the fire. But that letter accidentally fell into my hands ten years afterward, in San Francisco, and Betsey told me that this same letter of mine was the only one she had ever received that she thought enough of to keep.

Next morning we found the yacht at anchor near by, looking spick and span, alow and aloft. The men came from the shore and took the lighter to the yacht. After breakfast the manager took the captain with him to the yacht.

Swanson sent the royal yards aloft and made things ship-shape for going to sea. After breakfast I took my books to the long-boat and began to study. I was making more progress with an illustrated reader than I was with Miss Duncan's grammar, having discarded Swedish entirely for English. Jack, on the other hand, took up Swedish with avidity, learning rapidly. Nap came with us. He was fast losing all memory of the widow, and was fond of carrying the books for us.

Soon the manager's boat came alongside with a note for Swanson, directing him to send Jack, dressed in his best clothes, over to the yacht. Swanson sent for Jack, telling him to wash up and dress himself as neatly as possible, as he was to go to the yacht. This disturbed our studies, so I went to find out from the boatboy what Jack was wanted for. He said that Captain Bengston had a position as deck-boy for Jack on the yacht. When I heard this I became upset, not jealous over my friend's good fortune. I had been instrumental in bringing him on board the *Forsette*, and he was happy with us, far happier than he had ever been in all his life. Yet here was a chance to better his conditions, with pleasant associations and better food. At first I thought I would influence him not to go, but I cast it aside as underhanded. Then the idea came to me to give Jack the loan of my new suit, so that he could make a favourable impression.

Jack did not know yet what he was wanted for, so when he was all dressed up and ready to go on board, Swanson met him at the gangway, and shaking his hand, said "Good-bye." It struck Jack as very strange. I went forward to my bunk, feeling miserable. I tried to think of something, but it was impossible, as the cook was telling some horrible lie about a scalping affair in Canada. I crawled out of my bunk again, and the cook took offence at my disgusting airs.

"I don't go into huffs like you do. What is the matter with you? You are trying to imitate that high lord almighty, are you? Huh! he might send over another bottle of medicine, as August is liable to go off any time."

"Go easy, cooky," said August. "He may have given the medicine to Captain Bengston, and he will bring it off to us."

"If he does, you and I will never see anything of it,

except, perhaps, in the shape of a dead soldier despatched over the side to join the marines."

"Don't be so hard on the old man, cooky. He did fairly well by us last night."

"I did not get enough to cure a nasty headache. But you ought to see how fair he was to himself, the manager and these two other hogs. I fairly skated all over myself this morning. You ask Jack. No wonder they are shanghaiing him, as they are afraid he has seen too much, and will tell the owners. Poor owners, if they only knew how these fellows treat their property, they would have fits."

How long he kept up this tirade of his I do not know, as I went up on deck, where I found Swanson sitting on the rail. He called to me to come over beside him, and asked if I had heard of Jack's good luck. I told him what the boatman said to me. "Swanson said that they were shorthanded on the yacht and Bengston hearing of it recommended Jack, and thinks he is doing the boy a good turn. So he is, in a way; but mark my word, Jack will not go there of his own free will, or I am much mistaken in Jack, and my name is not Sven Swanson."

"I see you are much worried over it, Andrew, and well you need be, but he will come back. All the yachts in Great Britain can't keep that boy off the old *Forsette*."

Feeling assured, I thanked Swanson and went forward, and finding the cook still lying, went on to the fo'cs'le head, where I found Herald singing. He had a magnificent bass voice. I asked what he was singing, and he said it was called "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which he translated into Swedish for me. He then sang another, but I did not understand one word of what he said. It turned out to be French and was from some opera. Here was a man able to speak in three languages and working as a sailor. I was astonished. He said stern necessity

drove him to it, but he was waiting for a chance to get something else.

The manager's boat was coming in our direction, so I walked over to the gangway to see who was in the boat. Sure enough, they all three were there, so I sat down under the long-boat, from where I could see all that took place. Swanson went to the gangway to meet Bengston, who shouted out, "What do you think, Swanson, of that little rascal. He refused to join the yacht unless I paid Andrew off too, and that is not the worst of it — he made me look cheap beside these noblemen. Yes, he wanted that dog Napoleon too. He said he wanted it for his friend's grandfather, and that the dog required very special care." Swanson and Ericson were hardly able to keep from laughing, while Bengston was furious at Jack's refusal, and threatened to throw him overboard or give him to the Lap widow. Swanson could stand it no longer, so pulled Jack toward him and said he was the best cabin-boy they ever had, and if he happened to like the old *Forsette* it did honour to us and to himself. "I did not expect he would do anything else, and I told you so in my note," said Swanson.

"I know you did, and I am not finding fault with you or the boy. The only thing I don't like is the chance he is throwing away. It was a chance in a thousand, and yet he throws it away for a dog. 'Napoleon,' indeed! Well, there is no use in saying any more about it. Look here, Jack, you must not think I wanted to get rid of you. I thought that you would be better off among your countrymen, but it seems you like your friends and the dog better than anything else in the world. Therefore, bear in mind that as long as I have charge of one of these old North Sea packets you will always have a show with me. Now go forward and tell your friend all about it."

It took Jack about two hours to tell me all the news

about his lordship. He wanted to know if I was aware of what they wanted him on board for. I told him what the boatman said, and how I felt at his going, but I did not like in any way to interfere with his advancement, never thinking that he would prefer to remain on the old ship.

Jack said, "I knew you loved me, Andrew, and for that reason I did not like to part from you, and besides, I have made up my mind to take Napoleon to your grandpa."

This was our last evening at Grotto. The manager stayed on board until quite late, and I spent an hour or two with Jack in his den before going to my bunk. Next morning Ericson got the men out, and Swanson gave orders to man the windlass. The pilot was already on board,—the same one who brought us in. The anchor was coming in at a pretty lively rate to the chantey, "We are bound for the Rio Grande."

At first Jack and I were engaged stowing the chain, but were afterward sent aloft to loosen all sails.

We had a hard time of it breaking out the anchor. The bottom was rocky and the fluke had evidently caught under a shelving rock. The manager had been observing our difficulty, so came off with several stalwart hands to help us. Bengston shouted for the bottle to splice the main brace. Then we all pulled hard, but the chain parted at the hawse and our anchor remained where it was. Fortunately we had a spare one, which was afterward brought up from the hold. The manager and his friends shook hands with us and wished us a good voyage. The wind was light and favourable, and the pilot wanted everything set that could draw, as he was anxious to get out of the islands before dark. At noon we saw the broad Atlantic, and the wind began to freshen up a bit, making the *Forsette* careen over at an angle that made walking difficult.

As Jack had not been aloft before while the vessel was under way, Swanson thought it would be a good opportunity for him to learn how to stow the main royal. He was quick to grasp the situation, and I explained everything I knew about it. He then wished to stow the fore royal without my assistance. When we came down he asked Ericson to be allowed to do so, but Ericson said he would have to see Swanson, as the latter was more careful of Jack than he was of his wife. Ericson said that when he was a boy it was oftener a kick from a heavy sea-boot than kind words that he received. But then he did not have the intelligence that Jack had. He went aft and told the mate, who came forward and asked Jack if he could do it alone, and Jack said "Yes." "All right then; but take your time to it, and be careful."

Jack ran up the fore rigging like an old hand. He rested a moment on the crosstrees, and looked down to see if anybody took notice of him. Seeing Swanson on the poop talking to the pilot, he stowed the royal in a seaman-like manner, and then slid down the royal backstay after the style of the cook when he took the part of the lunatic. Without waiting for Swanson to congratulate him, he ran up on the forecastle head to find out how his work compared with the main royal. He evidently found it satisfactory, because he turned a somersault and started in on a clog dance, when his movements were arrested by Nap, who came running on three legs.

Jack examined the paw and found it bleeding a little. Remembering the arnica bottle, he went to the galley for it and appropriated it. There was very little left, but it was all used on the paw. Going to the poop to get some more, Swanson met him and asked what the matter was. Jack told him it was for Nap. It turned out that the pilot had accidentally stepped on the paw. There was no more arnica on board, so Swanson told Jack to fetch the

cook, as he wanted to find out about what he had done with all the arnica. The cook was in the lazaret, breaking open a barrel of salt beef. He was told the mate wanted him.

"What for?" asked the cook. "To splice the main brace? That's three times hand running. Must be something wrong about this."

"No, it's about the arnica bottle. He is angry about it."

"Is that so? He would be angry if he had to do this kind of work. He would be d—d sick, same as I am. Tell him I'll come as soon as I can. One barrel of sauerkraut has exploded on me and raised hell in general. I have my doubt of the salt pork, and don't like the looks or the smell."

I was at the wheel when Jack reported the conditions in the steward's department, causing every one to burst out laughing.

It was hard work all that day, beating up against the wind. The vessel being light, she made a lot of leeway, causing us to "'bout ship" every ten minutes or so. Our running gear was all hemp rope, which burned our hands, and glad indeed were we all when the pilot left us.

It was midnight before everything was made secure, and the watches set. Swanson sent the second mate and his watch below, but picked the new man, Herald, for his watch. I was glad of this, because I had come to the conclusion that Herald was a scholar and a gentleman, and I intended to make use of him in teaching me English.

It was my first trick at the wheel — 12 to 2 — which I found to be very hard work, on account of carrying too much sail aft, making it very heavy on the helm. Several times Swanson had to assist me, as it was beyond my strength. At four bells, Herald relieved me, when I ran

forward and threw myself down on a coil of rope, where I fell sound asleep until the watch was relieved.

It took us just three weeks from the day we left Grotto to the day we doubled North Cape, and during those weeks we experienced all sorts of weather; but we did considerable work outside of the regular routine. The rigging was tarred, new lanyards rove off, spars scraped down and oiled, all of which gave us little time for our studies. The men grumbled when the officers were out of hearing, but this was the common practice among vessels trading in the Baltic or North Sea.

One evening Jack called me into his den to show me something of importance. I found him stretched on the floor writing in a book with a lead pencil. "What have you got?" I asked. He showed me the book covered with a lot of dots and scratches, which were incomprehensible to me. "Don't you know what it is?" he said. "I don't expect you can read it, because it is written in French. This is my diary given to me by Swanson, who asked me to write down every day anything of importance that occurs on board. He says it will be useful to me in the future."

He then told me that he had begun it on the day we first met at the pitch boiling place. I became interested at once and asked for an outline of what he had written. All our conversations, the cook's terrible stories and lies, the fights and quarrels on board ship, all about the dog and everything he could think of were all jotted down. "I have shown it to Herald, and he says there are a lot of faults in it, mainly in the spelling, but he will correct them for me."

IX

ONE evening, becalmed close by a little island, the foremast hands, including myself, Jack, and the cook, were sitting on the gallant fo'cs'le, watching some belugas gambolling not a great distance off.

One of the seamen (Otto), who was generally called the carpenter because he was handy with the tools, came from the wheel and informed us that Bengston and Swanson were almost at daggers' points over some little trivial matter in regard to finding the ship's position by stars, Swanson having stated that he preferred, and had more reliance, in a position obtained by stars under favourable conditions than he had from a position by sights of the sun. Bengston, on the other hand, would have nothing to do with the stars, even under the very best of conditions, except the Polaris, which at times he had found useful.

Herald being the only one who knew anything about navigation, backed up Swanson, and the cook, who claimed to know something of navigation, took the captain's stand. The argument got very heated and the cook went on to explain how he and another fellow, who was no use whatsoever, had sailed, as well as navigated, a dismasted vessel from Cape Horn to Montevideo, and this without any instruments at all, except what the cook invented himself, viz., a sextant made from a big beef bone, which could be seen any day in the Royal Museum in London. Herald asked him to show us greenhorns how he held the sextant when he took an observation, which he proceeded to do by violently pulling Otto's long German pipe out of his mouth, thereby injuring a tooth and made Otto swear. The cook,

holding the pipe as if in the act of sweeping the horizon, shouted, "This is the way it should be done, but you won't find Swanson or that old boat-hook skipper Bengston doing it that way, and what is more, you will find very few navigators, even the best of them, who know how to use the sextant properly."

At eight bells it was my wheel, and when I came aft I found Bengston and Swanson discoursing of the telephone, just then becoming of general use. Some friend of Bengston's had written and told him that he had one of those machines installed in his office in Grangemouth, and that it was the first one in use in Great Britain. Swanson said, "You will find that these machines your friend mentions have been in use in America for some time, and were at the exposition in Philadelphia last year."

"All right, all right," said Bengston, "everything is America with you. Next you will tell me that the Americans discovered America, too, and that old Leif Ericson was not a Norseman, but an American.

"It has always been a puzzle to me," went on Bengston, "that you who worship the Americans could come back and settle among us again. I could hardly remember you when you came back, although we are slightly related. Let me see, it was in seventy you came back, wasn't it?" Swanson admitted it was. "Well, you and I are the same age, and I well remember the day you ran away from your father. It was an awful beating he gave you that day, and he was drunk as a lord when he did it. You were only nine years old then, and so was I. It was in 1839; see how I remember?"

"Yes, I know you have a fine memory, but you seem to forget, at least you don't mention that it was only on account of your wife and her sister — my wife — that I didn't go back again. You know I only came to see the old place once more. It has a certain amount of attrac-

tion for me, and besides, I wanted to put a few flowers on the old man's grave, as well as erecting a stone on it."

"That you did, and it was the wonder of the town that you did. It's the finest stone there, and you deserve great credit for it," said Bengston. "But how about your wife in America? You never told me much about her. Did you tell your wife everything?"

"I did, but there isn't much to be said about it. She is dead and that is the end of it. I did all a man could do for his wife, and I was sorry when she died, but to tell the candid truth, I didn't feel half as bad about her death as I did when I found out my old father had died."

"Well, that seems strange," said Bengston, "but then you are altogether a queer fellow in some respects. When my wife informed me that you were going to marry Anna I almost fainted, and wrote her to try to stop it, as I didn't think you two would be able to get along, Anna being so old-fashioned in many ways, and you just the opposite."

"Yes, that's a fact. Anna told me you wrote something of that sort, but I don't blame you for it. It was your duty, in a way, and you did what you thought was right. However, it turned out all right, and I only wish my former wife had liked me half as well as Anna does. If she had, I wouldn't have all these grey hairs on my head."

"That's very sad," said Bengston, "but she wasn't bad, was she?"

"Not that I know of," replied Swanson, "but there was no love in her; that's about it, or if there was, I never was able to locate it. I married her just after the Civil War. She had been a hospital nurse down at Key West, and it was there I first met her. I was in the U. S. Navy, and she took care of me a few days, I being sick with fever, and I also had a slight wound. When the war was

over I joined the merchant service again, and having my eye on the nurse, I made use of some references I had from the navy, and had no trouble in getting positions in the steamships running on the coast. The pay was good, and we decided to marry. I say 'we,' because I want you to understand that I took care to make her acquainted with how I was fixed financially and otherwise.

"Well, we married and went to housekeeping," he continued, "I having rented a little cottage in Hoboken. I was at that time first officer on a passenger steamer running from New York to the Isthmus of Panama, and there I met and got acquainted with many fine people, who sometimes would invite my wife and me to call at their homes. Now of course, I didn't have a great amount of polish. That is not to be expected from a fellow who has been roughing it all his life; at the same time that's no excuse for not acting the part of a gentleman, and I know for a certainty that these very people who were kind enough to invite me to sit at their table, knew pretty near who they were inviting. In short, I was nobody's fool, and what I lacked in polish I more than made up in other ways.

"Such being the case, was there any reason why my wife should not accept the invitation? I was always asked to bring her, and she knew it would have made me happy, but she always declined, giving reasons which at times were most galling. Sometimes it would be her clothes that were at fault,—not the latest in fashion. Then again she was afraid that I would say something that was not exactly so, and she would be so ashamed; in other words, she always had to keep her weather-eye on me, for fear I should make a break and that was very trying for her. In short, she wanted and required a little recreation, and that was out of the question if she had to travel with her husband. She had any amount of friends of her own

who would come and go, and sometimes stay until the small hours of the morning. I didn't like that, and on one occasion I forgot myself to the extent of throwing the lot of them out through doors and windows. But that didn't improve matters any; if anything, it became worse. She accused me of having no manners, and after a while it seemed as if I was not wanted except when I brought home my pay, when she would perhaps crack a smile, and by way of being sociable she would ask if that was all.

"Well, I stood it all as best I could, but it was hard lines. I tried everything in my power to make her comfortable. I gave up smoking and deprived myself of a glass of beer, so as to be able to give her every dollar I made, barring a little I had to have to pay for my washing and clothes to wear; but all to no purpose, as far as making my existence a little more homelike. In this manner we drifted apart further and further, until something happened that finally put an end to our miserable domestic troubles.

"It was on a Sunday morning, and I was on my way to Hoboken to turn over my little pay to my wife, when I met her and some of her friends at the Barclay street ferry. She appeared to be happy to see me, and asked me to join them, as they were going over to Staten Island on a picnic. I gave some excuse, well knowing that I would be in the way. I did give her my money, though, not wishing to appear dissatisfied with the way she treated me. She thanked me for it, something she had not done for some time, and she even went so far as to say she would like to give me a kiss, which of course was out of the question considering that we were on the street. Altogether she acted strange — at least it struck me that way, or perhaps it was only my fancy, considering what happened just after we parted. However, I have always felt better about the affair on account of having parted

friends, because it turned out to be the last time we ever saw one another.

"She and her friends took a West street car and I, having no particular place to go, strolled down along West street toward Castle Garden. Arriving at Battery Park, I met a friend and we sat down for a chat. How long we sat there I can't remember now, but my friend remarked that I was absent-minded, and I was about to tell him something about having met my wife, when we were almost hurled out of our seats by a fearful explosion that took place in the neighbourhood.

"People started to run toward the ferry-landing, shouting that the Staten Island ferry-boat had blown up. My friend and I joined the crowd, but upon arriving at the ferry we could proceed no further, owing to the fact that the police were there in force, preventing the crowd from boarding what had once been a ferry-boat.

"The boat, loaded with pleasure seekers, my wife and her friends among them, was blown into the hereafter just as they were ready to start. The cause of it will never be known, as everybody in authority was killed, together with nearly all the passengers, human limbs scattered all over the neighbourhood, and also their belongings. I went to the morgue the next day to try to identify anything having belonged to my wife, and there found her purse, the only thing I could recognise. The money I had given her in the morning was in the purse, but I refused to take it back, why, I can't say. I felt so queer about it, I did not even go back to the house in Hoboken, for I looked upon it as haunted, and made arrangements with the landlord, who was an honest man and felt sorry for me, to dispose of everything, which he did and returned me the money."

I had become so interested in Mr. Swanson's tale that I forgot all about the steering, and the first thing I knew,

up she came in the wind, the royals and gallant sails making a great racket. Swanson let a yell out of him that fairly frightened me out of my boots, at the same time lending me a hand to put the helm hard up to prevent her from being caught aback. I felt decidedly ill at ease because the old *Forsette* proved to be very stubborn on this occasion and wouldn't pay off. It became necessary for Swanson to order the foreyards aback, after which she paid off. Swanson gave me a scolding for being so careless, and I promised not to let it occur again.

The trip to Archangel proved to be a long and tedious one. We were three weeks getting to the North Cape, and in that time we encountered all sorts of weather, from a gale of the worst kind to a dead calm.

I well remember my first gale at sea. For two days we were hove to under a storm, forestaysail and a trysail set on the main. She lay there like a duck, not shipping a drop of water. The wheel was lashed down the greater part of the time, because she made no headway, but her leeway was considerable, and it worried Captain Bengston a good deal, because the high mountains were in full view on the lee side.

One evening, after eight bells, all hands were called on deck to wear ship. Jack and I had never seen that evolution before, so of course we became intensely interested. It was blowing a fresh NW gale at the time, and the sea was running very high. Orders were given to brail in the trysail and to set taut on the weather forestaysail sheet. That order executed, the old ship commenced to fall off, until she had the sea and wind abeam, when she refused to go any further. The staysail sheet was slacked off until the sail bellowed out like a balloon, but no use. There she lay, and the rolling that she did is beyond description. Swanson suggested to the captain that we set the lower foretopsail to get her off before the wind, but Bengston,

being afraid that the topsail wouldn't stand being sheeted home in that gale, was for hoisting a jib, and accordingly Swanson ordered me out to loose the jib.

I had no sooner got the gasket off the jib than the sheet was hauled taut, and some of the hands hoisting away at the same time, up went the jib with a roar, and the ship started to pay off until she got the wind on the quarter. Then owing to the bad condition of the stay, it carried away with a snap and off to leeward went the jib like a thousand butterflies. Luckily the old ship did not broach to again. She paid off before the wind and we squared in our yards and finally we braced up on the port braces and brought her to again on the starboard tack, by means of a tarpaulin that we unrolled in the mizzen rigging.

While lying in the trough of the sea, before we got the jib on her, the ballast, consisting principally of round stones, shifted, thus giving all hands a couple of hours hard work trimming the stones over to the other side. And in addition, Swanson, as an extra precaution, made us put in some shifting boards to prevent future occurrences of that sort.

Having secured the ballast, the watch off duty went below, while the watch on deck was put to work to set up a temporary stay and also to bend another jib. Herald, our new sailor, proved to be a first class seaman, and between Swanson and himself, assisted by me and another greenhorn, we had the stay up and another jib bent before the watch was up.

Having finished the job, we all went into the galley to get a cup of hot coffee. Mr. Swanson, seeing that we had no bread and butter, told me to go aft with him, and to use his expression, "I will dig you up some," he handed me a big dish full of fine pilot-house bread and a big chunk of good butter, which I took forward to the boys, and we enjoyed the repast immensely. Swanson came into the

galley and had a biscuit and a cup of coffee. It was something out of the ordinary for him to mingle with the men, but he was tired and used up. The poor fellow, like the rest of us, stood very much in need of something to brace him up.

The following day the wind came out from the south'erd, which made it fair for us. We lost no time getting on the canvas, but owing to the still heavy northerly swell, Captain Bengston would not allow Swanson to set the gallant sails, as she was continually putting the bows under, and he was afraid that something would come down by the run.

I was at the wheel that morning and overheard the conversation between them. Swanson allowed that if we didn't press on while we had a chance, we ran the risk of being frozen in at Archangel, "and if we are," he said, "you stand a show of losing your chance of getting the new command."

"I don't care if I lose twenty commands by not getting there quick enough," replied the skipper, "I am not going to lose the one I have by acting the Flying Dutchman; that sort of sailing is very well in your *Flying Scuds* and *Young Americas*, where they don't care if they lose a watch of sailors overboard so long as they have some devilish deed to brag about when they get out to San Francisco."

Swanson didn't say anything more about the gallant sails. I guess he thought the old man was in the right, and as the wind kept on increasing from the south'erd and the northerly swell gradually went down by mutual consent, they had everything set and drawing along toward noon.

This southerly wind lasted until we sighted North Cape. There for several days we had light variable winds and several spells of calm. We had lots of company; I re-

member one day I counted twenty vessels becalmed within a radius of ten miles. While we were in this plight we did a lot of fishing. Cod was plentiful, and we also harpooned several blackfish, but their meat was not very tasty.

The harpoon with line attached was always in readiness on the fo'cs'le head, and our cook, who prided himself on being a first class hand in the whaling business, would frequently walk up on the fo'cs'le, pick up the harpoon and examine it with a critical eye; then he would dart it out at sea in a self-satisfied manner to illustrate how it is done, and wind up by telling us how happy he would be if by chance a beluga (white whale) would come near enough to enable him to show us the real thing. One day he got what he had been looking for, and it nearly cost him his life. We were within a few miles of the Cape, becalmed, and it was a fine, sunny day. I was on the foretopsail yard making up a gasket that had come adrift. While so doing I counted the vessels becalmed all around us, some of them quite near,—in fact I could read their names. The whales were unusually plentiful also, especially the belugas, and I thought, what a chance this is for the cook.

The cook's thoughts must have run in a similar strain, because he came out of his galley with a move on as though something unusual was to take place. At first I thought that the word had been passed around that the main brace was to be spliced, and that the cook had received orders to dig out the bottle, which he always did on such occasions, but when I saw that he directed his movements toward the fo'cs'le head I knew that something else was on his mind, and I knew when I saw him pick up the harpoon and survey it critically that I was in for a treat. Being on the foretopsail yard, I had a most excellent opportunity to observe his actions; in fact I was the only member of the watch who saw it, the others being occupied elsewhere,

and Mr. Swanson was busy watching the sun for a meridian altitude.

The dog, Napoleon, observing the cook's unusual rapid movements, undoubtedly thought that he was up to some mischief for his benefit (he had never forgotten the introduction at Grotto) and thought it worth while watching him, and with that object in view he skipped up on the fo'cs'le head and took a seat at a respectful distance. The cook, observing him, cast his evil eye on him, but made no further demonstration except to point the harpoon at Nap, who seemed to totally disregard the cook's action. Evidently he had as poor an opinion of the cook's ability with the harpoon as the rest of the crew. Getting somewhat angry at the dog's insinuating silent contempt, he turned his back on him and with longing eyes gazed upon a school of lazy belugas slowly approaching the vessel.

He held the harpoon in the customary fashion, which he had so often proclaimed to be the proper way, but on this occasion, and as evidence to show that he never intended or expected to strike a beluga when darting the harpoon, I will state that he stood with both his feet upon the line that was flaked down on the deck ready to run out without fouling. The beluga broke water not fifty feet away from the bow of the vessel and the cook let fly the harpoon in a most careless, matter-of-fact way, but with the astonishing result of landing right in the back of the whale. From my lofty position I could see that the harpoon buried itself very deep, and it must have been very painful to the whale, because he started off at a speed that made the line smoke as it passed out.

I never saw a more astonished man than our brave cook. He stood there as though rooted to the deck, regardless of the line flying about his ears and legs. Finally, realising what a dangerous position he was in, he proceeded to extricate himself by kicking and throwing his arms about like

a mad man, and at times uttering most unearthly yells. Things began to look real serious for the cook, and I slid down a backstay, thinking of rendering some assistance to the poor cook, but when I arrived on the scene, things had changed for the worse.

Napoleon, being a sensitive dog, took offence at the cook's carryings on and proceeded to attack the poor man's legs. This complicated matters for the cook, and in an unguarded moment a wicked bight of the line ensnared the cook's legs, as well as the dog's neck, and over the starboard bow they went like lightning, in the wake of the speedy beluga.

Swanson, aroused by the awful yelling of the cook, arrived on the scene, and with his customary presence of mind, he cut the line, the end having been belayed to a ringbolt on deck. It was fortunate that he thought of doing this, as the line was nearly out, and if the whale had brought up on the line, undoubtedly man and dog would have been torn to pieces. This unusual racket brought Captain Bengston, as well as the watch below, on deck. Orders were given to get a boat in the water. The sea was perfectly smooth, and as there wasn't a breath of air stirring, nothing could be done with the vessel toward directing her to our unfortunate cook and dog.

We had a small dingy hanging in the davits aft, and under Swanson's direction we very soon had it in the water. Captain Bengston, who had been observing the whale's movements with the binoculars, informed Ericson, who was in charge of the dingy, just as we shoved off, that the cook evidently had cut the line, as he could see the two unfortunates swimming toward the ship. This was good news, and we struck out with a will toward a dark object in plain view. The whale had been very considerate indeed; instead of keeping on a straight course, he confined himself to traverse sailing, with the result that when he

got rid of his tow he was not more than a quarter of a mile away from the ship.

As we approached the objects, we saw to our great satisfaction that they both were alive. Nap started to bark in a feeble sort of way, and the cook, with both of his hands resting on the dog's hind quarters, and by flapping his elbows and kicking with his feet, managed to keep afloat, and at the same time not endangering the strength of the dog, who on this occasion certainly was the saviour of his life.

The soft-hearted Ericson grabbed the cook by the neck and the small of the back, and with one jerk lifted the cook into the dingy and landed him not very softly — more like a side of beef — in the bottom of the boat. He also told the cook that he deserved to drown for being so foolish as to lose a brand-new coil of rope and the only harpoon in the ship.

I treated Nap a little differently, and he appreciated it by insisting on licking my hands and ears as we pulled back to the ship. As we got near to the ship, Jack, who was standing beside the captain on the poop, shouted out, "Nap." The dog pricked up his ears and jumped overboard and swam to the ship. Jack slipped down and put a rope around him and hauled him on board before we had the cook safely landed.

The cook, poor fellow, was in a bad shape, awful bruises everywhere. He couldn't speak for hours after we got him on board. He made signs that he required medicine inwardly, and he did not appeal in vain. The captain poured it down very freely indeed so much so that the cook did not come to for twenty-four hours. After such a long, refreshing sleep he felt much better, but it was days before the cook was fit to do duty again.

Captain Bengston and Swanson, in fact everybody in the ship, recognised the bravery and great presence of mind

of the cook, who, under such desperate circumstances succeeded in drawing the knife and cutting the rope, thereby saving his own life as well as the dog's, and as a matter of course, Jack and I began to appreciate his bloodcurdling tales, thinking that perhaps after all there was some truth in them. The cook never liked to talk about this little experience with the whale, and he blamed me, who had been the only witness, for putting a wrong construction on the whole thing.

"In the first place I never intended to drive the harpoon home as hard as I did," said the cook, "but when I saw my mistake, and knowing what a measly lot I had to deal with, such as Bengston and Yankee Swanson, who would never quit growling about having lost the line and the harpoon, I decided to recover it, if possible, and with that intention in view, I jumped overboard and mounted Mr. Beluga, and if it hadn't been for that dog, who attacked me in the rear I should have succeeded in getting the line and harpoon back, as I had the harpoon nearly pulled out of him when he sounded.

"Of course after he sounded," went on the cook, "it was out of the question to recover the harpoon, so I drew the knife and cut the line, and intended bringing it back to the ship, but seeing the miserable Napoleon on the point of passing in his checks, I thought I would better give him a lift, as it is bad luck to let a sea dog or a black cat drown. I therefore turned the line over to Davy Jones and saved the miserable brute, that really was the cause of all the trouble."

The following day, after the whaling episode, the *Forsette* still drifting about with a little catspaw now and again, we came very near to a little homeward bound from Archangel. Captain Bengston thought it a good idea to lower a boat and despatch Mr. Swanson over to the

stranger and try to buy or borrow some liniment for the cook's and the dog's use.

Swanson took Jack and me along as boat pullers. The vessel's name was *Sea Lark*, London, and she was bound for Grangemouth. A hand threw us a line as we got alongside, and Swanson scrambled up hand over hand like an acrobat. Swanson told us to shove off and lay on the oars until wanted, but after a few minutes he ordered us to come alongside again and to pass the painter on board. That done he beckoned me to come on board, which I did in the manner of Swanson.

I found Swanson and the captain of the brig engaged in conversation, and heard Swanson tell the captain to ask me a few questions so that he could inform the Duncans at Grangemouth what use I had made of the schoolbooks they had so kindly given me. I felt a little uneasy about the matter. It was sprung so suddenly that I was afraid I would make a mess of it by not being able to do justice to my hard studying and to Swanson's patience with me. However, the captain plied me with a lot of questions and I felt fine when he told me that I had answered them all correctly, and that he would give a good account of me to the Duncans, especially Betsey. Swanson, being in a good humour, started to relate to the captain the experience Betsey and I had with the cook, and at this he laughed heartily, and then Swanson wound up by asking him not to forget to inform everybody in Grangemouth about the cook's latest adventure in the whaling business. Having received a bottle of arnica from the captain, we shoved off and returned to the old *Forsette*.

A little breeze sprung up from the westward, and we squared away before it, dipping our ensign to the *Sea Lark* as we parted company. The cook being out of commission for the time being, it became necessary to detail

somebody to attend to the cooking. Our crew being small in the first place, and still further curtailed by having Jack and I in place of men, made it a hardship for the rest of the crew when anybody happened to get out of commission. True, it was something that very seldom occurred on board the *Forsette*; we could trust Swanson and Ericson to see that there was no loafing. It was not like some British vessels I have known, where they make it a point to have one or two men on each watch laid up every day for a whole round voyage to China and back; in fact, they took turn about at it, as regularly as they relieved the wheel and the lookout. Swanson had been too long in America to stand for anything as raw as that, and his right-hand bower, Ericson, had been converted to Swanson's way of thinking to such a degree that it was a hard matter to decide who of the two was the most Yankeeefied.

Anyway, I was at the wheel when the old man held a counsel of war with his two mates regarding making some arrangement about the cooking, until the cook should be able to resume his duties. Swanson spoke up and said that, as far as getting something to eat was concerned, Herald, who was the best and handiest man forward, no doubt would make the best cook, but then again that would be a serious drawback, as the sailorising would suffer through it, as he was the only man forward who was worth anything. Captain Bengston argued that Swanson was not using good sense when he thought of making Herald cook, as he considered that cooking and eating were only minor affairs anyhow on board a vessel, and that he thought that we should be able to get along with most anything for a cook until we got into port.

Ericson did not concur with either of his superiors; he did not see anything seriously wrong with the cook, and was for putting him to work at once; in fact, he thought that the cook was shamming. "I know for a fact that he

is not so badly off as I was when I broke my back at Grotto," said Ericson, "and I only laid up one day."

Bengston and Swanson wouldn't stand for anything as cruel as that. "I am no doctor," said Bengston, "and therefore don't know how badly hurt the cook is, but this I know, that the man should be allowed to take a few days rest after such an exciting whaleback ride as he had."

"Well," said Swanson, "the only way out of it that I can see will be to make Jack, cook and the dog his assistant. That ought to be satisfactory all around, as it appears that it is only a minor affair, anyhow, whether we get anything to eat or not."

Ericson chipped in and volunteered the information that if the cook was only half as good a man as the dog he would have been to work long ago, and no need for all this talk.

Jack was down in the cabin putting things in order when Bengston shouted to him to come up to take part in the conference. When asked by the captain if he thought he would be able to take charge in the galley until the cook got better, he said that he would be willing to try, and would do his best to give satisfaction.

Bengston, by way of giving Jack fatherly advice, told him to interview the cook and get pointers from him as soon as the cook was able to talk a little better, which Jack promised to faithfully do.

And so, this all important matter being settled, Jack went forward and started the fire under the pea soup kettle.

The weather remained fine for several days, but we made very poor progress. We had light, variable winds and smooth sea, and not a bit of drift ice could be seen anywhere. I wondered why it should be so difficult to get to the North Pole; is looked to me as if by shaping a course true north, it wouldn't take long to get there, ~~as~~

there was no sign of any obstacles, that we could see, although we were as far as 74 degrees north.

Ericson informed me one day that he had made a cruise to Spitzbergen one summer, which is in the eighties north, and still they had encountered very little ice. He also related a very interesting tale about a polar-bear hunt he had been a party to while at Spitzbergen.

Ericson was a fellow who had had a great deal of experience, but mostly in northern waters, and through ignorance or prejudice he disliked to converse with people who were not posted on his favourite subjects, such as polar-bears, icebergs, and Eskimos.

Bengston and Swanson on the other hand preferred to talk of the tropics, and many a trick at the wheel has passed away only too quickly, listening to interesting tales of what they had seen and experienced in far away countries. I remember one evening, Swanson was relating to the captain of being a sailor on a little American vessel that brought the first load of railroad iron down to the Isthmus of Panama when the Americans first started to build the railroad there in the early fifties. He also described the old fortifications at Puerto Bello and at the mouth of the Chagres River, and it was most interesting to listen to him. A few years afterward I visited the Isthmus, and remembering Swanson's account of the different places, I found that he had been most accurate in his account of it.

The cook improved a little every day, slowly but surely. I used to call on him twice a day and rub him down with arnica. He always criticised Swanson for being so short-sighted and mean as to not get a little stuff on the brig that could be used on the inside as he would have improved much quicker. "I wish I had a little of that I got from the lord at Grotto for Ericson when he broke his back," he would say. "But what can you expect from the likes of

them? Arnica, indeed! It makes me worse when I think of it. Arnica is no use except for blistered feet and chafed legs. It is used in the army a great deal, mostly in the cavalry. I wonder if that iceberg Ericson thinks I have been out horseback riding. I wish he had been with me in place of your friend Napoleon when I was trying to jerk out that old harpoon that I will never hear the last of. I wouldn't have wasted any strength trying to save him, as I did for your friend, but that dog is worth more to you and me than ten icebergs like Ericson."

I noticed that the cook and the dog were getting along much better than formerly. I guess they both realised that they had been in a pretty bad fix together, and that it was from mutual assistance that they were alive.

Jack did fairly well in the galley; everybody seemed better satisfied with the food than when the cook held sway. Herald, the handy man, gave him some valuable pointers, and at odd times he used to help the boy to clean up the place. In the evenings Herald, Jack, and I would sit in the lee of the long-boat, conversing in English, and sometimes in Swedish, the latter language always preferred by Jack, as he still had his mind on going home to Sweden on the old *Forsette*.

At last, one month out from Grotto we made Archangel light. If the wind had remained fair after we sighted the light we would have arrived in the evening, but bad luck still pursued us; the wind came out from the south, which was dead against us. This was not the worst of it, either, as we soon found out. Captain Bengston, to save expenses, and time, decided a couple of days prior to our arrival at Archangel to throw the greater part of the ballast overboard, taking it for granted that the light breeze and fair wind we then had would bring us into port. Swanson objected, saying that if the wind came out from the south'erd she would not stand up close hauled on the

wind with the gallant sails on her. They used some strong language about the matter and compromised by discharging about half of the ballast.

When the wind changed to the south'erd, which it did very suddenly, we were going along with everything set, and as the wind had been fair and right after us since discharging the ballast, nobody had any idea of how cranky the old craft really was.

Immediately we were caught aback Swanson sang out to clew up the royals and the gallantsails, which was a wise move and saved us from capsizing then and there.

The ship having gathered stern way and the head sails being set, she commenced to pay off. Bengston shouted to Swanson to man the port braces, which was done with alacrity, and as the yards came around, the vessel careened over to such a degree that the little ballast we still had on board shifted. Everything was confusion, caused by the roar of the wind and the flapping of torn canvas, as orders could not be heard.

The cook, who had not put foot on deck since his famous ride, got a move on that would have been a credit to a healthy and a much younger man than he, and without waiting for orders he let go the foretopsail halyards and let fly fore tack and sheet. Swanson was white with rage, too angry to say anything to the captain just then, even if he had had a chance to do so, but here was work to be done and plenty of it.

We took in the spanker, and as the headsails did not blow away in the squall, we succeeded in getting the *Forsette* off before the wind, and once more headed on a course for the North Pole.

She now righted herself while before the wind until she had about a ten degree list, and we furled the sails, or at least what was left of them, after which all hands, except the cook and the dog, went below to trim ballast.

That done, we were called aft to splice the main brace, and the cook, thinking that he had done enough to deserve a little consideration, hung back, licking his chops, but in such a conspicuous position that he could not fail to be seen by the captain, who took pity on him and finally shouted to him to come along before it was all gone.

The southerly wind did not last but a couple of hours. It seemed as if it was all done to teach the old skipper a lesson to be more careful in the future. It came out again from the nor'rd and we squared away for Archangel once more, but under very easy canvas.

At about noon the following day we anchored at a place called Solombola, the port of Archangel. The port authorities came off to receive the vessel, after which, with the assistance of a side-wheel tug, we went to a wharf, where we were to take on our cargo. Before going to the wharf the Custom House officers detailed for duty on our vessel instructed Captain Bengston that no fire would be allowed on the ship while at the wharf. This was a source of annoyance to Captain Bengston, because he doubted if Jack would be able to manage the cooking on shore. He was so small and not much of a scrapper, and Bengston knew that the other cooks would take advantage of this and rob him of the grub. The cook claimed he had taken a relapse of the worst kind through overstraining himself when he saved the vessel from capsizing, and if Captain Bengston insisted upon him doing any work until he had fully recovered his health, he would be obliged to sue the owners for damages, and he felt positively sure "that if his case was brought before a Court of Admiralty in England he would be awarded the value of the *Forsette* and the Victoria cross also for gallantry. Yankee Swanson mustn't think he is dealing with a common Swede when he is doing business with this guy. I have been around a bit myself and no mistake about it. I guess they are a little sore

just now, because the boy, although he is doing remarkably well, I must say, for a Frogeater, can't mix up the luxuries as I used to do. But I am glad of it; perhaps they will appreciate my ability as a cook in the future. But no, that would be expecting too much from the likes of them. They have no gratitude. Sorry I didn't let the old tub turn turtle; that would have ended it. I could always have saved myself by swimming. We were only about twenty miles from shore, by my reckoning, which I always find is about ten miles nearer the mark than where that old boat-hook, Captain Bengston, puts her. Anyhow, the distance from shore, a few miles more or less, wouldn't matter much with me, as we were in a place where the belugas were as thick as flies, and if you know the ropes it is an easy mater to get a ride when they are around."

This little talk was meant for my benefit only, while I was rubbing him down. There was very little left in the bottle, and the cook suggested that I keep what was left for Nap, who he said stood in more need of it than he. "I will try to get a little medicine from shore the first chance I get," he said, "something for the inside that will fix me up double-quick. The trouble is, though, I have no ready cash, and I am sure that ungrateful boat-hook navigator Bengston would rather give me poison than money. As for the fellows in the fo'cs'le, I wouldn't waste breath asking them for anything, ungrateful lot; and me saving the lot of them. That's what you get for being accommodating. Of course I don't want you to feel offended at what I am saying about these fellows, because no harm is meant as regards yourself and little Frenchy. God forbid that. You boys are altogether not in their class. Another thing, I don't want you to repeat what I am putting you wise to as regards the after-guard, especially so while I am in this condition.

It would be an easy matter for them now, considering the shape I am in, to do away with me altogether, and it wouldn't be beyond them, believe me. Yankee Swanson is an old hand at that game, and he knows it; therefore you can see what a chance I have to get a little medicine to help me out. I have been thinking the matter over the whole day, and the only way out of it that I can see would be for you and Jack to help me out of my troubles by making me a present of a dollar or two, or whatever the price of a bottle of good stuff happens to be at this place. It wouldn't be such an awful thing for you boys to do it, anyway. I remember when I was a boy I used to do little favours without being asked, and I can't remember that I ever have been the loser on that account. It seems so natural and becoming for young people to do them little things that you always expect it."

I felt sorry for the old man, that he should have gone to so much trouble to ask a little favour in this round about way, but he told me that it was no trouble at all; it was natural for him to be polite; he was a gentleman born, and there was no other way out of it than to act as one, and that was the main reason that Swanson did not like him.

I told the cook that I would call on him in the evening to give him another rub-down, and in the meantime I would interview Jack in regard to getting him a bottle of medicine.

He thanked me profusely and predicted that there was a great future in store for Jack and me, especially if we should happen to go in for the cooking business, which he could see we were cut out for.

My friend Jack was a success as a dog trainer. From the moment he became the owner of Nap he devoted all

his spare time toward teaching him, except such time as he was required to learn Swedish — one hour every day — and Herald was the teacher.

Our fuel stores, wood and coal, were kept in a place under the poop-deck. A little hatch, large enough for a man to squeeze through, led down to it, and Jack conceived the idea that Nap could be made useful in helping him out with his work, which was considerably more now since he had been promoted to cook. A few lessons was all that was needed to give Nap a correct idea of what was required of him. He seemed to enjoy this new occupation as a wood and coal carrier, coming along the deck with a piece of wood in his mouth, his ears sticking up straight, and his cute roguish little eyes bespeaking fun and contentment to overflowing. It was a pleasure to watch him, and if any member of the crew interfered with him at work, he took it as an insult and would shy quickly to one side with a growl, plainly meaning, "You have no sense," and if interference continued he wouldn't hesitate a moment, but would drop the wood and hook on to the seat of his pants, which on several occasions made such interference very destructive as well as painful. It was of no use for any member of the crew to complain of the dog's viciousness, as they were pleased to call it; when any damage was done, Nap had powerful backing in Swanson and Ericson. Nap took his meals in the cabin and was welcome to take his little afternoon nap in the captain's bunk if he felt that way, but apparently Nap did not believe in too much familiarity. He was rather an independent dog, and Jack was the only one who was really what we could call on familiar terms with him, and they were as thick as thieves. Nap would not allow any one to enter the galley without a growl as a protest, unless Jack intimated to the dog that such a fellow was all right.

Herald, the handy man, was a very thoughtful fellow, as well as being of an inventive turn of mind. Mr. Swanson had a great deal of respect for him, because Herald had on several occasions made suggestions to Swanson regarding changes or alterations in the running gear, and Swanson as a rule acted upon them, with good results.

One day Herald was watching the dog transporting a pile of wood, piece by piece, to the galley, and it struck him that the dog was doing too much running for the amount of work he accomplished, and that improvements could be made in the transportation business. Interviewing Swanson about the matter, he suggested that a cart should be constructed, as well as a harness made for Nap, which would to a great extent facilitate matters for the dog, not so much on board the ship, but at Archangel, where, as Herald explained to Swanson, the cooking would have to be done on shore a long way from the ship, and a cart and dog would be the very thing wanted for bringing the cooking utensils back and forth. Swanson laughed and fell right in line with Herald's proposition, and that very day Herald, who was as handy with carpenters' tools as he was with a marlinespike, commenced making the cart. Swanson undertook the harness-making, and between the two they kept it a profound secret, and not even Jack, the most interested party of all, knew what was being done, until everything was complete, even to the painting, which was a work of art, and the lettering in bold type, *Forsette*, on one side, and "Jack Le Fevre and Nap" on the other side of the cart.

I wish I could describe Jack's looks and feelings when Swanson and Herald brought forth their handiwork and presented him with it. He was a sight brimful of thankfulness and gratitude. He could find no words to express what he felt; he only asked that the training of Nap to the cart be left to him and he would vouch for complete

success. And to further impress his two friends of how satisfied he felt about it, he spoke to Nap and made a motion that he wanted his whistle, which the dog, by jumping up on the coal box and standing on his hind feet, produced from a little shelf, where our former cook used to keep his pipe. The boy struck up one of Swanson's favourite break-downs, which brought forth a satisfied grin on old Swanson's face. I could see that Swanson was almost tempted to take a turn at the dancing, but he refrained from doing so, thinking, I believe, that such action on his part would lower the dignity becoming an officer of the *Forsette*.

Very little training was required to break Nap to harness; evidently it was nothing strange to him, and he must have been in the transportation business in Lapland before he became a member of our crew. At any rate, he took to it, as the saying goes, "Like a duck to water," and before we arrived at Archangel he was a past master at loading and unloading the cart and pulling it back and forth wherever Jack directed him.

I have already mentioned that with the assistance of a tug we moored the vessel to a wharf, but not in the usual way,—one side to the wharf. In this case, and under the direction of a pilot we put her bow up against the wharf, and by means of a kedge anchor carried out aft, she remained fixed in that position, which enabled us to make use of the bowports in loading the vessel with lumber.

Archangel is a very busy port during the summer months, and as for its shipping, it ranks with the highest in Europe. The exportations are mostly lumber and grain, but a great deal of other products as well, such as linseed and hemp, are exported from Archangel. These products are brought to Archangel on immense barges from the south of Russia, a distance of something over a thousand miles. The river Dwina is the medium by

which this large traffic is carried on. It is the Mississippi of Russia, and strange to say, the large barges that I have mentioned, are built to last for the trip to Archangel only, and upon arrival there and after having delivered their cargoes the barges are broken up and disposed of for firewood. It does not seem natural that business could be carried on profitably in that crude way, but taking into consideration the great distance, the strong current in the Dwina always running one way, toward the Arctic, and the cheap labour and flimsy construction of the barges, I myself believe that my statement is right; if not, I have not willingly made a misstatement, because I am only repeating what Mr. Smirenough, the Custom House officer, told me.

Archangel, the city, is situated about four or five miles further up the bay, or the delta, of the Dwina, from where the port named Solombola lies. It is not much of a city as cities go. The only conspicuous thing that I saw there was an immense church with a gilded dome. I was told that the church was most beautiful inside, but I did not venture in, although I had a fine opportunity to do so, as it was Sunday when Jack and I visited the town, and there was a constant going and coming of people to and from the church. The principal reason we did not enter was that nearly every one who did was under the influence of ill-smelling liquor called vodka; and besides, the great majority of the worshippers were such a bewhiskered lot that Jack and I concluded it was not safe to mingle with them.

Herald, who had been to Archangel before in another vessel, advised us not to go to town, but we, boylike, were anxious to see this strange place, and beside we wanted to make some purchases for Miss Betsey Duncan, and we had promised to help the cook out with a bottle of vodka.

We had no difficulty in finding stores. They were very

plentiful, and kept principally by Jews. We had a fellow along with us from Solombola who spoke a little English, and acted as our guide. This was very fortunate, because the Jews asked fabulous prices for everything we wanted to buy, and the guide always reduced it one-half, but afterward we found out that he wanted the difference as his share and we had to give it to him too, for when we started to kick about it he got ugly and threatened to have us banished to Siberia.

Having finished our purchases, including the medicine, we started for the ship. We were hungry and wished to spend another dollar on something to eat, but everything seemed so dirty that we lost all appetite, and considering the fact that we would have to spend as much more on our honest guide for his trouble to dine with us — that or go to Siberia for life — it must be conceded that we were wise in not lingering very long at Archangel.

The only respectable feature about Archangel that I noticed was the fact that they had a good plank road the whole way from Solombola to Archangel. Consequently walking was good and Jack and I took our time, just sauntering along. After having covered about half the distance our guide remarked that it was a long time between drinks. Jack pointed to a pool of dirty water in the tundra and asked him to help himself. He evidently did not like my friend's invitation. In fact, he became very angry and finding that Siberia had no terror for such sailors as Jack and I, he decided to despatch us to another place where the climatic conditions were much worse than Siberia, and as different as night from day, if we did not hand over the bottle.

Our guide was a big fellow, and had whiskers all over his face, which made him look very fierce. Jack, who carried the bottle, gave me an enquiring look, and at the same time both of us surveyed the tundras in quest of

rocks or something equally handy to charge him with. He judged from our looks that we undoubtedly were contemplating something desperate, and decided to begin hostilities at once, so made a grab for the bottle. Jack shied to one side, and the guide missed him and in so doing he stepped off the plank walk and sank knee-deep in the tundra. Seeing that our guide had difficulty in extricating himself, Jack and I started off on a comfortable run toward Solombola, pursued by our bulky guide, who after having got rid of a lot of mire, developed a speed that was very discouraging for us.

The enemy was gaining on us gradually, and both Jack and myself were thinking about Siberia and the other place too, when the unexpected happened. In the distance, on the plank road and about half a mile away, we observed a large man sauntering along toward us, and we also discovered that he had a dog for a companion. We increased our speed to the full limit in the expectation of coming up with the stranger in time to tell him of our troubles before the guide should have time to attack us.

The stranger was still a long way off, and the guide was so close on our heels that we could hear and almost feel his breath on our backs, when the dog, who turned out to be no other than Napoleon, came rushing by us at almost lightning speed, and without giving us any greeting whatsoever, attacked our bulky guide, in a very ferocious manner.

Considering the hard running of the guide and the fierce attack of the dog, credit should be given to the guide for endurance. He did kick and strike out in grand style to ward off Nap's needle-pointed teeth, and with some success in the beginning; in fact he got in one or two kicks that made Nap wince, but that was only momentary, and made Nap, who was full of ginger, all the

madder. Nap soon discovered that it was of little use to attack him on the legs, on account of his thick cowhide boots, so made a running leap and got the guide by the throat and hung on there like grim death. The guide hollered for help, but his voice was very feeble. Jack and I started to call off Nap, but he would not listen to reason, and it was a lucky thing for the guide that help was near at hand in the shape of Eric Ericson, our second mate, who had all he could do to pacify Nap by hitting the dog with a walking stick.

The guide was now perfectly harmless. His hands and throat were badly torn, and as for clothes, he had none left worthy of the name. The boots were there, badly marked, and taking it all in all, he was a sorrowful sight to behold. Ericson, before we had a chance to explain matters, said that the dog ought to be killed at once, but after he got the facts of the case he changed his opinion in favour of Nap. Our guide tried to put himself on record as being a highly respectable workingman and meant no harm. In other words, our little foot race that had come so abruptly to an end, was only fun as far as he was concerned, and he intended to be recompensed in some way for the injuries received and the loss of his clothes.

Ericson made it plain to him that if such was the case there would have to be a change in the programme, as he was no believer in half measures, and proposed to let the dog finish the job so neatly begun, and with that object in view, Ericson commenced to pet Nap and pointed a finger toward the guide, which made Nap's hair stand on end, a sure sign that he was ready and willing for another go. The guide, seeing this, would stand for no more talking and turned his back to us and started to walk toward Solombola.

Ericson, being a soft-hearted man, and wanting to avoid

any more trouble, did not approve of the guide going in that direction — Solombola was only about half a mile away. He figured that he would go and make a complaint to the police office. Ericson therefore told the guide that he would prefer him to go back to Archangel and if he did not get a move on at once he would let Nap show him the way, as well as the speed he would like to see him travel at. The guide looked about a bit, as if in expectation of assistance, but seeing none, he thought he had better make the best of an already nasty piece of business, and started off toward Archangel.

Ericson and we boys waited a while to see if the fellow would carry out instructions, and finding that he halted, perhaps from fatigue, Ericson let Nap loose, and he pursued him out of sight entirely and returned with the remainder of our guide's wardrobe in his mouth.

Thanks to Nap and Ericson, our enemy became a thing of the past, and we never saw or heard from him again. He had evidently had enough of Nap.

Our cook when told about the little adventure, appeared to be a very much surprised man, and said that appearances are as a rule very deceiving. He had made our guide's acquaintance at the cook-house, and had been impressed with his gentlemanly manners and language, and for that reason he had told us to make use of him as our guide.

The cook was a happy man when we made him a present of the medicine, and he improved wonderfully while it lasted — at least his temperament did; new lies were invented and old ones improved upon until it came to such a pass that we could hardly recognise them, and when we called his attention to the fact that it differed considerably from what he had told us before, he went into explanations, sometimes long and tedious ones, of how deceptive a sailorman's language is to beginners like ourselves. In

short, the lies were the same, only that he worded them differently this time.

On account of giving a meagre description of Archangel, of what I saw there, and of our little adventure, I am ahead of my story, because we had been in port two weeks before Jack and I made our excursion to Archangel. I left off where we had moored the *Forsette* bow on to the wharf, and where the cook had intimated to me that there would be trouble if the captain had the gall to ask him to resume his duties. Captain Bengston did not ask the cook; he never bothered himself with such trifles. Swanson always took it upon himself to do the asking, and the result was always satisfactory from Bengston's point of view.

The cook resumed his duties on the morning following the day of our arrival, but Swanson made it easy for him in this respect that the cook was to remain at the cook-house all day, attending to the cooking, while Jack and Napoleon were detailed to do the transporting of stores, fuel, prepared and unprepared food to and from ship. On these conditions only, the cook told me afterward, he consented to go to work. The damage suit, as well as the Victoria cross affair, would have to wait until we got back to England.

I have stated before that the port was full of vessels and of many nationalities. Imagine, therefore, a cook-house very narrow, but of immense length, built on the tundra about a half a mile from the shipping. A narrow plank walk, so narrow that the cooks had to walk in single file, led up to it. At certain distances along the plank walk the cooks had for convenience constructed little platforms on which a cook, loaded down with supplies, could take a stand while a fellow coming in the opposite direction passed. This arrangement made a rule of the road necessary, and it was understood that a cook homeward

bound with a cargo of prepared food had the right of way.

A story went around that many a cook and any amount of good pea soup and salt horse had been listed as overdue, and others again as given up for lost entirely, caused by collisions of cooks on this road.

I could not keep from laughing, although it was a matter of moment with my little friend, when Mr. Swanson very solemnly told the boy about the difficulties he would be expected to guard against.

"Be very careful you don't get the wagon off the plank walk," cautioned Swanson, "or you will go the way the other cooks did, overdue or missing, while this warm weather lasts. The tundra is very soft and bad, and you will have to be extra careful, but we will have frost in a day or two, and it won't be necessary to use the plank road at all then; all plain sailing right over the tundra. And if any of the other cooks get gay with you, let Napoleon loose on them, and I guess they will get enough of it."

Jack said that he thought that the wagon was too wide for the road. "In that case Herald will have to alter it," said Swanson. "Bring it out and see, so we will be in shape for to-morrow."

After a while Nap, in harness to the cart, and Jack guiding the outfit, were seen making for the road through the lumber yards. Every one who happened to see the outfit appeared to admire it. Some of the cooks thought it the very thing for the place and wished they had a dog and cart like it.

As yet they knew nothing about the dog, but some of them were cut out to make his acquaintance in various ways — some very disagreeable ways too — before we left Archangel.

After a while Jack returned with the rig. He was smiling and pronounced everything O. K., much better

than he had expected. The road was wide enough and the platforms large, sufficiently so for dog and cart.

Owing to the great distance from the ship, the cook, Jack, and Nap started from the ship at an early hour in order that Jack should be able to return with the coffee before turn-to time. I happened to be awake when the cook made ready his pots, and I turned out, as I wanted to see the caravan off for the first time. I helped Jack to get the wagon on shore from a steep plank over the bow. That done, we took all the necessary cooking utensils on shore and started stowing them in the waggon. Then we went on board and got all the stores that the cook had picked out for the day's use. By careful stowing we got it all on, and it was quite a respectable load for a 95-pound dog like Nap. The cook now came on shore and took in the situation at a glance, whereupon he gave me a piece of rope and told me to lash the load down securely. Sizing up the load, the cook remarked that it must weigh more than a hundred pounds, and if Nap got along with it all right he intended that Nap should make an extra trip in the morning and in the evening to fetch him to and from his work.

Jack thought that it would be too much work for Nap, and that he would break down under the cook's weight, but the cook pooh-poohed that, and remarked that if he thought it was too much, no harm would be done if Jack pushed a little on the wagon behind. Jack became angry and said that the dog belonged to him and that he would not stand for the cook riding unless Swanson gave orders to that effect, as he (Swanson) had given him orders to be careful with dog and wagon.

"All right then," said the cook, "let us be off." And the caravan started for the cook-house.

Everything went along all right, and in due time Jack was back with the coffee. Swanson was out on deck when

Jack arrived, and they were conversing for some little time. Jack mentioned that the cook had proposed riding back and forth like a gentleman cook.

Having finished our coffee, Ericson sang out, "Turn to." All hands, including Mr. Swanson, went below in the hold and started to level out the rock ballast which we did not throw overboard, and to get the hold ready to receive lumber. That done, the port lashings were taken off and by means of a battering ram we drove out the bow port.

By noon we were all ready for business, and after we had had our dinner and a smoke all hands were called aft to splice the main brace, Captain Bengston himself handling the bottle, pouring out great big drinks into a small glass. The splicing finished, Captain Bengston explained that, while the loading was going on, the main brace would be spliced three times a day, and oftener if he saw that the work went on in a way that would warrant such an enormous expense.

"It is this way, boys," went on the skipper, throwing out his chest and taking a twist in his moustache, "to-day is the first of September, and on the twentieth of this month navigation practically closes at this place. Now, if the cargo is not on board by then we either will have to sail without a full load or else run the chance of getting frozen in and remain here until next June. Therefore, boys, it is my wish that you all pitch in and do your living best to help me out, and you won't lose anything by it." Herald was the only one who spoke up, and what he said was not much, but to the point. He said that he could only speak for himself, but he felt sure that everybody was as anxious to get away as the captain was.

Swanson, not having had much experience at stowing lumber, detailed Ericson to boss the stowing on the port

side, while Herald had the honour to boss the job on the starboard side. With the Russians on the dock we had nothing to do, they having their own foreman.

Swanson spent the greater part of his time on the dock with the Russians, giving them instructions regarding the different sizes of lumber wanted at different times. They were an ignorant, stupid lot, and so well supplied with vermin that it was dangerous to get near them. They were continually scratching, and every now and then they would knock off altogether, sit down, and do some killing. This was very annoying to Swanson, who was out there among the Russians with the sole purpose of keeping our men well supplied with lumber. He spoke to their foreman about it in a friendly way, not wishing to get on bad terms with them, as they proved to be a stubborn lot, but the foreman explained that there was no remedy for it that he knew of; scratching was a necessary evil in Russia, and some killing had to be resorted to at times, otherwise work would stop altogether.

Anyhow, taking into consideration these unavoidable stoppages, the work went on very satisfactorily indeed; in fact, after a day or two, Bengston discontinued the splicing of the main brace at regular intervals, and sent the bottle down in the hold in Ericson's care, with instructions to splice away when deemed necessary.

Our fresh meat allowance was increased considerably, and many other things we never dreamt of seeing on board the *Forsette* came forth as if by magic. Every one was happy and contented, except the cook, who allowed that he had never seen such waste, and could not understand what had got into the old man all of a sudden.

There was quite a little rivalry between Ericson and Herald regarding good stowage and the amount of lumber that had passed through their ports when the day's work was over, and to settle the matter fairly, Swanson

made a clinometer, marked off into degrees, which he hung up on the hatch combing where everybody could view it. By noting the list of the vessel in the morning and likewise in the evening, it gave us a pretty fair idea which port had received the most lumber. Ericson felt very badly about it if the vessel happened to be listed to starboard when the day's work was over, but Herald did not seem to care a great deal which side had the advantage; in fact, he made it appear as though he was better satisfied when Ericson had the best of it — this on account of Ericson being an officer, I think.

Two days after our arrival at Solombola two vessels arrived and were berthed one on each side of the *Forsette*. It was during the noon hour when they docked, and we had a good opportunity to observe the difference in officers and crews of the two vessels; also the difference in discipline, as well as their method of performing a piece of work under similar conditions.

Swanson had often told me that there were no vessels afloat where work was carried on with such alacrity as on board American ships, and from what I observed on this occasion, what Swanson had told me was undoubtedly true.

The names of the vessels were *Glengarry*, London, and *Progress*, New York. Both of them were to load lumber for Melbourne, Australia. The *Progress* was moored to the wharf, her sails unbent, tagged and stowed away, ropes coiled up snug and decks swept down before the *Glengarry* was anywhere near made fast. It seemed to me as though there was neither head nor tail to anything on board this ship. Everything appeared to be run without any end in view, and Swanson called my attention to it, shaking his head as he remarked, "I should like to see those limejuice guys on board the *Progress* for a little while; I think they would get a different move on them-

selves there." One fellow in particular on the *Glengarry* attracted my attention, and as I will have something to relate about him bye and bye, I shall try to describe him.

This individual was of medium height and very broad-shouldered. The left shoulder appeared to be elevated to the level of the butt of the ear, and gave him a rakish, slouchy appearance. His face was not very handsome at its best, I thought. It was disfigured with ugly scars, and his nose had at some time or other been nearly knocked into his head; at any rate, all that remained of what had at one time been called a nose was a little growth that reminded me of an overgrown wart with two black specks in the centre. His eyes were merely long slits and almost covered with bushy eyebrows; while the mouth ran nearly across his face, one side of it elevated on an angle that corresponded with the rake of the shoulders. His legs were short and slightly bent, but of immense thickness, and the feet were correspondingly large. And to cap it all, he continually wore a leering, contemptible grin that gave one the impression of being in company with something unearthly.

The *Glengarry* had a line on the wharf, and they were heaving on it with the capstan. As they approached the *Forsette*, the second officer, a nice looking young fellow, sang out, "Break away there, Irish, and look out for the cork fender." Irish, the human monster I have tried to describe, pulled out the capstan bar, on which he was heaving, threw it down with great force at the feet of the second officer, and shouted loud enough for every one on board our vessel to hear, "What in H—l is the matter with you? Don't you see there are two square heads over on that scow with cork fenders? Get on to yourself and don't make a show." He was alluding to Jack and me, who were standing on the rail, watching them.

The second officer said no more, but he must have felt very ill at ease from such a call down. He sent one of the boys to attend the fender, while Irish picked up the capstan bar and started to sing, "Blow, boys, Blow for California; there is plenty of gold, so I have been told, on the banks of the Sacramento."

In the evening, our day's work over, and the *Glengarry* finally at rest and in position for taking on cargo, we had a visit from several members of her crew, and amongst them was Irish. He loitered about a bit, making sarcastic remarks about our vessel, and finally walked up on the poop, where he found Mr. Swanson resting his elbow on the house, smoking his evening pipe. "Hello, Matey," said Irish. "Put it there," stretching out his hand. Swanson looked him square in the eye, but did not offer his hand. "All right," said Irish, "it don't matter, anyhow. I know who you are, Yankee Swanson, and I only wanted to pay my respects on account of us having been shipmates many years ago on the *Flying Scud*."

"Is that so?" asked Swanson. "Well, if we were shipmates on the *Flying Scud* you must have been a very small kid then, as I can't place you now. And beside, from your actions and your behaviour toward your officers to-day, it makes me believe that you are a liar of the worst kind, because we brought up kids on the *Flying Scud* to become sailors, and it can plainly be seen that you are not one."

Irish was very much taken aback and started to give some back talk, but Swanson cut him short by putting the pipe away and asking him to get off the poop as quick as possible.

I think Irish concluded that he was not talking to the second officer of the *Glengarry*, for he did not have to be asked a second time, but took himself off forward, where

he stumbled foul of our cook, and the two engaged in a spirited conversation. It appeared from the conversation that the cook had already given Irish the rough outlines of every member of our crew, and undoubtedly Swanson had come in for a large portion of the cook's wicked slander.

Irish, who formerly had been a professional prize fighter in Liverpool, among the lower set, held a reputation of being one of the best all round fighters in that great port, and having been told by our cook that Swanson was no slouch himself with the mittens, he had concluded to strike up an acquaintance, with the idea in view of comparing notes, thinking, I suppose, that his looks alone would entitle him to a decent reception.

Having been received in this, what he called shabby manner, he became very angry and swore that he would take it out of Swanson on the first opportunity that offered itself. "I will give you a chance to judge what sort of a fighter Yankee Swanson is," he said to the cook. "He don't remember me now, he doesn't, but he will before I am through with him. I was a boy on the *Flying Scud* a round voyage to San Francisco when he was third or second mate, and as near as I can remember he wasn't much then, although he was in his prime, a big, overgrown, double-headed Swede."

Swanson overheard what the fellow was saying, and decided to put a stop to it at once. He was a man who did not believe in much talk and long arguments; quick action and plenty of steam was his motto.

Captain Bengston came out of the cabin just as Swanson was in the act of taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, and noticing that Swanson was angry, he enquired the cause of it. The captain tried to persuade him not to take any notice of it. "He will go away by and by," said Bengston, "and I will ask the captain and the

officers not to let that brute come on board of our vessel again."

"Little good that would do," replied Swanson. "Did you hear how that dog-face abused the whole lot of them, captain and all, when they were mooring their vessel this afternoon?" Bengston admitted that he did. "Well," said Swanson, "and you think that if any one of that bunch should ask that Mick to stop abusing me he would stop? I tell you he will get a d—n sight worse, and there will be no living with him, either on board of the *Glengarry* or here. Now is the time to take the fight out of him for keeps, and I think I can do it."

A number of sailors from the *Glengarry* and *Progress*, besides our own men, including the cook, were assembled, and formed a semi-circle about the hero of many fights, when Swanson came forward. Swanson started in by driving them all to one side, shouting, "Get out of here, all of you who don't belong here."

The men seeing that there was trouble in store for somebody, edged away to a respectable distance.

Swanson turned to Irish, who was sitting on a spare topmast, and said, "Get up, you dog, and defend yourself if you don't want to be killed where you are sitting."

"I will get up when I am good and ready," replied Irish, "and what is more, no white-washed Yank can make me do it."

Swanson hit him an awful blow on the side of the face with the flat of the hand, and Irish fell from his sitting position to the deck.

"If you won't come up, I can at least make you go down," shouted Swanson, as he stood looking down on the fallen Irishman.

But Irish did not remain very long in that position. He got on his feet and demanded to know if he was to get a square deal. "That all depends on yourself," said

Swanson. "If you will stop talking and get up and fight, it will be square enough. I understand you are anxious to renew an old acquaintance." Irish started in with a lot of abuse and mean language while taking off his coat, but Swanson paid no attention to him. He stood there as still as a statue, with his arms folded across his chest.

Finally Irish shouted, "Put up your dukes, Yank, and take your medicine like a man."

"I am ready, Irish, fetch it along," replied Swanson.

Of course, this fight was not fought by rounds. It was more after the fashion of a continuous performance from start to finish. It was what the sporting man would call a gruelling mill, such a one as two fierce bulldogs would put up. The fight lasted ten minutes, and during that time Irish was knocked down a dozen times. His face was beaten to a pulp and both his eyes were closed, but still on he came as if hungering for more punishment. He was a bulldog out and out, and none could deny that he was game, but he lacked the finer points and was at Swanson's mercy from start to finish. It was admitted all around that Swanson could have finished him almost at any time, but he seemed to take delight in hammering away at the brute, which was undoubtedly due to the fact that Irish continually kept up abusing Swanson in language unmentionable.

The captain and officers from the American vessel came on board, as well as the officers and the whole crew from the *Glengarry*, when the fight began, and were witnesses of a performance they all admitted to be the most gruesome sight they had ever seen.

The Irishman kept up fighting until he was totally blind, and even then, helpless as he was, he swore and abused Swanson, who finally hit him in some tender spot that put him to sleep.

Jack and I did not see the fight at the finish, it was too much for us. We lingered until we saw that Swanson was master of the situation, and with that our interest was at an end. We went aft and sat down in Jack's den, where we found poor Nap doubled up in a sound sleep, tired after a hard day's work on the plank road.

After a little while we heard a lot of people running up on the poop. It was Swanson and the officers from the different vessels, who had witnessed the fight. They all entered the cabin until it was packed full. Bengston took out the bottle and all hands drank to Swanson's health, long life and prosperity. Congratulations were heaped upon the hard-fisted hero, but he accepted them with a frown, as much as to say, "Huh, that fellow was dead easy. Why haven't you fellows attended to his case before?" The first officer of the *Glengarry*, an old kind-hearted Englishman, told Swanson of the misery he and the whole crew had been in since they had left Liverpool, with that brute riding roughshod over everybody. "Well," said Swanson, "I feel sorry for you, old man, but it is all over with now. The fight is pretty well taken out of him, and let me tell you, Mr. Mate," went on Swanson, "I have been sizing up your crew to-day, and I am satisfied that you have several young fellows in your crew that can lick the stuffing out of that brute any time. The trouble is, his awful looks have frightened them a bit, but they will find out that his appearance won't be quite so fierce in the future. I did my best to polish it up a bit, and I think I was fairly successful."

The mate shook Swanson's hand and said that he would never forget him. "But, say, friend, how in all the world did you do it? You are not a strong looking man and not by any means a young man, and still you had no great trouble in knocking out that ugly brute, Irish. That's a wonder. It took Jem Mace twenty rounds to

polish him off, and Mace was in his prime at the time."

"Well, it is like this," said Swanson. "I don't like fighting, and never fight unless it is forced on me, but when it comes to such a pass that I have to do it, I always polish them up in such a shape that they don't come around and bother me again looking for more, and I have found that policy to be good logic, as you will see in this case with Mr. Irish. He won't trouble me or anybody else while at this place. After you get away from here he might get fresh again, and then he should be taken in hand and a few finishing touches applied that would put him to sleep for good. I have in my time seen men as bad as him — not quite so ugly looking — and always succeeded in bringing them around to be very reasonable.

"Of course," went on Swanson, "Irish may be an exception to the general rule, and if he should like to have another go after he gets round a bit, I shall be delighted to take him on once more."

"Well," said the old mate, "I am tickled the way things stand at present. I don't think he will do a man's work while we are here, and perhaps it will be best to send him to the hospital and leave him behind, as the captain and I are determined upon getting rid of him at any price. Anyhow, I am ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Swanson, for what you have done. I will now bid you all good night and see about getting that ugly carcass on board the *Glengarry*," and with that the visitors left the cabin.

It is really surprising what an amount of popularity and esteem a person will derive from some action into which, you might say, one has been forced, as in the case I have just related. Swanson did not want to fight; it was forced on to him by the fellow Irish and his foul language.

The news of this fight spread like wildfire through the shipping at Solombola, and then on to Archangel, and so on all over the world, and as it was passed along, it was of course greatly exaggerated until it was no more the fight I have described than night is like day.

Years afterward, when I was mate on an American vessel, a fellow shipmate related this fight to me, not knowing that I had been an eyewitness to it. The only thing about the whole narrative that was correct was the fact that he had the names of the two combatants and the two vessels correct, and by that one fact only I knew what he was trying to tell me. Part of the story was this, that Swanson gouged out Irish's eyes and that Irish bit off Swanson's ears.

Our cook did a great deal toward spreading the news broadcast, and he did not forget to profit by it himself, to a certain extent. Situated, as the cook was, away from the ship the whole day and associating with cooks from every ship in the harbour, he had the opportunity of his life to concoct any story, no matter how ridiculous, without fear of being contradicted. The only member of our crew who visited the cook-house was Jack, and the cook had great confidence in the boy, because he made it a point not to meddle with the cook's lies.

One day when Jack arrived at the cook-house, the cook was in the act of relating his experience with the beluga on the trip out. According to his story, he recovered the harpoon and line and intended to put both these articles on exhibition when he got to England, and expected to realise a great amount of money on them. Besides, he was confident that the Board of Trade would present him with a gold medal for having saved the ship from capsizing, as well as for telling the captain and the mate what to do when in a bad fix. "It is no use talking, that fellow Swanson is a fairly good boxer, but he has

me to thank for his best points, and he knows it," said the cook, as he refilled the pipe. "But as for being what you would call a first class sailorman, never! I myself could give him cards and spades when it comes to handling a vessel in a breeze of wind as we had on the way over. He deserves great credit, though," he continued, taking a long pull at the pipe. "The way he handled that guy Irish, I doubt if I could have done any better myself, but he was a long time doing it. He is all for show, that Yankee Swanson is. He could just as well have finished that fellow up in half the time, and there was no need of marking him up so that his mother will never be able to recognise him again. I went over on board the *Glen-garry* last night to see how the poor fellow was getting along, and dear me, it was a sight that brought tears to my eyes, and I am not overly soft-hearted, at that. He asked me for a little soup, Irish did, and I was only too glad to bring him some, as it is the only thing he will ever be able to chew for the remainder of his life; he ain't got a single tooth left, except a few that Ericson found on the deck the morning after the fight and sent over to Irish, and told him to keep them for souvenirs. That was cruel to do that, but what can you expect of a Mongolian like Ericson, and now Swanson, I see, has started to give him boxing lessons. Well, the Lord save us if that fellow Ericson ever gets on to the ropes in the manly art of self-defence, there will be no living with him, because he is as strong as an elephant, and we have seen some of his cruelties. Look how he treated poor, harmless August in Grotto. Wasn't he going to pull the poor fellow down off the gallant yard?"

Jack told me this and a lot more of what the cook had been saying, and I advised him not to mention it to anybody, as I was afraid that Swanson would hear of it and

I felt sure that Swanson at some time or other would forget himself and perhaps give the old cook a beating.

Slocume was the name of the captain on the *Progress*. He and his wife and two children were on board, and also a good looking young woman, a relative of the captain's wife.

The cook of the *Progress* was a big, good-natured negro, whose name was Sambo. Jack had a great knack for making friends, owing to his happy disposition, and also to the fact that he was always willing to lend a hand when he saw it was needed.

One morning Jack was on his way to the cook-house to fetch the breakfast, and having nothing to bring out that morning, he thought he would take a ride, as the wagon was empty, and besides he was anxious to find out how Nap was going to take it, whether he would object or take it as an honour. Napoleon must have looked upon it from the latter point of view, and started off at a pretty good gait. They had not travelled very far when they overhauled Sambo making poor time under a full load of pots and pans, besides some stores. Jack stopped the turnout and volunteered to bring Sambo's gear to the cook-house. Sambo was overjoyed at the offer, and from that moment Jack and Sambo were on the most intimate terms.

As they walked along, Sambo informed Jack that the ladies on board the *Progress* did their own cooking, as did the captain and the officers, in the cabin, on an oil stove. It was against the rules of the port, Sambo explained, but Captain Slocume had an eye to business, and had overcome this little difficulty by greasing up the Custom House officer.

Sambo then commenced to make Jack acquainted with the conditions in general on board the *Progress*.

Captain Slocume and his family were the finest people in the land, Sambo said, and the officers were fairly good also; but as for the crew they were mostly foreigners and poor white trash of the worst kind.

Jack noticed that Sambo brought along such stuff as ham and bacon, and having been informed that the ladies did their own cooking, he naturally wondered who it could be for, and on being informed that it was for the crew he could hardly believe that Sambo was telling the truth.

"Why, boy alive," exclaimed Sambo, when he saw Jack doubting him, "that's nothing. If it wasn't for the distance I have to fetch the stuff, I should have the eggs along with the ham. If you would be so kind as to give this here nigger a lift every morning, I will promise you all the ham and eggs you and your friend, the other boy, can stow away."

Jack's mouth watered at the thought of Sambo's liberal promise, and he told Sambo he would give him a lift every time he was not otherwise engaged. He then started to tell Sambo about the sterling qualities of Napoleon, and enlarged upon the fact that the dog never forgot kindness and never forgave a mean trick, such as our cook used to play on him. He informed Jack that he had heard a great deal about Nap from our cook, who, it seemed, had taken all the credit for training him to such an efficient state, and Jack, not wishing to have our cook caught red-handed at lying, told Sambo that the cook had had considerable to do with it.

"That mate on your ship must be a hard man," said Sambo. "Does he beat you up much?" Jack informed him that Swanson was the best man in the world, and that he never beat anybody except when he had to. "But he always makes a good job of it when he gets started," Jack informed him.

"Yes, I saw that; but I think he done it too well this time. That fellow Irish is going to die, sure; all his ribs are broken. What did you say that mate's name is, boy? Swanson? That's strange. Swanson, Swanson; I wonder if that can be the same man," said Sambo thoughtfully.

"Do you know him?" enquired Jack.

"No, boy. I don't know him; but it's like this: In the evening, after the fight, when I was setting things right in the cabin, I heard the captain and the officers talking about this fight, and the captain said that he never saw but one man that could fight like that mate of yours, and that was a mate on an American ship called the *Flying Scud*, many years ago, and if I remember right, he said his name was Swanson, or something very much like it."

Jack told Sambo he knew Swanson had sailed on such a ship, but in what capacity he could not say. Sambo shook his head as though in deep thought, and said he would tell his captain about this strange coincidence.

They had arrived at the cook-house. Our cook stowed the breakfast away in the wagon and Jack and Nap were treated to some ham and bread by Sambo before they started back for headquarters.

The manager at the lumber yard at which we loaded was a gentlemanly-looking fellow, not of the bewhiskered type, and spoke English well. The captains of the different vessels loading at his yard were allowed to gather firewood about the yard, sufficient for use at the cook-house, but it was understood that they were to caution their cooks or boys who were sent to gather it that no large pieces of lumber were allowed to be classed as firewood; only such stuff as ends of planks about a foot long and under would be allowed to be taken away.

This extra work fell to the lot of Jack and Nap, and

between that and the transporting of the food from the cook-house it made their day's work complete indeed.

Jack was a shrewd little fellow, and had a great faculty for making friends; even among the bewhiskered yard-hands he was at home. Having received his orders from Swanson regarding the wood gathering, he cheerfully summoned his friend Nap and started out among the lumber piles. Having transported one wagonload out to the cook-house, which was sufficient for the cook's use for the day, Jack, who had an eye for business, always brought something back from the cook-house wherewith to treat the hungry yard labourers. At other times, if he noticed they required a little cheering up he would extract the tin whistle from his inside pocket, strike up a jig or a sand-dance, and go through with some almost impossible steps that would make a dead man laugh.

If the foreman should come along and catch the men loafing in that manner he would growl a little, but that did not prevent him from enjoying the fun as well as any of the rest, especially so when Jack would take the harness off Nap and make him do any number of tricks.

After having treated the foreman to a small piece of chewing tobacco that Jack had begged from some fellow at the cook-house, and by various other ways managed to get the foreman into a good humour, Jack would not forget to remind him of a nice little pile of wood that he would like to be allowed to take on board the ship. The foreman could not think of such a thing; in fact he was surprised that the boy would dare suggest anything of the kind; at the same time Jack was given to understand that if he saw his way clear to get him something to eat next time he went to the cook-house he would be blind for the remainder of the day.

Bengston was rubbing his hands with joy when he saw the boy fetching all these fine pieces of wood, and in the

course of a few days Jack had the long-boat full and preparations were made to stow the forepeak full also. "That means money for you and me when we get to England," remarked Bengston one day when he met Jack and Nap in the yard with the wagon loaded with choice pieces; Jack pushing behind and poor Nap pulling with head bent down, panting.

The cooks and boys from the other vessels out wood hunting were jealous of the success of Jack, and one day a fellow, a little bolder than the rest of the cooks, proceeded to help himself to some choice pieces from Jack's wagon. Jack protested, but the fellow, a big German cook, only laughed and said that Jack was joking. He took all that was in the wagon and started off toward the ship. Jack turned Nap loose and asked him to stop thief, which Nap proceeded to carry out in his customary way, by attacking the cook in the legs. The German let out a yell that could be heard all over the lumber yard, dropped the wood and succeeded in finding a refuge on a high lumber pile, from which place he lustily shouted for help. The Russian lumber jacks were enjoying the sport immensely, while Nap sat down on his haunches by the lumber pile, and by loud barking challenged the Dutchman to come down off his perch.

The first mate on the German vessel, who heard the cook's signal of distress, very promptly armed himself with a stick and went to the rescue. After having ascertained the cause of the cook's dilemma, he proceeded to give the poor cook a fearful tongue lashing for being so cowardly; in fact he accused him of disgracing the whole German nation by climbing that lumber pile and calling for help. In his rage he threw the stick at the cook and swore that if he did not come down at once he would come up there and throw him down. Then turning on Nap, who was sitting in the same place, very harmless-looking,

he launched out with a swift kick, which Nap very neatly sidestepped and hooked on to the calf of the mate's leg.

If the mate's howling was an indication of pain, he must have suffered terribly. The cook's shouting was nothing in comparison with the mate's unearthly yells. The whole lumber yard was astir; Russians and dirty sailors of all nations came running from all directions and concentrated at the lumber pile, on top of which were two big Dutchmen, brandishing their fists at one another and calling names that wouldn't look well in print.

Below was Napoleon, barking and looking at the newcomers with pleading eyes, as if asking for assistance to get up and settle the Dutchmen on the lumber pile. He kept running about, trying to find some place suitable to enable him to ascend, but no stranger cared to interfere.

The crew of the German vessel was there to a man, and they seemed to enjoy the situation of their mate and the cook with much gusto.

The manager of the yard, finding that the work all around had ceased, demanded an explanation from the foreman, and seemed very much put out about it, but after the foreman had thoroughly explained the situation, of how the big Dutchman had deliberately robbed the boy, who was well liked about the yard, he also joined in the merrymaking.

Finally Jack went away and took the wagon to where the cook had dropped the wood, and after he had it on board he called Nap and put him in harness, after which they went about their business as though nothing had happened.

The crowd lingered until the two Dutchmen were assured that the road was clear of dogs. Then they came down, very shamefaced indeed, and made a beeline for their vessel without bandying any more words; this un-

doubtedly due to the fact that their clothes were in an awful condition.

This little episode was the talk of the place while we were there, and Jack and Nap received notoriety that was only second to Yankee Swanson and Irish. The German captain, on the other hand, was loath to put up with the notoriety they received as their share, and protested to the manager, stating that in his opinion Jack and Nap should be debarred from doing business in the yard. The manager explained that such a proposition was out of order entirely, inasmuch as every cook in port would protest against a ruling like that. He said it was a well-known fact that Nap not only did his own ship's work, but that he assisted the other ship cooks in transporting fuel to the cook-house.

"Well," allowed the captain, "if such is the case, they should at least be compelled to have a man along with the dog, who could stop him from chewing up innocent people."

The manager was losing his patience, and remarked, sarcastically, that the captain was out of order again. "What good would a man be with a dog that bears the name of Napoleon? Answer me that question. Not the kind you have on your ship, anyhow. My foreman informs me that your cook and the mate were not the least frightened until they heard that the dog's name was Napoleon; when they found that out they both made for the tall pines, and would have been there yet if the boy had not taken pity on them."

This was treading on corns, indeed, but the manager stood his ground in fine style and wound up by telling the captain that the boy was a Frenchman, the dog's name was Napoleon, and the boss in the yard was a Russian, and as long as things remained in that state he would not

debar Napoleon from the yard if every Dutchman in creation took to the lumber piles.

Having settled this question, the manager turned on his heel and walked toward his office. Seeing Jack hard at work, picking up pieces of lumber, he stopped and chatted for a minute, telling the boy that he could consider himself a privileged character in the yard, which meant that he was at liberty to pick up pieces two feet long, or, in fact, anything that was not stacked up ready to be shipped. He then patted Nap on the head, while the dog wagged his tail in a friendly way, evidently sizing up the manager as being one of the right sort and one that he would like to be on friendly terms with.

Old man Bengston and his mates roared with laughter in the evening when Jack related this, his latest adventure. The boy was a mimic of no mean order, and imitated the two Germans to perfection. After he had finished his stunt aft he came forward where the audience, consisting of three ships' crews, were anxious to have the performance gone over once more for their benefit.

When Jack had finished we all felt as if we had actually seen the whole thing in reality. The fun and laughter it created was immense, and we wound up by going in a body down alongside of the German ship, expecting to get a view of the principals, but in this we failed. We were told they had gone out of commission.

The work in loading went on satisfactorily in every respect. It was a stand-off between us and the *Progress* as to who were doing the best work; the *Glengarry* was out of the race altogether. The Russian wharf-hands claimed that the *Forsette* was in the lead, and Ericson's head could be seen in the port every now and again, shouting for more lumber.

One day Swanson, who was out on the wharf among

the Russians, shouted out my name ; he wanted to see me. I crawled out through the porthole and found Swanson talking to the captain of the *Glengarry*, who had a newspaper in his hand. Having surveyed me with a critical eye for a moment, he remarked to Swanson, " Well, I declare. Is that his brother ? Likely looking chap, that." Then to Swanson, " Does the boy read English ? " Swanson having answered in the affirmative, the captain handed me the newspaper, saying as he did so, " Here, boy, take that, and you will find something there that will interest you." Thanking the captain, I took the paper and intended to go back to my work, but Swanson said, " Never mind, Andrew, it is near noon. Go on board to Jack's den, and take your time about it."

I had no trouble to find something that interested me very much indeed. On the front page was a picture of a vessel, and also one of two men, one of which I recognised as my brother. The article gave an account of the German barque *Flora*, long overdue and listed as missing. She had arrived at Falmouth in charge of the first officer of the Swedish barque *Concordia* and a sailor of the same vessel. The *Flora* was an iron vessel of 1500 tons register, bound from Batavia to Falmouth for orders, her cargo consisting of coffee and spices. Soon after having left Batavia the dreaded disease beri-beri made its appearance among the crew, from which they gradually succumbed, until when off the Madeira Island only three members of the crew were alive, and they were not able to do any work.

It was at Madeira that the *Concordia* seeing the *Flora's* distress signals, hove to, lowered a boat and sent the first officer on board of her to find out what was the matter. Having ascertained the terrible state of affairs on board, he came back and reported, whereupon the captain of the

Concordia called for volunteers to sail the *Flora* into some convenient port, or best of all, Falmouth, the port she was bound to, if possible.

The first officer, my brother, and another sailor were accepted out of the crew, they having seemed willing to undertake the job. First of all, the greater part of the *Concordia*'s crew were sent on board the *Flora* to clean her out thoroughly. Fumigation had to be resorted to, because several bodies were found in the fo'cs'le in a horrible condition. The poor fellows that were still alive, through weakness had been unable to throw them overboard. That done, a fresh suit of sails had to be bent; those that were still on the yards were mere rags and perfectly useless.

It took the *Concordia*'s crew three days to put the *Flora* into such shape that the first officer considered he stood a chance in a thousand to bring the vessel into Falmouth.

Then the article went on to describe the passage which was full of stirring events. The three seamen who had been alive died shortly after the prize-crew had taken charge, and the other seaman — not my brother — died at the hospital in Falmouth.

The whole British Empire lauded the piece of bravery and perseverance of the officer and the sailor who had succeeded so nobly, and it was universally hoped that their reward would be liberal and in keeping with the stand always taken by old England, "Fair play and survival of the fittest."

This was in short what the article contained. I read it over several times for fear of having missed something, and during the noon hour I took the paper to Mr. Swanson, to whom I read it again, he saying that I understood it all.

"What do you think of all that, boy?" asked Swanson. "Ain't that great, hey? Your big brother will

now be a rich man. Considering the valuable cargo of the *Flora*, and she is almost a new vessel, he will get nothing short of five thousand pounds, and the mate will get double that; anyway, that will be left to the courts of England, and you can gamble on it, he will get all that is coming to him when anything is left with them.

"That is one thing about England that everybody must admire, and that is their fairness; everybody there is equal, in the eyes of the law. However, we will soon hear all about it, I expect. The mail is due from St. Petersburg to-morrow, and we ought to have letters from home then. But look here, boy," continued Swanson, "I was just thinking of that old Waterloo grandfather of yours. Won't he be the proud guardsman when he hears the good news? I remember when I was a little boy and before my father drove me away from home, how your grandpa and some other fellows round our place, who had served in the Napoleonic wars, would fix themselves up in their old uniforms and go to church on the fifth of May to mourn for the hero who died in exile at St. Helena.

"We boys, through ignorance, used to think these old fellows were ridiculous, and poked all sorts of fun at their ragged old uniforms, but as a rule we sidestepped and got away."

The noon hour being up, we turned to, and during the afternoon Ericson and the men who had by this time heard all about the affair were discoursing it in all manners and ways. They all knew my brother and were happy on account of his good fortune.

In the evening the cook called me into his galley and gave me a private audience. He told me he felt as happy about my brother's good luck as if it had been himself who had fallen heir to it all. "I always liked your brother while he was here, almost as well as I like you, and many a fine point I put him next to, you bet, and

nothing would suit me better than to meet him in England when we get back, so that I could personally congratulate him, and I am sure that he would be only too glad to remember me and what I have done for him, by giving me the glad hand and something more substantial besides. You can tell him that when you write. He will be pleased to hear that I am still one of the boys." I told him that I would let him know all about it at the first opportunity.

Sambo, the jolly old darky, was as good as his word. By that I mean that Jack had his ham and eggs every morning, and in the evenings when Jack, Nap and I visited the *Progress* he always had a good feed for us. Like all darkies, he was fond of music and dancing, and could do considerable in that line himself. Having finished our supper, Jack would take out the tin whistle and strike up a hoe-down, and old Sambo would immediately get a move on himself by twisting his body into all sorts of shapes, which were comical. At other times he would take up the banjo, on which instrument he would play the accompaniments and sing a number of old plantation songs, his favourite one being "Where the Sweet Magnolia Grows."

Jack and I enjoyed our little visits to Sambo immensely. It was a welcome change from the usual sailor talk we heard so much. Sambo had been a slave and had been born on a plantation in South Carolina. From what he told us, the slaves were not subjected to such harsh treatment as I had been made to believe from reading books. In fact, Sambo thought that many negroes in the Southern States were much worse off now than before they were freed.

I asked Sambo if he had told the captain about the fact that Swanson had been a member of the crew of the clipper *Flying Scud*, and he informed me that he had not



UNDER FULL SAIL.

had a chance, because the captain had been away from the ship a couple of days, but that he would tell him as soon as he returned. I informed Sambo that I had told Swanson of what the captain had remarked in Sambo's hearing, the night of the fight, and that Swanson had said that he could not remember any one by the name of Slocume on the *Flying Scud*, but as it was long ago he might have forgotten it.

"I think he is the man, all right," said Sambo. "Captain Slocume has a fine memory, particularly if it happens to fasten itself on a fight. He is very smart himself with his fists, I can tell you. I have been with him ten years and in that time I have never seen his memory fail him but once, and that was under most peculiar circumstances. This is how it happened:

"One day a sailor gave the captain a lot of slack, and Captain Slocume pitched in and gave him a most powerful licking. The sailor got a great deal more than he had been looking for; in fact he had to go to his bunk for several days. The captain did not know that the fellow was off duty. You must understand that Captain Slocume is not a fellow that is mooching around all the time, like some captains I have been with. Slocume is a fine man and likes to see everything go along smooth, and as long as it does, you will never hear an angry word from him. Anyhow, when the fellow was fit for duty, the mate sent him aft to take the wheel. Captain Slocume came on deck a little while after the fellow had relieved the wheel and seeing the fellow there, said to the mate, 'When did we ship that stranger?' 'That's not a stranger, Cap.,' answered the mate; 'that's the Russian chap that shaved off his whiskers.' Now that's the only time, all these years that I have known Captain Slocume, that he allowed his memory to go back on him like that,

and to tell the truth, I can't blame him any because the fellow had changed in appearance something awful; his mother would have had the same trouble, I think."

When he finished his story we said "Good-bye." Nap was impatient for a run in the lumber yard. "Be sure and come for your ham and eggs to-morrow before you take the wood to the cook-house, Jack," shouted Sambo, as we ran down the gangplank.

The Russian calendar is full of holidays, and we had several during our stay at Archangel. It happened to be a holiday the day we received our mail from home. This was fortunate, because it took me the whole day to wade through all my letters. Everybody had something to write this time, and it was mostly all good. I therefore felt fine, and thought what a happy boy I would be and what a grand reception I should get when this cruise was happily over, and the good old *Forsette* at anchor in our little harbour.

In my letters home from Scotland and Norway I had written something about all of my shipmates, but never said anything but what was good, as I had no reason to do otherwise; especially so about the captain and Swanson, who treated me with the greatest consideration, and whom I always had praised to the sky.

The first letter I opened was from my mother, which commenced with her kind, motherly advice to be good to those in authority. She was very much distressed because that scoundrel Axel had returned home and had called at the farm, accompanied by his mother. He had given a terrible account of me and everything else on board the *Forsette*, especially so of Swanson and the French boy, who were leading me astray altogether, and Axel's mother had advised, by all means, to get me back as soon as possible; otherwise I would be lost for all time to come.

"And, then," my mother's letter continued, "I have to tell you the worst yet. Your grandfather happened to come in when Axel was telling me all these awful things, and after he had listened to him for a little while he opened the door and pushed the women out in the yard. After that, and without saying another word, he took that big Axel and put him across his knee, same as I used to do with you when you were little, and gave him the worst licking I ever saw or heard tell of. The poor boy prayed for mercy, but the old man said that he had none to spare while his walking stick lasted. I don't know what would have happened if it had not been for your father, who heard the boy's cry and came hurrying in to see what was up. But even at that it was almost too late, because when your father arrived the stick had broken. I am awful sorry for the poor boy. He hasn't been to see us since, and we have been told that he is still in bed. When you write to grandpa don't mention anything about it unless he should say something about it himself. I think he is sorry for what he has done, and he does not want you to know about it, because he likes you the best of all. Poor old man, he can't help it; those cruel spells of his come on once in a great while. It's the way he was brought up; you know he was so many years with Napoleon, and you have read of what an awful bad man he was."

After that lot she commenced to tell me about my brother and the terrible hardship he had gone through, sailing the ship to England, and of how kindly the English people had treated them. Also, brother had promised to buy back the farm if things turned out as well as he expected.

Finally mother concluded by saying that she did not believe a word of what Axel had told, but still it seemed awful to whip him so terribly.

My sisters' letters were practically a repetition of brother's adventure and of how happy they all were on his own account, as well as from the fact that he had promised to help father to buy back the old farm — that part of it he had been forced to dispose of.

My letters from Norway had been full of interest to them, they told me. That boat race, especially, must have been very exciting. But what seemed to interest the girls most of all was that pretty Frenchman and the dog, whom I had described most minutely. Grandpa, they said, was overjoyed at the prospect of getting such a fine dog as Napoleon appeared to be; and as for the boy himself, he intended to adopt him if he turned out to be a fine hand at turning the grindstone.

I now opened grandpa's letter. I always left that for the last, because I found it the most interesting of all. I understood the old man thoroughly, better than any of my brothers or sisters, better than my father, I think, and grandpa was aware of that.

Being such an old man — I might say in his second childhood — he was apt to switch off on military and campaign matters on all occasions, which became tedious to them as they had no particular love for his hero, Napoleon. This lack of appreciation of great deeds, on their part, the old man took as a direct insult. He would walk away, deeply injured and swearing that none of them would ever amount to anything, except I, who had plenty of brains, and besides was a dandy at the grindstone.

Next to me, my mother stood highest in his estimation. He was continually pottering around — what he called helping her — but very often more in her way than anything else, and if the girls were taking it easy when he dropped in on them, they came in for a scolding that always ended with him wondering what the world was

coming to, anyway; great big lazy girls sitting down reading books while their poor mother was working herself almost to death.

The old man began his letter with, "Headquarters, September 1st, 1877," and after having thanked me for the letter from Norway, which had been very interesting, he started to let me know how lucky it was that he had received that letter a few days before that rascal Axel arrived.

"The day after he arrived he came out to the farm, just to make a friendly call. Your mother happened to be all alone in the house at the time, and he filled her up with a lot of lies, the likes I never heard before. I couldn't begin to tell you all he said, so I will just mention the nice parts of it. That mate Swanson is a murderer, he told her, and they tried to hang him once in San Francisco, but the rope broke and he ran away after having killed the hangman — lucky man wasn't he? Then he said that the French boy stole all his money and that you stole all his clothes. I hope they are well. Ericson's mother is in bed sick, because Axel told her that Ericson tried to starve him to death in a pigsty. What a pity he got out of the pigsty. Your mother told me all this with tears in her eyes. Then I took out your long letter that I had received a few days before and read it to her and showed him up for the liar he is. I told your mother that I would like to hear the boy tell that story over again, because it was so interesting, and to please me your mother sent your little brother — he ain't much on the grindstone — in to the village and asked Mrs. Petterson and her son Axel to come out the next day and take a cup of tea with grandpa.

"The next day they arrived at headquarters right on time. Your little brother came and told me of it. I was

in a good humour at the time, had just finished my afternoon pipe, and I also had read a chapter or two in the Holy Bible.

"When I came in they had already started in to drink their coffee, and between each mouthful they were lying worse than two Prussian hussars. After having listened to them a bit, I told the old woman I had heard enough, and taking her by the arm, I escorted her out in the back-yard, and told my dog Blucher to entertain her while I polished up Axel.

"If the boy had had any sense he could easily have run away, but he is as big a hog as a liar, and he couldn't make up his mind to run away while there was anything left on your mother's table.

"When I came back he had everything pretty well out of sight except the crockery, and I guess he would have taken that too if I had left him in peace. I took the fellow by the neck and stood him up on the floor, and I said, in your mother's hearing, 'Now will you take back all you have said about my boy and everybody else on board of the *Forsette*?' He didn't answer me; I guess he thought that I am too old to do him any harm; you must know I am past ninety and not nearly as spry as at Waterloo, but I soon made him think that he had fallen in with the Philistines. Of all the unearthly yelling I ever heard, this was the worst, but I didn't let up on him until he had confessed that every word he had told your mother was a lie. Your father was out in the barn when all this occurred. He thought the house was on fire and came running in to see about it.

"I was then in the act of putting the finishing touches on the lad. Your father told me that the boy had had enough and to let up on him, but I cut him short by politely telling him that if there was to be interference he would get some too. Of course I didn't mean that; I was

a little angry and you will have to make some allowance for that; besides I could never stand for children talking back to their parents, and he is old enough to know better.

"The very next day Mrs. Petterson took her son Axel down to our pastor and made a lot of complaints against me. The boy took off his shirt and showed the pastor what damage I had done. It must have been considerable by all accounts, and was the colour of a rainbow. The pastor is a fine man, but I don't like to be interfered with when I attend to my own business; at the same time I didn't like to say anything to hurt his feelings when he called. I therefore just showed him your letter, which he read right through and when he had finished he congratulated me for having done so well for a man of my years, and told me that if the boy called on him again he would put a few finishing touches on him that he wouldn't forget in a hurry.

"That French boy, Le Fevre, seems to be a smart fellow. Ask him if he is any relation to Marshal Le Fevre. I served under him at Danzig, and found him a good man, and I would like to see that boy. Bring him along if he wants to come. He can stay with me and your grandmother and will be in nobody's way. Perhaps he will be handy at the grindstone. The tools are in a pretty bad shape just now. I tell you why I want him to come, but this is between ourselves. Don't tell your father about it; if you do, he will make fun of me. I am not sure of my French any longer, and I want to find out how much I do know, because I intend to make a trip to France in a couple of years or so to see the Emperor's grave. I have not seen it now since we buried him, and that was in 1840.

"Of course your mother has told you all about your brother, so it would only be wasting paper for me to say any more, but it was a grand deed, I think. It must have

been, when the Englishmen say so, because they know a good sailor when they see him, and it is fair play with them, although I can't say I am in love with them. We had them licked at Waterloo; Wellington himself said that; but still they won.

"I now want to warn you against the Russians, and finish for this time. Don't ever go near them if you can help it; rich or poor, they are all lousy. A Russian gentleman has more lice than my old dog Blucher has fleas, so you know how bad they must be. It was really lice that destroyed the Grande Armée, but don't say anything about that; it sounds bad, and I don't want it to be generally known. You see, after they burnt up Moscow we ran shy of clothes and had to pick up anything we could get hold of, and that was the result.

"My best regards to your friend Swanson and the boy. Take fine care of the dog, and be sure to bring him home, because Blucher will soon pass in his checks.

"Your loving grandpa,
"NILS HANSON."

While I was reading grandpa's letter I laughed a great deal; it was so original. He wrote just as he was wont to relate things when I was with him, seated in some place, listening to his marvellous tales.

Having concluded, Jack wanted to know what all the fun was about, I handed him grandpa's letter and told him that it contained an invitation for him to come home to Sweden to stay as long as he liked, provided he was handy at the grindstone.

I also told him about Axel's arrival, and his treachery. "But," I said, "this will be good practice; you read it yourself, or let Herald help you. I shan't disturb you." And leaving Jack to his task, I left and went on board the *Progress* to visit my friend Sambo.

Sambo had a fine feed for me. He told me that he had not been to the cook-house at all that day, having done all the cooking in the cabin, for the crew included; this on account of Slocume having company on board. He also told me that the captain had greased up the custom officer a little more and given him a good meal besides.

After a while Sambo said he was in the right about our mate Swanson. "He is the man all right, and he is in the cabin now with the rest of the company. I knew all along that Slocume couldn't be mistaken, for he has a splendid memory." I told Sambo I was glad to hear it and hoped they would be good friends. "Yes, indeed, said Sambo, "they are good friends. Slocume is a fine man, and he has a soft spot for anybody that can fight."

In the evenings, after our day's work was done we used to have a great deal of fun. The crews from the different vessels would gather in the lumber yard, and there we had wrestling and boxing matches, and wound up with dancing and music, both instrumental and vocal. The Germans as a rule were the best musicians, but their instruments consisted mostly of accordions. One fellow, boatswain on a German ship, was the owner of an instrument that had six rows of keys. He was really an expert on that instrument, and played classical pieces as well as dance music.

When it came to dancing, my friend Jack was much sought after, and it was generally admitted that he was the champion of the step-dancers, although some of the English and Scots apprentice boys from the different British vessels were very good also.

The German boatswain did not know any of Jack's fancy pieces, but he was extremely smart at picking them up. Jack would play them once or twice on the tin whistle carefully, after which the boatswain would rattle it off on the accordion as easily as though he had known them a long time.

The young English apprentices were very nice, well behaved boys, mostly gentlemen's sons. I became very friendly with some of them and years afterward I had the pleasure of meeting several of them as masters of large steamships, and we found it a great pleasure to talk about old times at Archangel.

I remember on one occasion in particular. It was in 1898, during the Spanish-American war, I met one of the apprentice boys of the *Glengarry*. It was in Panama we met. I was then first officer of a Pacific Mail steamer, the *Costa Rica*, and we took our steamer alongside of an English sailing vessel to receive fuel from her. The captain of this vessel was my former apprentice boy acquaintance, and the strange part of it was that this man recognised me at once, twenty-one years after we had met, and then only for a brief five or six weeks' time. I have always prided myself upon a good memory, but this man's memory was something out of the ordinary. He reminded me of things that I had said and done, and which I had forgotten all about; but they soon came back to me as plain as anything, after he had pricked up my memory a little. We spent about a week together there at Panama, and every evening it was the same thing over again, one continual round of pleasure talking over the old times at Archangel. I had to give him an account of Yankee Swanson, who he was pleased to know was still alive, and then living in New York, where he was doing watchman's duty in the Van Husen Co.'s watching establishment. He had heard all about our terrible passage to England, and had often wondered what had become of my friend Le Fevre and me. Our cook, he told me, was the greatest liar he had ever met; in fact, he told me he was known in every port in Great Britain as being the champion liar twenty years ago. I made enquiries about that hard citizen Irish, and the captain informed me that Irish

never got hard again after Yankee Swanson once made him soft. He had left the *Glengarry* in Australia and the captain had never heard from him since.

One day the captain said to me, "Come on board and have lunch. I want to show you something that will remind you of Russia." After we had finished our lunch the captain took out a sketchbook, a very large volume which he told me he had sketched in since the first voyage he had made at sea. "Look through that and I think you will find something that will interest you." As every sketch was dated, I had no difficulty in finding what I thought would be of interest to me. 1877 was in the beginning of the book, and there I found myself and Jack step-dancing in the lumber yard; also Jack, Nap and the cook on the plank road to the cook-house. There was Yankee Swanson dancing around Irish, delivering sledge hammer blows. Even the two Dutchmen on top of the lumber pile, and Napoleon, very hostile-looking below, very lifelike indeed, were there. He also had a sketch of the old *Forsette* with her deckload of lumber piled as high as the railing. It certainly did remind me of old times, and I made the captain an offer of buying them. He would not hear of it, but promised to resketch those that were of interest to me and mail them to me from his next port. This was equally satisfactory, and I received the sketches some time afterward from San Francisco.

One day, just at the noon hour, we had come up from the hold to eat our dinner, and as yet, Jack, who had, up to that time, been most punctual, had not arrived with the victuals. Everybody wondered the reason of it, and Swanson told me to go and find out, thinking that there had been a collision of some kind or another on the narrow plank road.

I went on shore, walked through the lumber yard and out on the road. I had not gone far when I saw that

something unusual had happened. There were Sambo and Jack loaded down with cooking utensils, coming along the road, with Nap and the wagon in the rear. This was something unusual, indeed. There was also a Russian behind, pushing on the wagon. As I approached the caravan I saw that the wagon was loaded with cooks, very badly used up cooks at that.

It appeared that there had been a general row at the cook-house. Some cook had stolen ham and bacon from Sambo's stores, and our cook accused the German cook, of lumber pile fame, of having taken them. The German became very much offended at that, and knocked our cook down with a copper sauce pan. The cook of the *Glen-garry*, being friendly with our cook, retaliated on the German with a soup kettle, with the result that the German went down and out. This brought on a general engagement. Our cook, who always classed himself a Britisher when the occasion suited, rallied all the British cooks. Kettles and pans, as well as firewood, came in general use. The Germans somewhat outnumbered the British, who were of necessity obliged to retreat out of the cook-house.

Once out on the plank road, numbers did not count to such disadvantage for the Britishers as in the cook-house, because only two cooks could face one another on the plank road.

One big Scotchman, stronger than any of the rest, took a stand on the road and defied the enemy to come on. After a council of war they decided to charge, and on they came in single file to dispose of the Scot. The Scotchman stood his ground in fine style until five Dutch cooks were wallowing in the mire up to their elbows.

In the meantime the soldiers had been ordered out to put down the riot. They were led by a petty officer who, seeing that the cooks were armed with all sorts of deadly

implements, from a soup kettle to a red hot poker, ordered the soldiers to charge and use the butt end of the guns. This was by all accounts uncalled for, because the cooks did not resist the soldiers, in fact they all laid down their arms when the soldiers appeared on the scene, but the brutal soldiery took pleasure in beating up the poor cooks. Some of them were very badly hurt.

Sambo was the only one of the cooks whom the soldiers did not molest; this on account of his having given them a feed once in a while when they were on duty in the lumber yard.

Jack and his rig had just come on the scene when the fight was over, so for that reason they were not molested at all.

The officer and his band of cut-throats went into the cook-house and ate up everything in sight, and if it had not been for Sambo, whose stuff was not molested, we would have been without anything to eat for that dinner; but Sambo, who was friendly with Jack and our cook, divided with them and we got sufficient to go around.

The cook of the *Glengarry* had an ankle sprained and could not walk. Sambo and Jack pulled him out of the mire with some difficulty and piled him into the dog wagon. Our cook said that he would have to ride too, because he felt so dizzy that he was afraid he would step off the road and get tangled up in the tundra. Accordingly he was piled in also and in that state I met them on the road. Rescuing parties were sent out from the other vessels to gather in their wounded, and many a sailor went hungry that day all on account of this fight.

Our cook's injuries were not serious at all — at least Swanson told him they were not. He told Swanson that he would require a couple of day's rest to get over the dizziness, but Swanson said it was a mistake, that the rest would only make it worse, and so after having re-

ceived a little medicine, inwardly, from Captain Bengston's bottle, he resumed his duties at the cook-house that very afternoon, and he had the honour of being the only cook out of the bunch that took part in that fight who did.

The hold being nearly full, we could not use the bow-ports any longer, and for that reason we unmoored and took the vessel starboard side to the wharf, to finish filling up through the hatches and to put on the deckload.

The weather had been quite nice the whole time we had been at work, but now the last days of September it commenced to rain, which made it very uncomfortable. The tundra was in a fearful state, and even the lumber yard, which was covered with planks, was such that the slush and dirty water squirted all over one when walking on it.

Jack and Nap were exempt from doing any more wood gathering, except what would be needed at the cook-house. One reason of this was that Jack had everything nearly all filled up with wood, enough to last our cook until we got back to Sweden.

After the deckload was on, we ran out a kedge anchor and warped the vessel out to midstream, there to remain a few days to get everything in ship-shape to make a winter passage, which we expected to be a long one.

Hemp cordage was very cheap in Russia, and Captain Bengston laid in a good supply of hemp rope. We rove off new braces throughout, and made new tacks and sheets for the courses; besides, if any part of the running rigging did not look just right, Swanson had it renewed.

The foretop gallant mast was a little decayed under the eyes of the rigging. Swanson sent it down and a spare one we had on deck was sent up. Ericson was a cracker-jack at stowing lumber, and Swanson left the stowing of the deckload, as well as the securing of it to him entirely. He made a splendid job of it, and when it was finished it was as level as the deck itself. Captain Bengston

had gone up to Archangel to finish up his business and to clear the ship for Newport, England. He intended to remain in town until Swanson notified him that everything was in order for going to sea. This Swanson did, but Bengston telegraphed back that we would not sail for three or four days yet because the stores that he had ordered for the voyage could not be got before that time, and besides, he expected to hear from the owners of the vessel before he sailed.

Having this extra time on his hands and everything ready for sea, Swanson put us to work to clean up the fo'cs'le, galley, and the cabin. In fact, every place in the old craft was thoroughly scrubbed out, Swanson inspecting it himself, and if not to his liking we had to go over it again.

Sambo had made Jack a present of a bale of hay, which we now made good use of and restuffed our mattresses with it. Jack fixed up the den and decorated the walls with pictures. I also hung up my pictures in the den. I had several, among them one of grandpa in uniform taken many years back. Besides my pictures I also kept my heirlooms and good clothes in Jack's den, and it was a lucky thing I did, as we shall see a little later on.

The cooking was now done on board vessel, and the cook was glad of it. He told me he had never been so disgusted with anything in his life as he was with the cooking arrangements at that port.

"Why, man alive," he would say, "I haven't been able to get a drink during the whole time I have been up at that dirty hole working like a nigger and scrapping like a Turk every day, and no one ever said as much as thank you to me, and now I find out that the old man has been keeping open house and that fellow Ericson has had full charge of the bottle. Well, if that ain't enough to drive a fellow to drink if he could get it, I don't know. I know

I would if anybody was to tempt me, but no fear of anybody asking me to take a drink. That fellow Ericson has been guzzling up the whole lot while I have been away. I looked in the storeroom to-day and found that there are six cases empty, good stuff, too, mind you — gin — and me not getting a smell. Well, I suppose it is all right, but you will find there will be no more splicing the main brace on the way home, not after reefing topsails. They will miss it then, and no mistake, and you will find that we will have lots of reefing before we get to Newport, if we ever get there. You and Jack will both be sailors before we get to old England, believe me."

One evening, just before supper, we lowered the dingy, and Jack and I put Swanson over on the *Progress*, he having been invited to take supper with Captain Slocume and his wife. Swanson told us to make the boat fast and to come up, as he intended to stay a long time. We were glad of that, because we knew that Sambo would have something for us also, much better than we could get on board the *Forsette*. Sambo received us with open arms and told us we would have a supper after they were through in the cabin.

Sambo had a fire in the galley that evening, and I asked him if he was not afraid of getting into trouble through it. He told me there was no danger, because he had just finished greasing up the custom house officer with a bottle of Jamaica rum, very powerful stuff, and that the officer had dropped off to sleep, and most likely would not wake up before morning. I asked Sambo if he could not make me a present of a little of that stuff, just enough for one small drink for our cook, who was feeling real blue that evening. He said he would do so with pleasure, but he said he did not think rum would be sufficiently powerful to suit our cook. He had tried him on it before, and the

cook had said that it would do for marines, but not for a genuine first-class cook. "But," said Sambo, "I have a little of that Russian stuff aft in my cabin, and I will let you have a bottle of that. Your cook is very fond of it. I have been in the habit of giving him a bottle a day of that stuff, because of his kindness of allowing Jack to fetch my cooking utensils and the wood."

Jack laughed, and looked at me as much as to say, "Are you on—" How dry our cook must have been; just one little bottle a day. No wonder he complained so bitterly about the treatment he had received from the cooks, but he didn't say anything about the way Sambo had treated him. Sometimes he would remark that the nigger was the only decent fellow at the cook-house, and that he had gone to some trouble toward helping him out with certain luxuries that the nigger didn't know much about, but as yet he, even he, hadn't said turkey, and he thought that was a little mean.

It was now supper-time in the cabin and Sambo went aft to wait on the table. He said it would be an hour or more before he could give us anything, so told us to go and see our friends on the English ship and have a good time. "Take that dog Nap along with you," he said, "I am afraid to be left alone with him, although as yet he has never snapped at me, but I'm not going to run any chances of getting used up like them two Dutchmen." Then taking out a piece of meat, Nap was treated to it, and Sambo, overcome with the ridiculous situation of the two Dutchmen on the lumber pile, burst out in a laugh that could easily have been heard on board the *Glengarry*.

The apprentice boys were glad to see us. They were having their supper when we arrived, and a very poor one at that; not even as good as on board the *Forsette*; tea and hard-tack, no butter and no meat. They asked us to join

them, but we excused ourselves, telling them we had an invitation to supper from Sambo. The poor boys' mouths almost ran water when they heard of our luck.

They had a nice place all to themselves, with a locker for each boy, also a desk used by the boys for navigating on. They took pleasure in showing us their navigation work they had done on the trip out. It was very interesting to us, although we knew nothing about it, of course. In a way they had much better times of it than we had, and they seemed to think that we were awfully abused with hard work, and wondered how we could stand it at all.

Irish, the fallen champion, had commenced to do a little work again after the *Forsette* had hauled out on the stream. He had been too ashamed of himself to show up while there was a chance for Swanson to get a look at him. Jack and I were anxious to see him, but he knew that we were on board and would not give us the satisfaction, thinking that we would tell Swanson of his looks.

The boys said that he was a different man altogether, and if he ever got fresh again it was understood among themselves that they were going to tackle him and finish him up for good.

One boy asked me if Swanson ever beat up anybody as bad as Irish, and I told him how he sent MacDougall to the hospital at Grangemouth, MacDougall being classed the best scrapper in Scotland at that. They looked at me in wonderment, and shook their heads in a manner as if doubting what I said, but Jack backed me up in the assertion and said that he had been an eyewitness to it, as well as I.

Our cook had informed the cook on the *Glengarry* that when we got to England he intended to make an honest pound or two out of all the trouble and time he had spent the last three months teaching Jack and me how to step-

dance and box. He also had said that we were not very smart at picking up things, and that he had had a lot more trouble with us than he had had with the dog Nap, who really was a wonder in the dog line, and that an English lord with whom he was well acquainted had offered him fifty pounds for the dog. The lord wanted him very badly indeed, as he intended to make King Oscar a present of the dog. He also had a harpoon that he intended to exhibit in England; in short, between the boys, the dog, and the harpoon, he had a snap and no mistake.

We informed the boys that it was all lies the cook had told; that he had not had a thing to do with training the dog, nor with teaching us how to dance or box, and by way of having something to say, we commenced to relate a number of things that had happened between the dog and the cook, which the boys thought were real funny, and they laughed heartily.

We shook hands and said good-bye and hoped we would meet again in some other part of the world, which we did many years afterward, some of us, and under different circumstances.

We had stayed rather longer than we had expected to. Sambo had our supper ready when we came on board, and it was a feast pure and simple for us. We wound up with a piece of hot mince pie and a cup of coffee.

It was near midnight when Swanson shouted to us to get into the boat. He had had a good time, I think, because he was in a good humour and chatted with us as we rowed on board. We dropped the boat astern and took ourselves off to our bunks. Even that seemed a treat almost as good as Sambo's feast, because everything was clean and the scent of the fresh hay in the mattresses added a certain amount of comfort to our rest.

The following morning the weather was bitter cold, and thin ice covered the harbour. It also snowed a little.

As everything was ready to go to sea at a moment's notice, Swanson gave us the day off. We got busy and spent the day mending clothes and darning stockings.

Herald, the handy man, who was always on the look-out for some improvement, rigged up a little stove in the fo'cs'le, which proved to be a bonanza during the passage to England, because, thanks to Jack, we were well supplied with fuel and could keep our clothes dry without having to ask the cook for that great favour.

The 5th of October was a fine, clear day, but very cold. Captain Bengston having settled his accounts, came on board in the morning. The stores that he had bought came alongside on a lighter, and we got busy taking them on board.

At noon, the same old tugboat that had brought us in came to take us out, and we manned the windlass, all hands and the cook. Having hove in to a short scope, we passed the hawser to the tug, which steamed out ahead of us and put a little strain on it. Manning the windlass again, we broke out the anchor and made a signal to the tug to go ahead. As we gathered headway we dipped our ensign to the *Glengarry* and *Progress*, who responded, their apprentice boys cheering and waving us good-bye, and old Sambo on the *Progress* did likewise, wishing us a happy voyage.

We set our fore and aft sails to help the tug along, after which we catted and fished the anchor, and were off for old England once more, leaving no regrets after us, except the apprentice boys on the *Glengarry* and old Sambo.

The wind was northerly, a moderate breeze. Having stowed the anchor we set the lower and upper topsails and braced up sharp. The tug made a prearranged signal, and cast off the hawser. It tooted us good-bye and went back to Solombola. We set all our sails and in a little

while we were going along at a pretty good clip, and better still, the wind hauling gradually to the eastward enabled us to lay our course.

The decks having been cleared up and all running gear coiled down in shipshape, all hands were called aft to get a big drink out of the small glass, after which the watches were set; Bengston explaining that he was well satisfied with the work we had done at Archangel, and furthermore, that henceforth it would be watch and watch for the voyage to England and home. "If everything goes well," said the skipper, "we will be home and in winter quarters by Christmas. But," he concluded, "we have a long, hard road to travel between now and then."

The wind continued to be fair for several days and we made fine progress; ten knots per hour was our average speed for several days.

A week out from Archangel we were up to the North Cape and up to that time everything had been in our favour. Then came a change that we to a certain extent expected, but never thought would last so long. It continued to blow from the west and SW for a whole month, almost, without a let-up, and during the greater part of that time we were hove to under the lower topsails and a storm trysail.

I had often heard of the terrible hardships some ships' crews had experienced in making a winter passage to the westward across the Atlantic, or rounding the Horn in the winter months, and even on board the *Forsette* it was a daily occurrence to hear somebody relate of fearful sufferings they had undergone in some vessel or other; but still there we were on board the old *Forsette* in the month of November, 73 degrees north, and as yet I had not seen anybody suffer worth mentioning. To be sure, it was cold — below zero at times — and there was no lack of snow, but we had plenty of good winter clothing that kept us warm

while on deck, and when below we were very comfortable, thanks to Herald and his little stove.

We got plenty to eat, such as it was, salt beef and pork, pea soup, tea, coffee, and hard-tack. It was very rarely that anybody got wet, because the old craft laid like a duck, and what water she took over did not bother us any, because the deckload was on a level with the rails.

The wheel being lashed down for days at a time dispensed with a man at the wheel, and as for keeping a lookout in that part of the world during the winter months, it could just as well be dispensed with, because there are no vessels going to the eastward then.

Every noon if the sea was not running too high we used to wear ship. That was work, because as a rule we had to get more sail on her to give steerage way, and after getting her around on the other tack we took them off her again. The sailors liked that, because after it was done, as a rule the old man would shout, "Lay aft here and splice the main brace," contrary to the cook's prediction that there would be no more of that after Ericson and his lumberjacks had finished up six cases of good gin.

It is really strange what a sailor who has a liking for strong liquor — and most of them have — will do to get a little of it, more so if at sea, when it is impossible to get any, unless, as in our case, the captain happens to be a man of the kind who believes in treating his men to a drink when they, in his opinion, are doing hard or hazardous work.

The cook as a rule did not like to lend a hand on deck, unless he felt sure that there was a drink in it for him, and if at any time he slipped up in his calculations, the old man came in for a hauling over the coals that would not look well in print. If, on the other hand, he got his drink, and if it happened to be out of the big glass, he

would say that the old man was not half bad and that he had sailed with men that were a d—n sight worse. "Pity," the cook would say, "that the owners don't give the old man a better vessel. He certainly is a first class sailor, no one can gainsay that. That Yankee Swanson will never see the day when he can handle a vessel under sail like the old man can. As for that ungainly ice-bear Ericson, I wouldn't trust him in a yawl boat on a creek; and talk about navigation, haw, haw, haw, the Lord save us, it makes me laugh when I think of it. I came into the cabin yesterday when my bold Eric Ericson was figuring out the ship's position — that's what he called it. He looked worried, and by way of being sociable, I asked him if I could do anything for him. 'Do anything for me, you old fool,' he said, 'can't you see I'm navigating. Now you disturbed me and I lost run of her and will have to do it all over again.' And with that he threw the paper he had been figuring on away. I picked it up and looked at it, first one way and then another, because it was a most difficult matter to make out which end of it should be up or down. I used to be a fairly good hand at figuring myself one time, but this was too much for me. I burst out laughing, and Ericson said, 'Well, what are you laughing at, anyhow? Do you think it is fun to have to do all that work over again?' I told him there was no need of doing anything of the kind; that anybody that knew the least bit about navgiation could tell by looking at that paper where we were within a few miles at a glance. That made him curious to know what I was driving at, and he said, 'Well, where are we then?' I answered, 'Not very far off the fishing banks on the coast of Greenland.' 'Yes, that's so, but how did you figure that out so quick, I have been at it the whole morning,' he said. 'That's dead easy,' I replied, 'I could tell by all the fish hooks you have made on the paper. If there had

been a few more I could have swore that we were on the banks of Newfoundland."

I had seen some of Ericson's work myself, and to tell the truth his figures did resemble fish hooks, and I don't think Captain Bengston banked on the positions that Ericson gave him. But leaving navigation aside, Ericson was a good seaman and well qualified to fill the position he held on the *Forsette*, as we shall see later on, and it would not have been a safe proposition to have criticised him either, in his hearing, as he was always ready to take his own part; but with the cook it was different, he was an old man and Ericson did not take him seriously.

The last time Jack and I visited Sambo he presented us with a bottle of liquor each, which I had asked him for, as I wanted to treat the cook when he had the blues, or when Jack and I felt like listening to a good ridiculous story to help pass away a dreary hour.

The bottles we kept stowed away in the den, and the cook was under the impression that Jack was stealing the stuff from the old man. This little piece of rascality the cook very much approved of. Jack was, in his estimation, a bright boy, and while the stuff lasted there was no limit to the possibilities of that boy, provided he continued associating with gentlemen like himself and did not fall entirely under the influence of rascals like Swanson or Ericson.

Herald took great pains with Jack in teaching him our language as well as English, in which he was very deficient, owing to the fact that he had had very little schooling, but as Jack was so anxious to learn, and besides, such a smart pupil, Herald never tired of answering all his questions, which were numerous enough to drive an ordinary man to desperation.

One afternoon it was Swanson's watch on deck. We were hove to under lower topsails, wind blowing from the

SW, a fresh gale. Herald, Jack and I were sitting in the lee of the long-boat, intently listening to Jack relating to us the story of his life. We had never heard it before in full, and probably would not have heard it then if it had not been for the fact that Herald absolutely refused to teach or answer any more questions, unless Jack unburdened himself of all mysteries that up to the present time surrounded him. Having promised to never ask him to relate it again, he began, and this is what he told us:

Jack Le Fevre was born on the Island of Jersey, in the town of H——, where his father was a merchant in a small way. His father's business took him over to France very often and sometimes also to England, and on several occasions he had taken his wife and only son along too. Jack told of how happy they then were and of all the pretty presents he used to receive from his father, and of all the pretty clothes he had to wear.

Jack was still a very small boy when the French-Prussian war broke out. His father, although a British subject, sympathised with the French, sold out his business at a loss and joined the French army.

The mother heard from her husband three or four times after he had left home, the last time from Sudan, when he told her that they expected to fight a battle the following day. The battle was fought, and as everybody knows, the French lost.

The mother, not receiving any further news from her husband, naturally thought that he was either killed or else so seriously wounded that he could not communicate with her, and decided to go to France to find out what she could about her husband.

To raise the necessary cash for the journey, she sold what little she had left of their belongings and put her little son, then about seven years of age, in care of a poor relative of the father.

Madame Le Fevre embarked in a fishing boat and landed at a place in France, from where she wrote that she would start for Sudan the following day. Arriving at that place, she found the Germans in charge, and although they treated her kindly, they could not give her any information concerning her husband.

Being thoroughly disheartened over the failure of not finding her husband at Sudan, she decided to make her way on foot to Paris. It was the only way she could travel now, because her money was all gone.

After great trouble and starvation she arrived at Paris, only to find the Germans surrounding the whole city, and they refused to allow her to enter.

Thinking that she had done everything that a wife could possibly do under such circumstances she decided it would be best to return to her home, and started on foot for the coast. She fell sick on the way and was taken care of by a farmer's wife, from which place she wrote a few lines to the relative in charge of the boy, relating her awful predicament, and asking him as a favour to send her a few shillings to enable her to get back to the Island of Jersey. The relative, being a poor man, and worse still, a very bad one, refused to send her anything, and to further humiliate her, he wrote and advised her to stay where she was; that he, being poor, was sufficiently hampered with the boy, without being expected to take care of her also; and furthermore, if she did come back he would not allow her inside of his house, because she did not deserve it, having run away after her fool husband, who was an out-and-out crank and deserved everything that he got, being such a fool to go away to fight for a country he did not belong to. This letter arrived at the farmhouse, where Jack's mother was slowly recovering from her fatigue. She opened the letter with joy, thinking that the much longed for paltry shillings would be there, which would

enable her to return to her loving little son in Jersey; and besides, she was anxious to recompense the poor farmer's wife for all the trouble she had caused her.

Poor Madame Le Fevre, the blow was too much for her. She had been able to endure starvation and insults of the grossest kind from the German soldiery, but what was that in comparison with what she was receiving now from her husband's relatives. She quietly laid her weary head on the straw pillow, the letter fell from her hand, and without a moan she died.

The poor farmer's wife being an ignorant woman and not able to read, took the letter to the priest. The godly man shed tears and so did the poor woman after the priest had made her acquainted with the contents of the letter. The neighbours, through the priest, were made acquainted with the circumstances under which Mr. and Mrs. Le Fevre had given up their lives in the cause of the fatherland, and the consequences were that Mrs. Le Fevre had a respectable funeral and was laid to rest in the village churchyard.

The good priest wrote a long letter to the mayor of H——, giving him a detailed account of the suffering and death of Madame Le Fevre. He also wrote that Madame Le Fevre had not been able to find out whether her husband was dead or alive, and asking if he would on his own account try to find out something definite from the general in command at Sudan.

After some time the mayor received a letter from the priest informing him that Le Fevre had not been killed at Sudan, but that he had on the day before the battle been taken a prisoner of war while out with some officers reconnoitring. The prisoners were brought to headquarters of the German general, who plied them with questions regarding the condition of affairs at Sudan, after which they were searched and papers found on Le Fevre

which proved without a doubt that he was a British subject; in fact, Le Fevre did not deny it. This was a most serious offence and the German general informed him that his case would be classed as spying, and that he would be shot the following day.

The general must have changed his mind about shooting him, however, because the following day Le Fevre and numerous other prisoners were placed under guard and transported to a fortress in Germany. The good priest advised the mayor to bestir himself a bit to get the British war office to intercede in Le Fevre's behalf, and also to speak to the man in whose care Jack was, and have him send his relative in prison in Germany a little money, of which he undoubtedly stood in great need.

The mayor of H—— was a fat, lazy man and very narrow-minded. He could not see that it would do any good to trouble the British government about anything as small as that. Just one man, and at that, a fellow who had no more sense than to sell out his business, leave his wife and child to be taken care of by other people, and then like a fool go away and fight for a country to which he did not belong. "No, indeed," thought the mayor. "What a fool I would make of myself to get disliked by the government for anything like that, and besides what good could it possibly do? The Germans have a perfect right to shoot him. A fool like that ought to be shot. Those are my sentiments. However, I will certainly go and speak to that man who takes care of the boy and have him send Le Fevre a few pounds. He won't lose anything by that, because he can take it out of the boy by putting him to work. I myself will see to it that the boy gets something to do if he ain't working already. That will be better than to bother the whole British Empire."

The mayor put the priest's letter in his inside pocket

and strolled down to where this man lived, with the object of extorting a few pounds for the benefit of the prisoner in Germany.

Jack's caretaker was a man who did not stand very well in the community. He had the reputation of being mean and cruel, and on several occasions had been known to beat his wife and children. Ostensibly he was a fisherman, but people said that the fishing he did was perfectly harmless in comparison with the smuggling he did between France and the Channel Islands. Sometimes after having been away on a smuggling expedition which lasted three or four days, he would bring back a few fish which he made his wife and children peddle about town, but that was only a blind and calculated to stop other people from prying into his private affairs.

On the day the mayor called to see him about the little money matter, the fisherman had just arrived from a long cruise. The wife informed the mayor that her husband was very tired and had gone to sleep in the basement, and that she would be afraid to disturb his slumbers until she came back from town, where she and little Jack were then ready to go to peddle off some fish. The mayor told the woman that he had come on very important business, and that he would not be put off with such flimsy excuses as that, and furthermore, if she was afraid to arouse him, he as mayor of the town would take it upon himself to call him out.

The woman seemed very much agitated about the stand the mayor took in this matter and after considerable humming and hawing she told Jack in a whisper to go down and see if her husband had gone asleep. The fisherman had forgotten to lock the door and was rudely disturbed by Jack's entering, who found his protector sitting down to a small table stacking up money. Being of a fierce

temper, he jumped up with blood in his eye, and in so doing he upset the table and gold and silver were scattered in all directions. Crazed with anger at seeing his hoarded pile scattered in that manner, he started to beat the little boy most unmercifully.

The woman, hearing the outcry of the boy, held her breath in holy horror, but was too frightened to go down to protect the boy. His crying became weaker and weaker until finally it ceased altogether, and a loud thud was heard as if something was thrown violently against the wall. The woman fainted and the cowardly mayor, who a few moments before had expressed his intention of going down in the basement, opened the door and shouted in French and English, "Murder, help, fire," and everything else he could think of.

The brute in the basement, hearing the shouting, took fright and locked the door. That done, he began gathering up his scattered money, and while in the act of doing this the mayor with a dozen stalwart hands — not cowards like himself — were loudly beating down the door, which the brute refused to open.

The door beaten down, the sight that confronted the mayor was horrible indeed. Jack was apparently dead, a little heap in the corner, besmeared with blood.

The brute, seeing the mayor, who had the reputation of being extremely severe on the criminal element in town, facing him with so many strong men at his back fell on his knees begging for mercy and shivering like a cur dog that he was.

The mayor put on an air of authority and demanded first of all to know who all that gold money belonged to that he saw scattered over the floor. The fisherman's excuse for having so much money in his possession was this, that he was a very poor man and had always tried to lay by a little for a rainy day. The mayor pooh-poohed that

and remarked that it looked as though there was money enough to last the brute if it rained every day for the remainder of his life.

The woman had by this time sauntered down, and wanted to enter the basement, but the mayor held her back and told her that she was under arrest. The boy was picked up, lifeless, apparently, and carried to a hospital, where upon examination of his injuries, it was found that three ribs were broken, besides numerous bruises about the face and body.

The fisherman and his wife were carted off to jail. Their two children, a boy and a girl, 16 and 14 years of age, respectively, who were away in other parts of the island disposing of smuggled goods (this came to light afterward) were apprehended also and run in, but were kept separated from each other and also from their parents.

The mayor, who also was chief of police, had a thorough search made of the house, and smuggled goods amounting to a great deal of money were found and seized.

For several months Jack hovered between life and death, during which time nothing was done toward bringing the fisherman to trial. This delay was necessary because in case of death the fisherman would have to face the indictment of murder. However, after months of suspense, the doctors announced that Jack would recover, although it would be a long time yet before he could leave the bed.

The mayor now decided upon bringing the fisherman to trial for having smuggled goods in his possession and for defrauding the government.

The case attracted more than usual attention throughout the British islands, and the fisherman from some unknown source had obtained two of the very best lawyers in London to defend him. Evidence was produced that implicated a number of people in good standing in England as

well as in the Channel Islands. The fisherman when put on the stand made a statement that threw the mayor into a fit. He claimed that the mayor was the chief beneficiary of the illegal handling of smuggled goods, and the fisherman's wife and children backed up the assertion, stating under oath that they had on numerous occasions brought him and his wife smuggled goods but that they never paid for them. The fisherman also claimed that Le Fevre, Jack's father, had always been the chief mover in the smuggling ring, and that the mayor had an object in view in not taking steps toward bringing Le Fevre back from Germany, and instead, had forwarded money to Le Fevre and given him instructions to make use of it in getting away to the United States after having been set free — the French-Prussian war having come to an end.

This evidence was genuine and had been obtained by the fisherman's lawyers through the British consuls in Germany, and also from the general in charge at the fortress where Le Fevre was a prisoner of war.

It was proved beyond a doubt that the mayor was as deep in the mire as the fisherman was. He lost his position and was arrested on charges brought against him similar to those he had preferred against the fisherman. Both of them were convicted and sentenced to ten years' hard labour.

Le Fevre, who had been made acquainted with conditions at home, elected to remain away, well knowing that the indictments for defrauding the government would be staring him in the face if he ever returned.

Jack was ten years of age when he was turned out of the hospital as being cured. During the time he had been there he had received some instruction from the sisters of charity. They had taught him to read and write in the French language. Of English he knew nothing, except that he could speak in a way.

Practically speaking, he was now an orphan and had to shift for himself, and as he was stunted of growth and not strong, it was a hard proposition to get anything to do. The authorities at the hospital gave him permission to go to the hospital for his food, and a bed was put aside for him until he obtained something to do. Having no money and no friends, he was not in a position to go anywhere outside the immediate neighbourhood.

The fisherman's wife and children made themselves very busy putting obstacles in his way by telling the people that Jack was a boy not to be trusted; that he had acted the spy on the poor fisherman, as his father had been a spy for the Germans while in the French army, and that his father was really the cause of the French having lost the battle of Sudan, by giving away the whole situation to the Germans, and that was the reason why the Germans had spared his life and deported him to the United States, where all scoundrels went sooner or later.

This was indeed hard lines for a boy ten years of age. Whenever he made his appearance at a house, asking for something to do, they would send their children out to throw stones at him, calling him the spy and other wicked names, until finally it came to such a pass that the boy was afraid to show himself and took recourse to hiding during the day, while at night he would sneak out like a common criminal and beg for something to eat from sailors and low characters that frequented the waterfront.

One night the boy ventured out from his hiding place and took himself off toward the harbour. He had not gone far when he came face to face with the fisherman's boy. Jack, well knowing that he was in for a licking, started to run, pursued by the other boy. The fisherman's son being the stronger and swifter on foot was rapidly overtaking Jack, when a guardian angel in the shape of a drunken sailor came staggering along the street. Jack, nearly

exhausted, threw himself into the arms of the sailor, the while imploring help.

The sailor, who turned out to be an Englishman, was not appealed to in vain. He took Jack under his wing and sent the other boy about his business by means of a swift kick that made the boy howl. Having disposed of the enemy, the sailor commenced asking questions, and hearing that Jack was homeless as well as friendless, and had had nothing to eat for several days, he decided to act at once, and in true sailor style took the boy into a public house and ordered half-and-half for two.

The public house was kept by a Frenchman, who had to some extent been implicated with the fisherman in the smuggling business; in fact, he had taken the stand in behalf of the latter. Seeing the boy enter his place, he came out from behind the bar and would have done bodily harm to the youngster if the sailor had not interfered with a well directed blow in the jaw that sent the saloon keeper down on his back. The place was well patronised by sailors at the time, some of them more or less drunk. The majority of them were British.

The public house keeper after a while got on his feet again and demanded an explanation of this sudden attack, inasmuch as he had not done anything to warrant anything of the kind. He merely wanted to keep his place clear of spies that would get everybody in trouble, they as well as himself. The sailors having heard the public house keeper's story, waved him aside and asked Jack what he had to say for himself. Jack told such a straightforward story of how everybody in the place persecuted him; how he could not venture out during the day to beg for something to eat, and of how much he wished he could get a chance to get away to England in some vessel, where he thought he would be able to get something to do.

By the time Jack had finished his story every British

jack tar in the place was bent upon doing violence of some sort to prevent the cruelties practised upon the boy, and by way of illustrating to the public house keeper of what would happen to him if he did not set them up double quick for all hands and the boy, they commenced to smash up furniture of various kinds and now and again let drive something at the shelves that made great havoc among the bottles.

The poor man was at his wits' ends what to do. To shout for help was out of the question, as he well knew his place of business would be out of commission long before anything of the sort could arrive. He therefore made the best of a bad business and asked them to help themselves, which they did by instructing Jack to go behind the bar and pass out bottles which they might call for. Having laid in a liberal supply, all that they could conveniently carry in their pockets, and having left instructions with the Frenchman that if he squealed they would call again in larger force, they took themselves off to their various coasting vessels, singing as they rolled along, "Rule Britannia."

The guardian angel was the mate of a coasting vessel that plied between Southampton and the Channel Islands. He instructed Jack to come along, saying that he would give him a chance to get to England. The vessel was at anchor in the harbour ready to sail in the morning. The mate hailed the vessel and a small boat came off and brought them on board. The mate took Jack down to his room. He hunted up a few dirty rags which he threw down on the floor and told Jack to make himself comfortable. That done, he threw himself into his bunk, boots and all, and was soon sound asleep.

Jack, unable to sleep on account of the hunger gnawing in his stomach, went out on deck, where he found a young fellow standing anchor watch. After having answered

some questions from the watchman as to how he came to be on board the vessel, Jack, just dying of hunger, asked him if he could give him a piece of bread.

The young man seemed kindly disposed toward Jack and took him into the galley, where he supplied him with a liberal amount of coffee and some hard-tack.

When he finished his meal he thanked the watchman and went back to the rags and very soon fell asleep. When he woke up the following morning the vessel was out at sea on her way to Southampton, where they arrived in a couple of days. On their arrival the mate took his protégé on shore and got him installed as a waiter in a sailors' boarding-house, kept by a retired coasting captain. His salary was to be nil until the old skipper could find out how much the boy would be worth. The house had a lot of guests just about the time Jack got there. Some of them, being homeward bound, were liberal with their money, and having heard of Jack's awful ordeal they subscribed toward getting the boy a few clothes.

Next door to the boarding-house was a cheap theatre patronised principally by sailors and servant girls. It was a free and easy place, and between acts it was customary for anybody that could do a little stunt of some sort, such as step-dancing or singing, to get up and do it. The manager was pleased when anybody did so, because it was profitable business, these little side stunts. The homeward-bounders as a rule called for a round of drinks if the actor did or said something that appealed to their taste.

It was at this place that Jack got an infatuation for dancing and he also took up the tin whistle and harmonica. Sometimes when at work around the boarding-house, and when he thought nobody saw him he would practise a little all by himself. And after a while when in the evenings the sailors would have a little jollification amongst themselves, Jack as a rule was called upon to do

something, and when he finished it was the unanimous opinion among the sailors that the boy was a wonder as a step-dancer.

Once the word had been passed around that the boy was a step-dancer, he could never visit the theatre without being called upon to do a little stunt. The manager himself would insist upon it, and to his credit it should be said that he very often passed around the hat and took up a collection for the boy.

Jack very often met sailors from coasting vessels that came from his place. They would drop into the boarding-house, which also was a public house, for a drink or a chat, but Jack avoided them as much as he could, always afraid that they would say something about his being a spy or something disagreeable about his father.

The old sea captain who ran the boarding-house was a kind old fellow, and treated the boy fairly well, although during the two years the boy worked at his place he never offered him any set wages, notwithstanding the fact that the boy had to do a lot of work, early and late. His work was principally that of a chamber-maid during the day, and in the evenings when the barroom was well crowded with sailors he had to assist the old sea dog with serving out drinks.

If the homeward-bounders — the old man was always very partial toward them — wanted a little music, Jack had to furnish the same on the tin whistle or harmonica, and the same with the dancing; Jack was the boy who had to do a fancy step-dance. It was all business with the old man; the sailors would set up the drinks.

As a rule a sailor when he has money is very free with it; in fact, it seems as if he was anxious to get clear of it in the shortest possible way, and as the easiest of all ways to do that is to patronise the boarding-house keeper, that's where he will stay until it is all gone, and think himself

very well treated indeed provided the boarding-house master don't give him knockout drops and rob him outright of everything he has the first day he is in the house, which is done very often. Jack's employer was what the sailors would call a good man. He did not rob them, but their money was his just the same. He had a way about him that made the sailors think that it was out of pure charity that he kept a boarding-house at all, and that he was everlastingly losing what little money he had managed to save up for a rainy day.

At times when Jack had finished entertaining the crowd with a dance, or a tune on the whistle, somebody would of course set them up for all hands. The old man would hold up both his hands in holy horror and beg them not to do such a thing; that if they insisted upon doing that every time he asked the boy to entertain them a bit he felt as if it would be his duty to stop it altogether. He would much rather see them give the little lad a shilling or two, because he was an orphan and a good boy, and as he was losing money every day he was not in a fix to give the boy anything outside of a good home, plenty to eat, and very little work. Therefore, if anybody in the crowd felt that they had anything to spare he would much rather they gave it to the boy than to spend it on liquor, although a little drop of it among friends could never do any harm.

This little talk from the old man went a long way toward helping out the boy to get money to buy clothes; in other words, that is how he paid the boy's wages.

Some evenings if the sailors limbered up good, Jack would get as much as ten shillings. That was considered extra good, and the old man's wife, who had Jack's welfare at heart almost as much as the old man himself, would call on the boy after he had gone to bed and relieve him of half of it. She told Jack that it almost broke her heart

to do it, but she couldn't help it. Her husband had told her that too much money at one time would spoil him altogether, and that the old man had made up his mind to help him all he could.

In this manner, one year after another dragged along. It was an existence for Jack and no more. He was anxious to learn, but what could he learn in the midst of such surroundings?

However, a change came for the better. The old sea dog died and the old woman sold out the place and retired from active life to live in luxury for the remainder of her days.

The boarding-house out of existence proved to be a death blow to the little theatre next door, and the manager shut up the place to look for a better location in some other town.

Jack was now left to shift for himself. He was not much better off than he was when he landed at Southampton several years before, except that he had some experience and he was older. He packed his little grip and struck out for the interior. He stopped at the country places and made a few pennies now and again by entertaining the country folks with a little music and a step-dance. He always managed to get something to eat, because he made himself useful in different ways; and besides, his happy disposition and good nature and the fact that he never complained made him a general favourite among the country people.

On his tramp through England he got along fine. It was a picnic all through, something he had never had before, but the picnic was at an end the very day he crossed the Scottish boundary. The country people were not so liberal there, and poor Jack decided to try the big towns once more.

The first town of any size he struck was Grangemouth, and I was the first person on Scottish soil that gave him the glad hand.

Eight bells struck. Jack had finished his story and we went to our bunks.

It was on a Sunday morning, and we were five weeks out from Archangel, and during that time we had seen the sun or stars on very rare occasions, and for the last ten or twelve days not at all. Consequently the ship's position was, you might say, mere guess work, because the vessel being hove-to a great deal of that time — sometimes under bare poles entirely, except a tarpaulin unrolled in the mizzen rigging — it was, as any experienced navigator knows, next to impossible to determine the ship's position under those conditions, within any degree of certainty.

After having rounded North Cape, Captain Bengston intended to shape his courses, weather and conditions permitting, to bring his command between the Faroe and Shetland Islands; then when far enough to the westward, to steer about south and to pass through the north channel which separates Ireland and Scotland.

Bengston and Swanson had many an argument over that same question. Swanson thought it would be best, considering the time of the year, to take the *Forsette* through the North Sea and then through the English Channel, as we could expect better weather, although the distance would be much longer.

Bengston was not opposed to Swanson's scheme and probably would have taken that route if we had not encountered so much southerly and SW wind. His only argument against it was that the English Channel is one of the most dangerous sheets of water in the world to navigate, owing to the great amount of shipping there, and also the currents that run very swift and irregular.

However, Bengston stuck to his original intentions, and on this Sunday morning he pricked her off on the chart as being somewhere between those two groups of islands I have just mentioned. The wind was then and had been for several days prior, SW. It had been blowing quite fresh during the night, and we were going along close hauled on the port tack, heading about WNW under reefed topsails, reefed foresail, spanker and forestaysail. The old craft made fine weather of it, but she barely steered, owing to a tremendous high NW swell.

It was my trick at the wheel from eight to ten that forenoon watch. It was Swanson's watch, but Bengston was on deck himself, being anxious about the weather, and worse still, not being sure of his position.

Bengston remarked to Swanson that he wished to goodness it would clear up a bit so he could find out where we were.

"So do I," said Swanson, "but it doesn't look much like clearing, although I think we will have a change of wind soon."

At about nine o'clock it fell dead calm and started a drizzling rain; in fact, it became quite thick. Bengston said that if there were any vessels around we ought to blow our fog horn. Swanson reached into the companion-way and took out the horn, and handing it to Herald, he told him to go forward and blow a blast every minute.

The very first blast Herald blew, Bengston fairly jumped out of his seaboots. He turned white and looked at Swanson inquiringly. "Echo, I guess, don't you? That's what it sounded like. But where in the world can it come from?" Herald blew another blast, and there it was again, very plain indeed. Said Swanson, "We can't be more than a mile off, if we are that, by the sound of it."

"Come down below, Swanson," said Bengston. "We

will take a look at the chart. It is just possible we have been set to the south'erd."

They did not remain long below, and when they came on deck they went off by themselves and spoke in whispers almost. Herald kept blowing the horn, and to judge by the echo, it did not sound any plainer.

Bengston remarked, "If we don't get some wind soon we are in a bad fix, because this NW swell will soon put us ashore." Then to Swanson, "Get the lead line out and see if we are in soundings. If we are where we guess, there will be hundreds of fathoms of water and anchoring will be out of the question."

Swanson sang out to the watch to come aft and sent Jack to rouse the watch below. The lead was cast and 200 fathoms of line with it, but no bottom. "Just what I thought, Swanson, we are in for it if we don't get wind."

Swanson said nothing, but I thought that he looked worried. About ten o'clock there was a break in the sky to the north'erd and the wind sprang up from that direction, light at first, but gradually increasing to a gale. The wind ceased, the dirty sky skinned off like magic, and there we were, islands and headlands all around us, and rocks innumerable, it seemed. The one which rebounded the echo was about half a mile away. Altogether it was a most forbidding sight.

Bengston and his two mates held a hurried consultation, and orders began to fly thick and fast. The cook came out of the galley and took in the situation at a glance. He was a sailor all right, and could see we were in a pretty bad box, and felt that his help would be called into requisite. He therefore slammed the door to with a bang and said something about what we could expect when we were fools enough to sail with a boat-hook navigator.

We shook out the reefs from the topsails and the foresail

and set them, and stood off on the port tack, the outside headland being fully two points on our port bow — not a very bright prospect.

The bay, or inlet, we were in was, I should think, about five miles wide, and we were, when we discovered our dilemma, about three miles inside of the headlands. The course out was north, and the wind, now blowing a living gale, blew from that direction. Besides, there was the high NW swell I have mentioned before.

Could any vessel be placed in a worse position? I think not; and, bear in mind, it was ten o'clock in the morning and hardly daylight. At half past two it would be dark.

The *Forsette* was now under as much sail as she could with any safety carry, and she was going along at an eight-knot gait. In a little while we were over on the east shore. Everything was ready for about ship, all hands at their respective stations. Bengston took the wheel himself, ran her off a point or so to get her good and full, being afraid that she would miss stays. She came up in the wind very well indeed, and we swung the mainyards, but that was as far as she would go, owing to the heavy swell on the port bow. This was an awful calamity. We had to swing the mainyards again and wear her to get her on the starboard tack, the rocks being too close on board to make another attempt at going about. We lost fully a mile on this operation, and we could ill afford it.

After we got her around on the starboard tack, Bengston said to Swanson, "That was a bad one. We will have to do better than that or we might as well give it up at once. Get more sail on her, set the jib and mainstay-sail," which accordingly was done.

With these additional sails we made better time, and in about half an hour we were over on the west shore

and about ship. Bengston still at the wheel, ran well in under the rocks, where the swell did not affect us so much, and she came around in fine style without losing any headway to speak of.

"That's better," shouted Bengston, in high glee. "If we can do as well over on the other shore, I think we will do it after all before it gets dark."

"I think so, too," said Swanson. "But if I were you I would make short tacks. It seems to me that the current is setting us in over on the other shore, and besides the swell is much heavier there."

"All right, Swanson, I will try. Oh, if only the wind would haul a point or so, and if we could only carry the gallantsails, I think we would clear that west headland by making three or four more tacks."

"I don't think it would be advisable to set the gallantsails yet, captain," said Swanson. "We run the risk of getting dismasted. Better wait for the final show-down when we are well up to the Cape and think that we can clear it. I see it is going to be squally, too; snow, I suppose."

We went about again when half way across the inlet, without any hitch to it, and we felt greatly relieved. We now had the Cape only about half a point on the weather bow.

Swanson sent Herald and me up on the fore and main top gallantyards to start the gaskets so it would not take much time to get them adrift when wanted, the top gallantsails having been furled for weeks. While up doing that, a heavy snow squall struck us and she careened over to a dangerous angle, we thought. However, no order was given to start anything, Bengston being anxious to make every inch he could.

We had no time to eat our dinner; in fact, there was nothing to eat, the cook's station being to handle the main

bowline and main staysail sheet when going about, and the best he could do for us was to keep the coffee hot, of which we consumed great quantities. The old cook was the most cheerful member of the whole crew, I think, although he realised the awful position we were in, as much as anybody else. Once, after having come about under the west headland, and seeing that we had not gained an inch, he remarked to Ericson, who had proposed to Swanson that we construct a raft for emergency, in case we did not clear the headland by nightfall, "You talk about making a raft; a fine scheme, indeed. If we don't do any better on the next tack I will propose we fill our pockets with good Grangemouth coal, and if that don't suit I will break up the old grindstone and give each man a little souvenir to take along to Fiddler's Green."

Ericson did not relish that sort of joking just then, and retorted, "That's all very fine for you. I suppose you would take the harpoon yourself and hook on to one of your many friends about here." The cook said he would not do that, for he was never known to desert a shipmate, and besides he was very fond of company and did not care about riding alone. "Last time I took a trip of that sort I had Napoleon along; it was better than nothing."

At two o'clock in the afternoon we tacked right under the headland, and it looked as though we could have cleared it if we had kept going. Bengston, poor fellow, was still at the wheel, having been there constantly since we discovered our dilemma. He had not had anything to eat during all that time. He was in his shirt sleeves, and I could notice the steam escaping through his clothes, notwithstanding the cold, which was fierce, especially so during the snow squalls. He chewed a great deal of tobacco, and his face was besmeared with the juice, which

made him look so fierce that it gave me a shiver to look at him. It was evident that he was going through an ordeal that only falls to the lot of a sailor or a soldier, and on very rare occasions at that.

Swanson passed the word for all hands to come aft. Seeing us all on the poop, Bengston beckoned Swanson to take the wheel. Having done so, Bengston tried to talk, but finding that we could not hear what he had to say, owing to the fierce blasts of the wind, he sat down on deck and we all followed suit.

Bengston was not an orator; he said but very few words, but what he did say was something that very few, I think, could say better and more to the point, under similar circumstances.

He began by telling us that he was a surprised man to find that the vessel was in this position. It was not slack navigation. He had done his best to keep run of her, and so had Swanson and Ericson. But the fact remained she was there, as we all could see.

"Well," he proceeded, "the next thing is to get her out of here. I myself have made use of my knowledge and experience as a sailor the best I know how; but as yet I am sorry to say I have not accomplished much, and to tell the plain truth — I don't like to hide anything — we are no better off than when we started this morning. In half an hour's time it will be dark and we will be no better off than a blind man on the streets of London with no one to guide him. We have one more card to play, and I have instructed Swanson to carry it out. If that fails we are gone; nothing can save us. The old long-boat of ours could not live in the sea we are having, and as for making a raft, you are liberty to make one, but I for one wouldn't make use of it. It would only be prolonging the misery, and I have no fancy for that."

"That's what I say, too," chipped in the cook. "I

much prefer a grindstone; it is handier, and less work for one thing."

"Now, as for what I propose to do — our last card," continued the captain. "I intend to make a long leg on this tack we are on now. Bear in mind it will be our last one if we don't clear the headland, and that is the point, to clear the headland. If we can do that, our troubles are over, because it is fine, clear water on the other side of it, and we can square away to our hearts' content.

"Just now when we went about it looked as if by having kept going, we would have cleared it by perhaps a few yards. In fact I know we would; but that's not what I was most afraid of; it's the backwash from that headland that I'm afraid of when we pass it so close.

"Boys," went on Bengston, "I have spent my life among the rocks and breakers on this very coast, and believe me I know something about it, and I am not one that likes squealing, but in this case I consider it is my duty to speak and to let you know how I stand and feel about it."

Bengston had finished. He got up and relieved the wheel. Swanson told Jack to go forward and try to fetch him a hot cup of coffee. The sailors all went to their respective stations. I was left there alone with Bengston, who was now occupied with the steering.

I sat for a moment longer thinking, I don't know about what. I wanted to get up and found I was wabbly in the legs. I looked about in consternation, afraid somebody would notice me. I was ashamed of myself and tried to find some excuse for my funny feeling in the legs, but could not discover any. Youth, nearly fourteen years old, how about that? No, that was not it.

Jack ran forward like Napoleon. He did not seem to have that wabbly feeling. There he was now, coming back with the coffee for Swanson. He was of my own

age. I was aroused from these horrible thoughts by Bengston, who, I observed, gave me a look. "Come here, boy," he said. "Go down in my cabin and get me a fresh piece of tobacco." I got on my legs as if in a blue maze, but the wind caught me and sent me on all fours, down the companionway. I bruised my arm in the fall, but I felt no pain; evidently I was too far gone for that, and forgot what I had come down for.

I instinctively walked into Jack's den. It was mine as much as his, almost, although I did not sleep there, but my books and letters from home were there. I commenced to grope about me as if looking for something, although I had no idea what I was looking for. I was dazed, to say the least. After a few seconds of more thinking, I found that I had my mother's letters in my hand. I kissed them and fell on my knees at my friend's bunk, and offered up a little prayer that mother had taught me. After that I felt much better, and I remembered what Bengston had sent me down to get. I got up, and in so doing I came face to face with grandpa's picture on the wall. I almost fainted away when I saw it, and a thought struck me that he was aware of my feeling that had now luckily passed. There he was, looking me square in the eye, as if he knew my innermost thoughts. One thought after the other flashed through my mind, and every tale he had related to me appeared as if I had been there myself. Berezina River, Leipzig, the campaign of 1814, and Waterloo; I fancied I saw him march up to the immovable British squares as cool as if on dress parade. And here was I, his favourite boy, with wabbly legs and sinking heart, afraid to be seen, although I was surrounded by a crew of Vikings as free from fear, apparently, as any that ever sailed salt water.

I heard Swanson's terrible voice, "Ready about," and grabbed a plug of tobacco off the captain's table, ran up

the steps as lively as ever, handed it to the old man, and took my station at the spanker sheet.

"Hard-a-lee," shouted the old man, and up she came in the wind as if the old ship knew what was wanted of her. She came around without losing her headway. Bengston chuckled to himself, and took another chew of tobacco. "That beats your *Flying Scud* and Davy Crokets to a standstill," shouted Bengston, as Swanson came aft.

I felt like myself again. My fear was apparently gone, and I laughed to myself when I thought of the cook's grindstone proposition.

It was now dark, but we could still see the headland. Bengston remarked that the wind had hauled a little, and pointing toward the Cape, he said, "We are now pointing fully one point and a half higher than the Cape, allowing a point and a quarter for leeway, we should clear it by at least one-eighth of a mile.

"Now look here, Swanson," he continued, "for fear that she won't do that — I mean she might make more leeway than I'm allowing — I want you to have the top gallantsails ready to be set at a moment's notice. It is desperate, I know, but it might be the saving of all of us, and besides, if we've got to go on the rocks, it will do nobody any harm to sail the tophamer off her first." "It is a wise move, I think, to do just as you say, and I will have it ready for you, depend on that," said Swanson.

Swanson came up to Jack and me. Both of us were hanging on to the weather rail. He squatted down under the rail, and pulled us after him to get a little lee so we could hear what he was saying. He spoke to us as a father would do to his sons, and the substance of what he said was this:

"I want you two boys to go up on the gallantries, one on each top, and take the yardarm gaskets off, or cut

them off, which ever you find the handier. Then get the bunt-gasket in such shape that you can let it go without any hitch when I give one blast on the foghorn. That done, come down as quick as the God Almighty will let you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, I understand," we both answered.

"All right, then get; but remember, don't let go until you hear the blast; your lives depend on it."

It was hard work to get up on the gallantyard in that breeze. I fairly got pasted to the ratlines and could hardly extricate myself. Jack got there, too. I could not see him, but I heard the canvas flapping, so I knew he was there.

A snow squall struck us just as we heard the blast of the horn. I had my knife on the gasket and cut it. Jack did the same, and down we went on the backstay.

When we got down the sails were already sheeted home and they were mastheading them. It was done as if by magic. Every one knew that their lives depended on their quick action.

I have never seen such sailing since that, to me, memorable day; nor do I wish to ever see anything like it again as regards sailing, and I have my doubts if anybody outside of the crew of the *Forsette* ever saw such sailing, except for unfortunates like ourselves who had happened to be placed in similar circumstances.

Swanson, who had spent the greater part of his life in vessels noted for fast sailing, told us that day that he never thought any vessel, however strong, could have stood up to such carrying on, close hauled on the wind, without getting dismasted. He also threw his arms about his brother-in-law's neck and swore that Bengston was the greatest sailing master he had ever sailed with, barring none.

The gallantsails being set, there was nothing further

to do, except to pick out the safest and most protected place to find a little shelter from being swept overboard by the heavy seas she was continually taking on. Our high deckload was a great help to us, or to the vessel rather, because the water had no place to lodge and ran off at once.

On the other hand, the deckload was no protection from the wind, and the snow was falling so thickly that it was impossible to see anything at all. Swanson gave orders for all hands to come aft on the poop, where we could be of mutual protection to one another. Accordingly we all squatted down on the weather side and stretched a couple of life lines, to which we clung, silently awaiting our fate.

Swanson took his stand on the lee side of the wheel to assist Bengston in case he needed it. They also had life lines on.

After a while we heard Bengston remark that we would soon be clear or else done for. He said he could feel the action of the backwash. He had no sooner said it than a tremendous wall of water came from the lee side and overwhelmed the vessel. She became entirely submerged, for how long I cannot tell; it seemed an eternity. I finally got my breath and found myself in the pump well — a square place amidships, formed by the deckload being stowed on each side of the wheels. I heard a tremendous noise, caused by the flapping of canvas, which proved to be the spanker blowing away. I was in a quandary as to what to do, and made an attempt to get up from the prison I was in. I had not reached the deckload, however, before there was a shock and another deluge that sent me down to where I had been, and then I knew no more.

When I came to I was lying on my back with my head resting on a piece of wood, and the dog licking my face.

Poor dog, he was as badly off as I. He had a nasty gash on his shoulder, and was hopping about on three legs.

It took me some little time to realise what had happened. Where I lay I could see the stars, and the sky seemed beautifully clear. The old *Forsette* seemed to be sliding along quite easily. I tried to get up, Nap wagging his tail as if that was what he wanted me to do. I tried to make use of some steps in the deckload, purposely stowed to make egress easy, but found I could not move my legs. I commenced shouting and Nap joined me by giving a few sharp mournful barks. No one came to assist us, and I thought all hands must be dead. It did not seem possible that they could not hear me, the way I shouted. I rested my head again on the piece of wood, and poor Nap cuddled down by me, with his head on my arm, looking at me with such sad, pleading eyes.

I must have had a refreshing sleep, because when I opened my eyes it was daylight, and I felt much better. The deck I was resting on was dry and my body was warm, caused, no doubt, by Nap cuddling up to me with his Laplandish pelt.

I renewed the shouting, and Nap took up the barking anew. After a while something almost human, it seemed to me, appeared above us. It turned out to be our cook disguised past recognition.

"Who is that? Come down and help me up; I can't walk," I said.

"Who is that?" repeated the cook. "Well, if that don't take the cake." Then to himself. "Who do you think it could be but your friend and saviour, the only one out of the whole bunch, outside of Yankee Swanson, that hasn't got broken bones or gone to the Fiddler's Green. Ah, boy, I tell you I knew what I was talking about when I proposed grindstones. Brimstone, and plenty of it, would have been preferable to the mess we are in now."

As for getting anything to eat, the Lord help us. The galley is kindling-wood and the stores soaked with salt water. But stay where you are, boy, I will go and report to Swanson that another craft that we had put down for Fiddler's Green has turned up."

After a few minutes Swanson came. The cook then bent a rope around my body and hoisted me up. Nap started to howl and bark; he also wanted to be taken up, but the cook said that he was all right where he was. He had nothing for him to eat, and besides, he intended to despatch him after he had things straightened up and convert him into beefsteaks and soup.

Swanson turned on the cook and said, "Never mind so much talk now; you take the dog out of there," and accordingly Nap was given a lift.

They carried me aft and sat me down on the poop. I started to look about a bit, and the devastation I saw was past belief. The deckload forward, what was left of it, was standing on end. The fo'cs'le head and the forward housegalley were completely demolished. The fore hatch was stove in and tons of water had gone below, but the after house was saved to some extent. Evidently the two backwash seas that did all this damage had struck us heavier forward than aft. Aloft, things did not look much better. The two top gallant masts were gone, and everything belonging to them. Likewise the jib-boom and the spanker boom, and of course the sails, as well. The two upper and lower topsails were the only sails that were saved out of the whole suit.

The deckload going adrift was the cause of losing the two courses, owing to the fact that the tacks and sheets were belayed to cleats lashed on to the deckload.

August, the fellow who took the part of a lunatic in Norway, John, the sailor we shipped at Grangemouth, and one old sailor from our place (Höganäs), who had sailed

with Bengston a long time, were lost, or, as the cook called it, "gone to the Fiddler's Green," wherever that is. Every one else was more or less injured. Captain Bengston had his two ankles badly sprained and was unable to walk, and he also had an ugly gash across his forehead. Ericson, who was at the wheel when Swanson sat me down on the poop, was injured inwardly and was spitting blood. Herald, our handy man, and the two remaining seamen were also hurt more or less, but they were able to assist Swanson and the cook to some extent toward getting things into some sort of shipshape.

Swanson and the cook were the only two members of the crew who were uninjured outside of bruises and scratches and swellings, of which the cook had any amount.

Nap was really the cause of saving Jack and one of the seamen. They had been washed forward and jammed up in the deckload, where, no doubt, they would have been killed but for the barking of the dog, which brought Swanson and the cook to their rescue.

Poor little Jack, he was lying down on the cabin floor, and when he saw me being carried down he smiled in his sweet way and burst out crying like a little child. Nap was lying close by him, licking his bruised paw, and old man Bengston was sitting in his easy chair, his ankles swelled up to enormous proportions. The tobacco juice of yesterday was still on his face, and he had the appearance of a man ninety years of age. "Well, Andrew," he said, "don't you wish you were home with grandpa, turning the grindstone; or do you think a sailor's life is what it is cracked up to be?"

Swanson laid me down on the table and took off my clothes. That done, he began to feel me all over for broken bones, but he found none. The stiffness of my limbs was due to the long exposure in icy salt water. I had been in the pump well something like eighteen hours.

"You will be as fit as a fiddle in a couple of days," said the cook. Then to Swanson, "We will rub him down a bit and throw a stiff jolt into him out of the small glass. Then he will go to sleep and wake up as well as ever. And Jack, too; nothing at all the matter with him; just a few bruises like I have myself. A little stiffening on the inside will do the job. Remember when Ericson broke his back, and the way I fixed him up, all with a little stuff I borrowed from that measly lord that never said as much as 'thank you' for knowing his grandmother."

Swanson had to laugh at the cook's continuous tirade, and turned on his heel and went on deck while the cook did as he said he would — threw a jolt into me.

Jack's den was converted into a galley. Herald, bruised and badly off as he was, went to work and cut a hole in the cabin deck. Then he fitted a stovepipe and also constructed a provisional range. It was primitive, of course, but it answered the purpose, and provided us with hot coffee, of which we stood so much in need.

The cook, as usual, had exaggerated greatly in regard to the stores. Upon investigation, Swanson found that we were not so badly off in that respect. One watertank bolted on to the deck and lumber stowed on each side of it was intact, so we were not in immediate want of fresh water, and besides, everything aloft was covered with snow, which could have been made use of in an emergency.

Swanson and the cook worked like beavers. It is marvellous what a lot of work two able bodied men can do when put to a real test. Swanson's opinion of the cook, which up to the time of the disaster had been at low ebb, now took a turn for the better. And no wonder; everything depended on them to pull us through. After the two big seas had submerged the vessel there was not a man left on the poop where we had all been assembled,

except the captain, mate, and cook, and they of course thought that we all had gone to Fiddler's Green.

Bengston and Swanson both claimed that they saw the headland through the snow squall between the first and second sea, and knew positively that we were clear of it after the second sea had boarded us, and knew that spars and rigging could not last much longer, especially so in this particular case, where the top gallantsails and the outer jib had been set with the sole object in view of driving the vessel to windward of the headland. And now being clear of the headland, it was of as much importance to get the sails off her again and to get her before the wind as, prior to passing the headland, it had been to get the sails on her as regards the saving of the vessel.

Having recovered their breath, the three men managed to get the helm hard up, but owing to the fact that the vessel was so evenly balanced with fore and aft sails (this with the great object in view of not retarding her speed by carrying the rudder at a large angle) she would not pay off. Bengston let go the spanker sheet. Boom, gaff, and sail went over the side, and she started to pay off slowly. But, on account of the jib sheets coming adrift, owing to the fact that the gallant fo'cs'le was stove in, she began to come up to the wind again, and seeing this, Swanson crawled on hands and knees and cut away main tack and sheet, which had the desired effect of getting her off before the wind.

The strange part of it was this, that while on the wind in that gale we did not part, as the sailor says, a rope-yarn. The top gallant masts did not go by the board until she was off before the wind.

The old man did not know he had sprained ankles until she was before the wind. He had been worked up to such a pitch that pain did not bother him. But now that

he felt that he had done all that a human could do toward saving life and property, he squatted down on deck for a brief moment, and when he tried to get up he found that he was unable to do so. However, Bengston would not give up while there was anything he thought he could do. He seated himself by the wheel and managed to steer her while Swanson and the cook, who were the only ones in sight, squared the yards.

Having got her off before the wind, Swanson and the cook cut away the wreckage. The top gallant masts were still towing alongside. That done, they lowered the two upper topsails and stowed them in a fashion so they would not blow away.

When they came down from aloft Bengston told them that he thought he had heard the dog barking forward, and asked them to investigate, whereupon they went forward, and among the deckload, which was helter-skelter forward of the mainmast, they found Ericson, Herald, Jack, and the dog. After considerable hard work they managed to get the men aft in the cabin and revived them the best way they knew how.

Nap was missing again just after having been rescued, and Swanson thought he had gone overboard, but instead of that he evidently must have scented where I was located and fallen down in the pump well, which was almost covered over with planks scattered about in all directions.

It was midnight before Swanson and the cook had things in such shape that they could assist Bengston below to his chair. They made him as comfortable as the circumstances permitted. Swanson took the wheel and the cook commenced hunting for something to eat.

The vessel was now running before a northerly gale under the two lower topsails, and we were out of all danger for the time being, at least, because we had any amount

of sea room, it being the Faroe Islands we had just cleared by such a narrow margin.

The cook, having found some hard-tack and a piece of salt pork, lined up alongside of Swanson at the wheel, and there the two of them remained throughout the night, steering and eating by turns. Swanson told us afterward that the cook throughout that night never let up lying for one single moment; he told one ridiculous, blood-curdling tale after another, and Swanson said that he had never enjoyed it as much as he did that night.

When daylight came on, the cook went down in the cabin to take a look at the sick ones. Bengston asked the cook how things looked. "Fine, fine," answered the cook. "She is sliding along like an old shoe under the lower topsails, and everything is shipshape, except that three men and the boy and the dog are at Fiddler's Green."

"The dog," exclaimed Bengston in surprise. "But he was here last night."

"So he was," said the cook. "But after he discovered that Frenchy was past fixing up, and the other fellow had gone to Fiddler's Green, I guess he thought there was nothing left for him to do but to go back to Lapland, and he was a wise Nap, and no mistake. I was figuring on making a little stew and barley broth out of him for the sick folks, as soon as I could find a place to make a fire; but he must have smelt a nigger in the wood-pile and stole a march on me."

Old man Bengston and Herald could not keep from laughing, but Jack, hearing that Nap and I were among the missing, broke out weeping. "Don't cry," interrupted the cook, "for the dog, anyhow. What could you expect from a dog that has a name like that. I knew the minute you insisted upon naming him Napoleon he would do something desperate some day. He took after his namesake a great deal, and no mistake."

Ericson said he felt well enough to go up to relieve Swanson, and asked the cook to assist him. "I think so, too," said the cook. "You are not nearly as bad as you were in Norway, the time you broke your back. If I had a little of that stuff I borrowed from that lord I would fix you up in a couple of days, but I guess there ain't anything of that sort on board, and it is not to be wondered at, either, the way you and the rest of them went at it in Archangel. It was a shame, and I said so at the time. Might have left a little for a rainy day like this. I have never seen any one make a meal of things like you did of that gin, six cases, and no mistake."

Ericson looked daggers at the cook, but he felt too ill to answer back, and started to get out on deck, the cook assisting him. Swanson, poor fellow, was glad to be relieved, and he told the cook that the dog was barking somewhere. Swanson sent the cook to take a look and see where the dog could be, and that was the time that Nap and I were discovered buried in the pump well.

Herald, assisting the cook, brought a lot of stores into the cabin, and after considerable trouble with the temporary stove, which nearly finished us up for good, owing to the fact that the smoke would not pass out, the wind being so strong, he had the pea soup going, and that evening we all had a fairly good meal.

We also got our clothes dried, and taking it all in all we considered ourselves well off under the circumstances. Swanson and the cook worked very hard, and before dark they had the greater part of the deckload that was adrift, jettisoned.

After supper Swanson came below to hold a consultation with the captain in regard to what would be best to do for the safety of the vessel and what remained of the crew. There could be no secret about this, because we

were all down in the cabin, except Ericson who was at the wheel. Swanson explained to the old man just how things were, and informed him that we had three feet of water in the hold, and that it made the vessel very sluggish, and he had an idea that if we hauled her up to the wind she would list over to a dangerous angle. Bengston told him that he could feel where he was sitting that she had a lot of water in her, but that there was no immediate danger from that source, inasmuch as we had all sorts of sea room and could keep before it, no matter from what direction the wind should happen to come. Swanson told him that with the small amount of canvas we carried the vessel was not making over four knots per hour, and if the wind increased he thought that he and the cook would be able to take one of the topsails off her. "The vessel is as tight as a bottle," said Swanson. "The water we have in her all came through the fore hatch, which is bursted, and I was thinking if we could keep her going as she does now, we are all right. We will all be on our legs again in a few days, and then we will get the water out of her, and after that I think we will be able to straighten up things a bit and get another suit of sails bent. That done, there is no reason, that I can see, why we shouldn't be able to bring her to our destination, although we are shorthanded."

"You are talking like a man," said Bengston. "I would rather die than abandon the old ship after all this trouble. The ship is insured to her full value at Lloyds, and if we bring her in — it will be a feather in our hats. They will re-rig her and build new houses on her; put her in first class order again, and they will come off cheap, at that. Besides, I am sure they will recompense the crew and officers for the loss of their clothes. I have dealt with the Lloyds before and know what I'm talking about."

Bengston turned to the cook and Herald and asked them if they understood what he expected of them. The cook answered that he never for a moment thought that anybody would have an idea of giving up a vessel as seaworthy as the *Forsette*; that he and another man—the fellow was no use at all—had once sailed a dismasted vessel from Cape Horn to Montevideo, and the owners never as much as asked them to take a drink. But then, the vessel was not insured.

"I do hope the Lloyds will do something in the clothes line," he continued. "I ain't got a thing except what I got on now, and you can see for yourself it is nothing but old canvas I have tied about me. If any of my old friends in Newport see me in this rig they will swear that it is Robinson Crusoe or the Czar of Russia you have brought as a passenger from Archangel."

Herald said that he thought he would be all right to do some work very soon. He was satisfied that it was only bruises and a certain amount of stiffness that bothered him. "Of course it is," chipped in the cook. "If we could get a little hot stuff for the inside we would limber up at once. But I wouldn't advise letting Ericson have charge of the bottle. He is too radical and no mistake, when it comes to handling a bottle, believe me."

The wind continued to blow from the north and the NW. At times it moderated some, but for the greater part of a week it was a fresh gale. During that week we were going along under the two topsails. The steering and other necessary work required was done by Swanson, Ericson, and the cook. Herald did the little cooking that could be done on our makeshift stove. Jack and I were improving fast. But the old man's feet seemed to get worse and he suffered terrible pains. We had no medicine on board that seemed to help him any, but he found some relief when he kept his feet in hot water.

It was the following Sunday morning after our mishap that we all mustered on deck. It was a fine, clear morning, but very cold. We carried the old man up on deck in his chair, and rigged him up in such a position that he could steer the ship.

We then manned the pump and continued pumping the whole day. At nightfall when we were ready to drop from exhaustion, she commenced to suck. It was a welcome sign, and we threw ourselves down on deck for a good rest. Having rested a few minutes, Swanson told us to try her once more and that would be the last. So we went at it once more, but she started sucking almost at once, which meant that she was dry, "almost as dry as we are," said the cook. And we all started laughing, Swanson included.

We all went aft, feeling tired, but happy. Bengston told the cook to dig out the bottle and the big glass. Everybody had a drink and those that wanted more had two, after which we threw ourselves down on the deck for a rest. Bengston said that he was feeling better than he had felt any time since the disaster, and when Swanson offered to relieve him at the wheel he would not hear of it until we had had our supper.

Jack had been exempt from the pumping and was installed as cook. He was weaker than any of us, but as cheerful as ever; no fault to find with anything, and considering what he had to cook he simply did wonders. We all sat down and filled up on salt meat and black coffee. The bread we could not stomach, as it was saturated with salt water.

After supper Swanson arranged that it would be two hours apiece at the wheel during the night, with orders to call him if it should be necessary. Everybody else except the helmsman would sleep in.

Swanson tied a piece of rope to his feet when he laid

down, and told us to pull away on it if we wanted him for anything.

It was my turn at the wheel from midnight until two o'clock, and it was a most beautiful night and perfectly cloudless. I was steering right before the wind, making about a south course. Jack, whose turn it would be next, came out long before I intended to run down to call him. He said he had been very restless and could not sleep. He stood alongside of me, and after a while he asked me if I had been at all scared during the storm. I enquired why he asked, and he held back for a moment, as if he did not care to tell me. Finally he said he was curious to know because he had been very much frightened himself and was afraid that he was a little coward. After I had told him of how I felt that afternoon he felt much better and said that he thought that he could now get some sleep, and after having thrown his arms about me and telling me that I was his best friend, he skipped down and was soon sound asleep.

As I did not feel very sleepy myself, having had a good sleep the first part of the night, I did not call my friend until his watch was more than half over. When he came up to relieve me his faithful friend Nap came along also. Nap had fully recovered from the tough knocking about he had received, but he had lost a lot of flesh, more than any of us, owing to the fact that his chief diet, bread, we had none of, it all having been ruined by salt water.

Jack patted the dog on the head, and said, "Poor Nap, Swanson has told me that we will make land to-morrow and if we meet any vessels we will board them and buy some bread for you." Nap wagged his tail and pricked up his ears as if it was good news and threw himself down at the feet of the boy. I left them and went down and turned into Jack's bunk.

Jack called Swanson at five o'clock and when he came on deck he brought his sextant along and took some observations of the north star. He left the boy at the wheel while he worked them out, and when he had finished he took the wheel and told Jack to run up on the topsailyard and take a good look all around for a light.

Jack ran up and after a few minutes he reported a light right ahead. Swanson shouted to him to come down, and turning the wheel over to the boy, Swanson went down to consult the captain.

The light we made was the Butt of Lewis, on the Hebrides Island. Swanson roused out all hands, and we braced up on the port braces and brought the wind in a couple points on the starboard quarter. Jack and I were sent up to cast loose the upper topsails. We also set another jib and the main staysail.

We missed our three sailors we had lost a great deal, but never as much as now, when it came to mastheading the topsails. We had to clap the handy Billy on to the halyards several times before we got them up.

By daylight, or about nine o'clock, we had everything set that was bent, and we were going along at a fairly good gait, with land five or six miles off on the port side.

Swanson and the cook had done wonders since our mishap. They had practically, without any assistance, bent a number of sails and put the headgear in such shape that we could make use of the forestaysail and a jib. The courses were not as yet bent, but now having made the land and knowing to a certainty where we were, it was necessary to get them bent. Accordingly after we had had some coffee, we got out the course from under the half-deck and sent them aloft, and by noon they were bent and furled. Bengston did not wish Swanson to set them yet, being afraid that we would not be able to take them in if it should come on to blow during the

night. "We have a good way to go yet before we get to the north channel," explained Bengston, "and I don't like to enter narrow waters until I'm able to walk and the boys are a little stronger. If it comes to worse we can go outside of Ireland; plenty of sea room there, and we are in no hurry. The main thing is to get the ship safely to Newport. We will sight plenty of vessels in a day or two, and we can easily put the dingy over and kedge a few stores."

In the evening the weather put on a threatening appearance. We took in the lighter sails and snugged her down for the night. As it was necessary now to keep lookout on account of the shipping we expected to meet, Swanson set regular sea watches again. Swanson, Jack, and I made up the port watch; Ericson, cook, and Herald, starboard watch.

During our watch that night we met three sailing vessels and one small steamer. Swanson said he wished it had been daylight; he would have signalled one or the other of them and we would have borrowed some stores.

The next day we met a little English brig. We ran up a distress signal and backed our mainyards. The brig hove to, and our little dingy, which had remained in the davits practically undamaged, was lowered, and Swanson, cook, and Jack rowed over to the Englishman. They remained there a long time, at least Bengston thought they did, and he was nervous about it. When they did return they brought bread and other good things, for which the Englishman refused to take any money.

The cause of their staying so long, and perhaps also the cause for the unexpected liberality of the English captain was this: Our cook and the captain of the brig had been shipmates some years ago on a coasting vessel. The Englishman had then been mate, and from what Swanson told Bengston, there must have been considerable

rivalry between the two on board the same vessel, as evidently the captain of the brig was as great a talker as our cook, and was well up in telling funny stories too. Jack told me that our cook and the captain embraced one another as if they had been looking for each other for years and then suddenly, after having given up all hopes of ever seeing one another again, they met. However that might be, their acquaintanceship was certainly a godsend to us, inasmuch as our cook was not bashful in asking for things, and he even got some medicine for the old man's feet, and last, but not least, he received a bottle of Scotch whiskey.

When everything they had received was stowed away in the boat Swanson and the skipper shook hands, the skipper wishing him a pleasant voyage. As they pulled away, the skipper shouted, "Good-bye, cook, and God bless you. I shall always remember you as the most cheerful liar in the whole British Empire." The cook stopped rowing, took off an old piece of canvas that answered for headgear, bowed his old head very low, and answered, "Don't be over generous with your compliments, captain, I shall always take off my hat to you as the recognised champion liar on the coast."

Having hoisted the boat we all got busy getting something to eat. The Englishman had given us a bucket full of potatoes, and the cook made up a good lobscouse. Before we started to eat, the cook treated to whiskey, but it was noticed that he hunted up the small glass. Ericson objected to that, and said that it was no use unless a man got enough so that he could at least feel it. The cook took offence at that, and asked him to bear in mind that it was whiskey he was treating to and not sandpaper gin, which had the faculty of scratching the whole way down. Anyhow, we got our stomachs full and everybody became cheerful once more; even the old man thought that he

was feeling better, and as the weather had a promising look, we set every sail we had and squared off to pass through the north channel between England and Ireland.

We were two months out from Archangel the morning we entered the north channel. We passed close to the Irish coast, Fair Head Lighthouse about four miles off. Shipping of all kinds was plentiful. The wind was fair and the prospect of not getting into any more trouble was good.

The following day the wind came out from the southward with rainy weather. This meant more hardship, because we had to be continually on deck, as we went about every two hours or so. As the wind was not too strong and the current seemed to be in our favour, we made a pretty good progress, and late one afternoon we came to anchor about a mile from shore on the NW coast of the Isle of Man. Everybody being thoroughly played out and the prospect of a gale springing up from the southward, Bengston thought it best to come to anchor while we had a chance, and to recuperate a little, as we would not be able to do much anyhow in a southerly gale.

It was an awful job to get the anchors over the bow, owing to the fact that they had been stowed on the gallant fo'cs'le, which, having caved in altogether, the anchors had to be lifted up over the bulwarks. But where there is a will there is a way, and we did it. The anchor down and the sails furled after a fashion, we turned in and slept the sleep of the just. In the morning it started to blow from the southward and increased to a fresh gale by nightfall. We were well sheltered where we were anchored, because the wind was off the land. A great many vessels came in and anchored during that day, evidently expecting it was going to be real bad weather.

The Isle of Man has a pretty appearance from the sea,

and it is pretty on shore too, as I found out when going ashore a few days later.

In the evening after we had anchored, a fishing boat came alongside and we bought some fish. They promised to come back the next day to bring us off some stores and also to take on shore some mail, Bengston being anxious to notify the owner and the consignee of the cargo that we were all right and at anchor off the Isle of Man.

Owing to the strong wind, no boats came out the next day. Several more vessels came in and anchored, one of them a British barque we had been with at Archangel. She also showed traces of a hard passage, her jib boom gone and bulwarks stove in, and she had also lost two men on the trip over.

The following day it was still blowing hard. A boat came out and called at several of the British vessels, and Swanson hailed it just as it passed under our stern. The boat came alongside and Bengston gave the boatman a couple of telegrams that he wished forwarded, and also a letter asking permission to be allowed to send a boat on shore when the weather moderated, as he wanted to consult a doctor and also buy a few stores. The boatman went away and during the day a signal by means of the code flags was run up on shore, notifying Bengston that permission had been granted.

Bengston told Swanson to go ashore as soon as he thought it was safe to do so, in the small dingy, and accordingly we got the boat ready and Swanson detailed the cook and me to be boat pullers. The wind continued to blow from the southward, and it was several days before Swanson deemed it safe to launch the little boat. We landed on the beach and dragged the dingy up clear of the water. The town was a couple of miles away from where we landed, and Swanson started off on foot toward the town. He had not gone very far when he

came back and said that walking was bad and proposed that we walk up to a place that looked like a farmhouse and there engage a horse. Having arrived at the place, a man and a dog met us, and Swanson remarked that he was glad we had not brought Nap with us, as the dog seemed to be savage.

Swanson introduced himself, after which he enquired if he could hire a horse to take him to town. The price the farmer asked was very reasonable, and by hiring two, he gave Swanson to understand, it would be cheaper still. Under those conditions Swanson thought it would be to his advantage to hire two and take the cook along, as he intended to buy a few things in town.

The farmer said that as a rule he did not like to rent out his horses to sailors, as he had invariably found them to be poor riders, but Swanson assured him that he had been a farmer himself at one time, and although he had not ridden for years, he felt sure that he was able to manage them.

The cook thought he would go him one better and told the farmer that he had served in the British cavalry in the Crimean war, and felt sure that he could manage any camel they had on the Isle of Man.

Giving me instructions to keep an eye on the dingy and to stay around the farmhouse until they came back, the two cavalrymen mounted and were off. I could ride horseback myself a little, and the moment the cook got on his horse I could tell that he had never been on one before. Swanson, on the other hand, seemed at home.

The cook remarked that the saddle was not of the kind he was used to, but he thought it would do after he had got used to it a bit. As they started off, the dog commenced barking and snapping at the heels of the cook's horse, causing it to shy a little to one side, and down came the cook with a thud that must have been very painful.

The farmer laughed and advised the cook not to try it again, but he would not stand for it and mounted afresh, remarking that he used to ride camels, but had not ridden any since he was in the Indian Mutiny.

The farmer chased the dog away, and the cook started off at a brisk trot, Swanson being some distance in the lead.

The farmer asked me to come into the house. He told me to take a seat and informed his wife and two pretty daughters who I was. They seemed to be interested, and asked me questions. I gave them a detailed account of our terrible voyage, and showed my bruises on arms and legs, and worst of all, my hands, which were badly swollen, with great big cracks in the finger joints which caused them to bleed when I tried to straighten out my fingers. The mother sympathised with me and gave me some ointment to take with me.

At dinner I was asked to take a seat at the table, and enjoyed it very much, not having had such a meal since my friend Sambo treated me in Archangel.

Having told them about the loss of most of our clothes, they made me up a little bundle which I opened on board ship and found five pairs of ladies' stockings.

In the afternoon I went with the daughters down in the basement and assisted them in stowing away a lot of potatoes, which was their winter supply, I suppose. They were very chatty, and I warmed up a bit and related lots of things, mostly about Jack and Nap, and what a lot of fun it was to be a sailor.

As I had a number of Russian cups that I had intended to send to Grangemouth, I thought I could spare a few of them, and I promised to send them something real pretty the next day if I had the opportunity.

Late in the afternoon the cavalrymen returned, the cook having fallen off no less than six times. He swore

that he would never go riding a camel again if they made him a present of it.

The farmer asked them to take a drink before they went on board, which they accepted, the cook remarking that the stuff was first class, but that the glass was not quite up to the standard.

We said "Good-bye" all around, and went down to the beach and launched the boat.

We were not long getting off to the vessel, because we had fair wind, and besides the weather had somewhat moderated. As we came alongside every one was there to meet us. Nap was barking and scratching at the gangway, anxious to get us on board.

Having dropped the boat astern, I went off with Jack and gave him a detailed account of my day's outing. He laughed immoderately when I told about the cook falling off the horse, but he promised not to say anything about it to the other men unless Swanson or the cook himself felt like saying something about it, because everybody had a great deal more respect for the cook of late, on account of the way he had acted during and after the storm.

Swanson had brought some medicine for Bengston, as well as for the rest of the crew, who stood in need of it, and the ointment the farmer's wife had given me I let everybody use, and we found it was fine stuff.

During the night the wind came out from the north. The anchor watch having instructions to call Swanson in case of any change in the weather, I, whose watch it was when the change occurred, went down and roused him out. He came and took a look at it, after which he went down to consult the captain about getting under way.

Some of the vessels at anchor were already engaged in heaving in on their cables when Swanson told me to go below and rouse all hands. When they were on deck Swanson gave orders to hoist the dingy while Jack and

I were sent aloft to loose the topsails. When we came down the dingy was secured, and all hands manned the windlass. While heaving away no one had taken any notice of what the other vessels anchored near by us were doing, and the first thing we knew a small barque, her foretopsails aback, drifted down and was almost on top of our vessel before anybody knew anything about it!

Swanson seeing what was going to happen, sang out, "Avast heaving," and gave orders to pay out chain. By so doing, we just avoided being run down; as it was, the other vessel's stern scraped our starboard side the whole length and carried away her outriggers. It was pitch dark and we could not see anybody on board of her, but somebody, presumably the captain or the mate, commenced to abuse us in language unmentionable, stating that it was our fault; that we were in their way for manœuvring. Swanson responded by throwing an iron belaying pin on board that made somebody howl, and more would have followed the first one if the pins could have been got at handy.

After the excitement had subsided a little we manned the windlass again, hove short, and sheeted home the topsails. We stood off on the starboard tack under the two lower topsails, until we had the anchor up and secured, after which we set everything that would draw and squared away before the wind.

When daylight came on we were abreast of the Calf of Man Light before a fresh northerly breeze, and with the prospect in view of making the entrance of the Bristol Channel the following evening, where Bengston thought we would be able to get a tug to hook on to us and take us to Newport.

It had been extremely hard work to get the anchor up and secured and all the sails set, shorthanded as we were and none of us feeling as yet extra well. However, we

were all very glad to be away, knowing that we would have some rest once at Newport, because Bengston fully expected that we would be there a couple of months discharging and refitting. Ericson and Herald would have to be sent to the hospital, as they were not improving like the rest of us. Ericson was continually spitting blood, and Herald complained of a nasty pain in his chest.

The weather continued fine and the wind fresh, and we made about ten knots per hour and the following evening we were off Lundy Island Light. We got a pilot on board, and after some wrangling about the price with a tugboat that hailed us, the pilot gave orders to take in everything, and to the tugboat to pass his hawser on board.

We towed all that night and the next day about eight o'clock in the morning we dropped our anchor in the roads just outside of Newport. The quarantine officer and the custom house officials came on board and expressed their surprise at our having arrived at all when they saw the condition of the crew as well as the vessel.

The quarantine officer, who seemed to be a fine gentleman, told Captain Bengston to send the sick people who wanted to go to the hospital on shore in his steam launch, and he would see to it that they were properly treated. Captain Bengston thanked him for this consideration, but objected on the grounds that he wanted to get on shore himself first and send some decent clothes on board for the men before allowing them to go on shore. He did not like them to appear in the condition they were in, not having had a change of clothing since the day our troubles commenced.

The doctor persuaded him not to bother with that, inasmuch as the men would receive clean clothes at the hospital, that being the rule of the institution.

Accordingly Ericson and Herald left with the doctor. Bengston, with the assistance of Swanson and the cook,

also went on the boat, Bengston being anxious to see the Swedish consul, and to make a protest in regard to the loss of deck cargo and damage to ship and crew, as well as the loss of three seamen.

Swanson, cook, Jack, and I, and two seamen were all that were left of the crew. We had had a cup of coffee in the morning, but as yet no breakfast. Swanson went off by himself and lit his pipe, while cook, Jack, and I squatted down on the deckload, making believe we took pleasure in admiring the shipping and other things about us. It is very hard to admire anything when a fellow's stomach is empty. I have found that out on several occasions, but on none as much as on this particular one.

Captain Bengston had promised to send a lot of stores on board to us just as soon as he reached the town, and that is what we were waiting for now. Neither the cook nor any one of us boys would go and light the fire until the shipchandler's boat would come in sight with the much longed for luxuries. Swanson was as anxious about it as any of us. He smoked one pipe after another, the while looking toward Newport. And poor Nap, he was but a shadow of his former self. I doubt if he would have taken any notice even of the two Dutchmen on a lumber pile.

It was twelve o'clock when the boat came alongside with the stores. Nap was aware of it before any of us, and he started to hold his nose high, his nostrils working like a pair of bellows, finally starting to howl and to run about the deckload like one beset.

We had waited a long time, it seemed, but now, by looking at all the good things in the boat, it seemed as if it had been worth while.

The boatmen told Swanson that the captain had told the shipchandler to send out everything that he thought would be good for sailors who had not had anything to

eat for a month. I shan't itemize what we got, but will say that there was full and plenty of everything, and cook and we boys got busy for fair.

The boatman brought a letter for Swanson from the captain telling him that he would not be back for a couple of days and that our mail from home would be sent out the next morning in the shipchandler's boat. There was also a bottle of whiskey for Swanson from the shipchandler, which the boatman delivered with instructions that Swanson should treat the boys. That done, the boat shoved off to board another vessel.

Jack and I were peeling potatoes and onions while the cook cut up steaks. Swanson came down in the cabin and told us to hurry up, as he was afraid he would faint. He hunted up a corkscrew and the cook almost fainted when he heard the joyful sound of a cork being extracted. He turned around and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Swanson with a bottle in one hand and the big glass in the other.

"Cook," said Swanson, "I have here a bottle of Three Star Hennessy brandy, which the shipchandler sent off to treat the crew with, and as you and I are all that is left — not counting the boys of the crew — who are able to take a drink, I wish to say before we do drink at all, that I consider it an honour to clink glasses with an old man who has proved himself to be as good a sailor as you are and, I am not ashamed to add, as good a seaman as I ever have been shipmate with, when it comes to a real test of pluck and endurance. I wish the whole crew were here to bear witness to what I am saying, because there is no doubt in my mind that if it had not been for you we would all have gone to the Fiddler's Green instead of being safe at anchor off this port. I don't want you to get the swell-head because I have said this; it is nothing but the truth, but for fear that you should think

I am throwing bouquets at you, I will conclude by saying that you are without any exception the worst sea cook and handiest man for spoiling good grub that I ever knew."

The cook responded by saying that he felt fine to know that he (Swanson), who everybody recognised as a first class seaman, thought so highly of his seamanship. As for Swanson's opinion of his cooking, that was altogether too flattering, and he was a little afraid that Swanson inhaled the odour of the choice steak he was just then putting on the frying pan, and being overcome by it, made use of a statement that could only come from somebody who was entirely ignorant of good cooking, such as he expected a Yankee sailor would be.

"Well, all right, cook," said Swanson. "I won't argue the point with you. I know that you would get the best of me every time when it comes to telling lies or arguing, but believe me, what I said is true as the gospel, and we will say no more about it," and with that they clinked their glasses and drank.

The cook smacked his lips and remarked that it was great stuff and what a pity it was that there was so little of it. Then a thought struck him that it would not be out of the way to take another small one, and to let us boys join them, as we had proved ourselves to be pretty good sailors, and that he and Swanson both should consider it an honour to take a drink with two such crackerjacks as we were. But Swanson did not approve of it. He said the stuff was too strong for the likes of us, and that when we got on shore where we could get something milder than brandy we would all take something together.

"Quite right," said the cook. "But that doesn't hinder you and me from drinking to their long health and prosperity. It will do the boys as much good as if they had drank it themselves. They are good boys, and as long as they can't drink, there is no harm in a couple of old

sea dogs like you and me doing it for them. How about that?"

"All right, then," said Swanson. "Only I'm afraid that you will spoil all the good things we have got to eat if you take another drink. However, I will give you another one." And with that he poured out a stiff one for the cook, which he swallowed down without saying as much as "ah," only remarking that it was like mother's milk.

We sat down to a good meal and nobody said anything more about bad cooking. I think it tasted better than anything I had ever eaten before, and so did Jack.

The cook had made up a great big dishful of good stuff for Nap, and he went at it as only a thoroughly starved-out dog can eat. If any one looked at him while he was eating he would snarl and show his teeth as if afraid somebody would take it away from him.

When we had finished our dinner Nap had already gone away and turned in to Jack's bunk, where we found him reposing with his nose to the wall, looking very much like a stuffed pig. Jack spoke to him and rolled him over on his back, but he did not seem to like such familiarity just then. He had a frown on his face as if in pain and wanted to be left alone.

We helped the cook to clear away the table, after which Swanson and the cook went to their bunks, while Jack and I went up on deck and squatted down alongside of the house, wondering what would be on the programme next, whether we would be towed into dock on the following morning or would have to remain outside for some time.

I was anxious to get my letters from home and to hear from my brother, who must have received his money by this time if he was to get any at all.

Our little scheme of getting home by Christmas was now out of the question entirely. It was now the seventh

of December, and as Bengston fully expected that we would be at this place two months it would be in the latter part of February before we could possibly get home. I had so often related to my friend the jolly times we were in the habit of having at home during Christmas and New Year's, and of all the good things we had to eat, and this had so worked upon the poor boy that I really think he felt the disappointment more than I did. "Oh, well," he would say, "you will get a letter from grandpa tomorrow, and then you will be happy. I wish I knew where my father is, if he is alive. I shall try to find him some day. Bengston has promised me that he will make enquiries while we are in England, but now that the old man is so sick, I guess he can't do much."

Jack then brought out the tin whistle. He had not touched it since before the gale. He tried to run off the scales and found that his fingers were so stiff that he could not do it. He seemed very much surprised and putting the whistle away commenced to shake his legs as if afraid they would be in a similar condition. Such was not the case, however; evidently they were as limber as ever. He asked me to take a hand in the dancing, but I reminded him that Swanson was asleep and if he should happen to wake up on account of the noise we were making, he would not like it.

It was almost dark when Swanson came on deck. He asked us if any boats had been alongside, and I told him no, but that some had been over to the other vessels at anchor.

"Have you boys had any sleep this afternoon?" asked Swanson. Having answered in the negative, he said, "Well, why didn't you? You will have to stand anchor watch to-night, and mind the riding-light don't go out on us. Some steamer might run us down like the one at the Isle of Man."

Jack and I did not mind the anchor watch. It was a pleasure in comparison with the hardship we had just gone through.

After supper, which was equally as good as the dinner, we sat down to the table in the cabin and looked through some newspapers that the boatman had given Swanson. I could read the English language much better than Jack, on account of the fact that I continually studied, whereas Jack was bent upon learning Swedish, and spent his spare time getting information from Herald in that language.

Jack had now been with us a little over four months, and it is no exaggeration to say that as far as speaking is concerned, a person would almost take him to be a native of that country. It seemed a mania with him to speak in that language. Even when Swanson spoke to him in English, Jack would answer in Swedish, which made the mate laugh at times, and he swore that the boy would never be anything but a Swede unless something should happen while we were at Newport that would separate us two boys.

We did not stand any anchor watch that night after all. It was a fine moonlight night, and Swanson said we could turn in, but Nap, who had been asleep all the afternoon, was turned out of doors by Swanson and told to make lots of noise if any boats came alongside.

The next day the Swedish consul and the agent of the insurance company came on board, a tugboat having brought them alongside. After having talked to Swanson a little while we were all called down in the cabin and our depositions taken in regard to the gale which had done all the damage to the vessel, the loss of the three seamen, and the jettisoning of part of the deck cargo. After our statements had been read over to us we were told to hold up our right hand and swear that it was the truth. Then we signed it and the thing was over. The consul informed

Swanson that Captain Bengston had been taken very sick after he got ashore, and had been sent to a hospital; and furthermore, that he expected the *Forsette* would have to be towed to a place called Bridgewater to discharge her cargo, and if so, the repairs would be done at that place. A proper survey would be held on the vessel after the cargo was discharged, and if the hull was badly damaged most likely the vessel would be condemned and the crew that had been shipped in Sweden would get free transportation home.

After our visitors had gone, Swanson told us what they had said. I had become so interested in what Swanson told me that I had not noticed my friend's disappearance. I looked around and could see neither him nor the dog. The cook came out of the cabin and I asked him if he knew where Jack went. He answered, "Down in the den playing with the dog. Where else would he be?" The door to the den, as a rule, was left open, and it surprised me to find it closed. I opened the door softly and found my friend and Nap in the bunk, embracing one another, the boy crying as if his heart was completely broken, and the dog whining as if something was radically wrong. I said nothing at first, for the simple reason that I could not trust myself to open my mouth, well knowing if I had I too would have cried. As it was, I felt a big lump rising in my throat, but I controlled myself until Jack came to a bit, and seeing me sitting in the den he jumped up and again began crying, at the same time throwing his arms about my neck and shouting loud enough, in Swedish, for Swanson to hear, "My dear friend, my dear friend. If they condemn the *Forsette* I can never go to Sweden with you, and we will never meet again, and what will become of me and poor Napoleon."

Swanson then opened the door and saw the situation and was very much touched. I noticed a tear roll down his

cheek, and I know he was aware of it himself, hard citizen that he was. He took the boy by the hand and led him into his cabin, where he questioned him about his sorrow and told him that it did not matter what happened to the old ship, Jack should go to Sweden with me somehow or another, even if he had to foot the expenses himself.

This little talk of Swanson's had a wonderful effect on Jack, and a little while after this heart-breaking scene Jack was doing a fancy clog-dance on the deckload, and the cook remarked that the Frenchman had gone clean crazy, and that it would perhaps be as well to get rid of him at Newport before he developed more violent symptoms. He had known several almost similar cases before, he told Swanson. "Look at that fellow August that went to the Fiddler's Green here the other day. Well, you didn't see him that day; you were on shore when he was took bad. But I had the devil's own time to straighten him out, and if it hadn't been for a little medicine I borrowed from the English yacht I don't know what would have happened."

Of course the cook did not mean what he suggested about Jack. He liked the boy as well as he was capable of liking anybody, and would have been the very first to resent any injury done the boy.

The shipchandler's boat came off with more grub and also brought our mail from home. Swanson received a few lines from Bengston, telling him that he was a very sick man at the hospital. Herald had developed symptoms of pneumonia and the doctors feared for his life. Ericson also was in a bad shape, still spitting blood, but they were all well taken care of. If orders came for the vessel to go to Bridgewater, Swanson was to take charge as if he was the master of the ship, Bengston not expecting to be able to be about for a long time.

I received several letters from home. My folks were

all well and happy. They had received my letters from Archangel and enjoyed them immensely, especially what I had written about Jack and the dog. Brother had arrived home none the worse from his experience, and he had received £2,000 as his share for bringing the vessel to England. He had straightened up father's affairs, and everything was as of old, happiness to overflowing. They fully expected that the *Forsette* would be home by Christmas and were making preparations accordingly to have a rattling good time. Grandpa was making any amount of alterations in his house so as to receive his adopted son Le Fevre and the dog Napoleon in befitting style. Old Blucher had passed in his checks on the day their letters were written, and grandpa felt very blue, having expressed himself at the dog's funeral that he did not think it would be long before he would follow suit. Axel, my enemy, had gone off to sea again. He did not linger long in the village after he was able to get around a bit from the whaling he had received from grandpa.

We remained at anchor off Newport a whole week, and it was a week of recuperation, of which we stood very much in need. Still, time hung heavy, as we were anxious to get on shore to have a little recreation, and besides, we wanted to see our shipmates at the hospital, especially Herald, who had been like a brother to Jack and me.

It was on a Sunday morning that a tugboat came alongside and brought instructions from the captain and the Swedish consul to Mr. Swanson to have the vessel towed to Bridgewater. A half dozen sailors came on board to assist in heaving up anchor, the tugboat captain having told Swanson that they were under his instructions until the vessel was moored to his satisfaction at Bridgewater.

After having our breakfast, we manned the windlass.

The tide was running at its full strength, which caused a great strain to come on the chain, and consequently made heaving very slow. Swanson asked the tugboat captain to pass his hawser on board and take a little strain on it so as to facilitate matters in heaving. The tugboat man was very nasty about it, and said that he had been sent out to tow the old tub into port, and if Swanson was not able to get the anchor up without the assistance of the tugboat he would go back to Newport.

Swanson said no more, but just then he saw that the fellow was under the influence of liquor. We manned the windlass again, but made no progress; in fact we lost several links time and again when the vessel would take a sheer and the chain would come across the stem.

Swanson became very angry, and sang out, "Avast heaving," and told the tugboat man he would not heave until the tide slacked up a bit, whereupon the tugboat man started to use bad language and threatened to leave. Swanson now thoroughly aroused, told him to go if he felt like it, and furthermore, that he would not make use of him or his tugboat on any consideration, if the *Forsette* never got to Bridgewater. He told the sailors who had been assisting us to go on board the tug as he had no further use for them. The captain objected and refused to let them on board again, saying that they had been sent to heave up the anchor, and if they did not heave it up he would see to it that they did not get any pay. The sailors looked at Swanson as if they wanted instructions, and one fellow remarked that the tide had already slacked up a little and thought we could heave. The tugboat captain, seeing that Swanson was a little undecided about what to do, burst out laughing, as if it was a great joke, at the same time making a few nasty remarks about Swanson and his crew.

Swanson had had enough of it. He never was much at

bandying words, except for the fun of it, and then only with friends. He shouted out to the tugboat man that if he would come on board he would thrash him within an inch of his life in two minutes.

It appeared as though the tugboat man had been looking for something of that sort from the beginning, because the challenge was accepted at once. He took off his coat and came out of the pilot house, the while rolling up his sleeves. Swanson noticed that the fellow was a cripple; he halted a little, but at the same time seemed very active.

Swanson, upon seeing this, excused himself, and begged his pardon, saying that he would not fight a cripple on any consideration. This remark Swanson really meant, and would have been willing to apologise, but the tugboat man took it as an insult and became furious. He walked on board and came up on the poop, where Swanson was then standing, and brandished his fist under Swanson's nose, calling him any number of vile names. Swanson just asked him to go back on board of his craft, as he wanted nothing further from him, but the fellow would not listen to reason, thinking, I suppose, that Swanson was afraid of him.

Finally he called Swanson a damned coward and hit him on the face with the flat of his hand. This was much more than Swanson could stand. He jumped back a few feet and cautioned the fellow to be on his guard, and so began the worst fight between two men I have ever seen. It was much more of a fight than the one between Irish and Swanson at Archangel, for the reason that Swanson did not have it all his own way, by any means, this time. The tugboat man was a scrapper and no mistake. He was as lively as Swanson, and if it had not been for the fact that he had been drinking, it is hard to tell how it would have finished.

Some allowance should of course be made for the con-

dition Swanson was in. He and the cook had practically sailed the ship for a month on very little to eat, so that it was little wonder that he did not show up as well as I had seen him in other fights. However, Swanson came out on top. The tugboat man sang out that he had had enough and wanted to shake hands with Swanson, but he was so feeble he could not stand up. Blood was all over the poop, and their faces and hands were besmeared with it so that it would have been impossible to recognise either of them.

Swanson sent the cook down to bring the bottle and he treated everybody while it lasted.

The tugboat captain was carried on board the tug and the crew washed and fixed him up the best they could.

Swanson, after having washed and put on sticking plaster here and there did not look so very bad, but he had a nasty black eye and a swollen nose which did not improve his looks any.

While Swanson was fixing up, the mate of the tugboat came on board and asked Swanson if he really meant not to make use of the tug. Swanson said that he would be glad to get the use of her provided they would be reasonable and assist him to get the anchor up, which he considered was nothing more than right, inasmuch as the ship had to pay for the services of the boat. The mate, who seemed to be a decent young man, told Swanson that the captain was out of the way for the time being and that he would answer for doing the right thing by Swanson. And also, if anything more was said about the fight he would be fair to Swanson in that respect, and make known who was to blame for it.

The tug gave us the hawser. We manned the windlass again, and in about an hour we were on our way to Bridgewater. Wind and tide being against us, we made poor headway, and in the evening we dropped the anchor

at a place called Burnham, there to remain until the tide turned in our favour.

At midnight we were called out to man the windlass for getting under way once more, but as the wind was blowing very fresh and there was a heavy rain falling, the tugboat mate said he would not start before morning.

At daylight the weather had moderated and we hove to. The scenery along the river up to Bridgewater was very pretty. Although it was December, everything was green and Jack and I would have enjoyed it all immensely if it had not been for the fact that the nasty fight we had had on board cast a sort of gloom over the whole situation. We were afraid to ask any questions of Swanson. He seemed so angry and was continually feeling his nose which, to judge by its size, must have been very sore.

This was the first time I ever heard the cook take Swanson's part, and I was somewhat surprised at it. He said that he felt very bad that the fight turned out as it did. He would have liked to have seen the tugboat man killed outright, as he justly deserved such a fate, and if he was only a few years younger he would take on the tugboat man himself after he had recovered a bit.

I told the cook that I thought the fellow would have been too much for him, even if he was twenty years younger, but the cook laughed and said, "Don't you fool yourself, boy. I am sixty and past now, but look at the way I polished up a cook-house full of cooks at Archangel."

Late in the evening we were moored to a stone quay in the dock at Bridgewater. The man who had assisted us went back to the tugboat.

As no fire was allowed on board of the vessel, we had to go ashore to get something to eat.

Swanson engaged an old man to be night watchman

while the vessel was in port, and after having given him some instructions, Swanson told us to come along.

It felt good to be on dry land again. Nap thoroughly enjoyed it. He ran a long way ahead of us and then came back, barking as if he wanted to hurry us along.

The cook volunteered the information that he knew of a fine eating-house kept by an Irish woman, who was a former sweetheart of his. "If she is still doing business that will be the place to go for a square meal, and her corned-beef and cabbage can't be beat," said the cook.

X

THE waterfront streets at Bridgewater were similar in appearance to other seaport towns in England: warehouses, public houses, and eating-houses, with here and there a free and easy place that catered especially to the sailors and dock labourers, were in evidence.

I was surprised at the great number of drunken people — women and children, as well as men staggering along the street. I got used to all that before we left Bridgewater; so much so that I did not think anything of it.

The cook made enquiries about his old sweetheart, and was told she was in business in another part of the town, too far to walk for the sake of getting something to eat.

Swanson caught sight of a place which took his fancy, from its clean appearance on the exterior, and told us to come along. We entered and found it to be public house and restaurant combined. Swanson asked to see the proprietor and was shown into a private room. The place was almost packed with sailors and dock labourers, the majority of which were sitting down at little tables, playing cards and, of course, drinking ale.

In one corner of the place was a little platform raised about three feet above the floor, and on which sat a fellow who played the accordion. The tune he played sounded very familiar to me; I had heard it often before among the lumber piles at Archangel, and I tried to look through the tobacco smoke to see if I could recognise the player. He turned out to be our friend, the boatswain of the German vessel, who used to amuse us at Archangel. The

vessel he was on had made a very quick passage from Archangel to Bridgewater, where she had discharged her cargo and left several weeks before. If it had not been for Nap I don't think the boatswain would have recognised me that evening, because he was a little under the influence of liquor, and besides, the smoke was dense, which made it difficult to see through.

Nap's curiosity was aroused by the music; perhaps he thought he had heard it before. He walked up to the platform, put his forepaws on the edge of it, and looked the musician square in the face. The music stopped all of a sudden, very much to the annoyance of a sailor and a young lady who were dancing to the strain of "The Blue Danube."

"Mein Gott im Himmel," said the boatswain, "that is Napoleon, or I'm a liar." He came down off the platform, took a look around the place, but his bleary eyes were slow in detecting us. He finally got his eyes on the cook, who was lined up at the bar with some newly found old shipmates, to whom he was relating his late terrible experiences. Judging from the way the musician embraced the cook, it seemed as if they were friends of long standing. Having had a round of drinks or two at the musician's expense, the cook brought the musician to where we were standing, and we met with the same sincere welcome the cook had received. Nothing would do but that we be introduced to the whole house. The musician enlarged upon the fact that we two, Jack and I, were the two best step-dancers he had ever seen, and that Jack was a musician of no mean order, on the tin whistle.

The treating became general. Nothing seemed too good for us, and Swanson, whose reputation as a scrapper, had preceded us to Bridgewater, thanks to the musician and the crew of the German vessel, was looked upon as a wonder, and everybody was anxious to see him come out

from the private apartment of the proprietor, with whom he was still in conference.

When Swanson and the proprietor came out, the cook and the two seamen of ours were in such a shape that they did not care much for anything to eat. However, Swanson explained that he had made arrangements with the proprietor that in the future we were to take our meals at this place, three times a day, and that he would be paid for it whether we ate there or not.

The musician, who had seen Swanson at Archangel on numerous occasions, approached Swanson, and after having introduced himself Swanson remembered him and they shook hands. The proprietor called for a round of drinks for the whole house, in which Swanson, out of good fellowship, had to join, very much against his will.

The scrap with Irish became a general topic, as did the fight with the tugboat man, and Swanson was a happy man when he finally made his escape.

Jack and I went in and had our supper, which was none too good, and having finished, we intended to take a walk about the place, which was not very big, and then go on board and have a good sleep.

When we went out into the barroom the cook and the musician grabbed hold of us and insisted upon our giving the crowd a treat to a dance. We made all sorts of excuses, but they would not stand for any, and we were politely told that if we wanted to get along among British seamen we simply had to hold our end up or else not patronise the place, which we would find would be very uncomfortable indeed. I was for making a break for the door, but Jack persuaded me not to, as we would have to come there again to get our grub, and they would make it disagreeable for us.

Having consented to dance, the musician took his chair off the platform, where it was unanimously decided the

stunt should be performed. The musician seated himself directly below us and struck up a tune which Jack had taught him at Solombola. The audience approved of it, as it was very popular in England just about that time.

Jack then announced that we were ready, and the musician went to it, and so did Jack and I. The platform being only about six feet square, we did not have much room to do any fancy steps, so confined ourselves entirely to keeping perfect time, but dancing in the same place, something after the fashion of the statue-dance. When the musician stopped playing we could not hear ourselves for the roar that arose from the audience; every one was thoroughly satisfied; such perfect dancing they had never seen before among sailorsmen. Round after round of drinks was called for, and as Jack and I did not drink, one of the ladies of the house passed around my hat and collected fifteen shillings, which she turned over to us with the understanding that we were to give them one more dance and then we would be allowed to go sightseeing. Our success was entirely unexpected, as far as money was concerned, and of course we danced another one, but this time on the floor where we had a chance to do a little side kicking, and turn a few somersaults, which greatly delighted the audience. Then followed more rounds of drinks, and the proprietor and his wife presented us with half a crown apiece in appreciation of the evening's entertainment, which must have netted them a tidy little sum, to judge from the number of drinks they sold.

We were happy to get out of the place. It was simply reeking with the odour of stale beer and Scotch whiskey, and this, combined with strong tobacco smoke, made the place unbearable, especially so for step-dancing which any dancer knows is quite a little work in itself.

The cook followed us out and struck us for the loan of

a few shillings, which he would return with interest as soon as he could get some money from Swanson, who was to all intents and purposes master of the *Forsette* for the time being.

Being anxious to get clear of him and not to have him following us, I gave him five shillings which he said was little enough, considering all the trouble and care we had been to him during the voyage when we were laid up with broken bones and cracked skulls, to say nothing about all the fine points he had given us in the manly art of self-defence, by which we could now make a great deal of money if we would consent to go a box or two in the public house after having done a little step-dance.

Dismissing the cook, Jack and I took a walk which brought us into a business street. We took in all the shop windows and wound up by spending the greater part of our earnings in buying ourselves each a nice suit of underwear.

On our way back to the ship we passed a music hall and we thought of taking it in, but as they objected to letting Napoleon enter we went into a coffee place instead, where we treated Nap, as well as ourselves, after which we went on board and had a fine sleep.

The following morning a big gang of labourers came on board and started discharging our cargo. Having no crew except Jack and me besides the two seamen — who, by the way, did not turn up, having fallen by the wayside, as had the cook, in the public house,— we were exempt from having anything to do with the cargo. Swanson engaged a responsible man to look out for the vessel during the day, and giving Jack and me instructions as to what he wanted us to do he took the train to Newport to consult the captain and also to call on the other sick members in the hospital.

The longshoremen were mostly young men, and Jack

and I very soon became on friendly terms with them. One fellow was quite a dog fancier, and took a great deal of interest in Napoleon. He proposed to match his bulldog, named Wellington, against Nap, the stakes to be one pound a side. Jack would not hear of it, as he did not like to see animals hurt, and beside he considered that now since Blucher was dead, grandpa was the rightful owner of the dog.

One day this man brought the bulldog down to the ship. He was about the size of Nap but looked much stronger. He tied the dog to a ringbolt on deck and went down in the hold to handle lumber. Jack and I were busy down in the cabin and were not aware of the stranger being on board, but Nap, who was asleep in the den, undoubtedly smelt the stranger and went on deck to see about it. We were aroused by a most horrible noise of dogs snarling and growling, and when we arrived on deck the fight was on in full earnest. Jack and I attempted to get in and stop it, but the men, who had assembled in full force, held us back, and while the fight progressed they shouted and gave odds first on Nap and then on the Duke, just as their fancy led them to believe one dog was getting the better of the other. After a while it seemed as if Nap was getting the upper hand of the Duke, and one fellow remarked, "It looks as if it was about 4 o'clock at Waterloo, and it is time for Blucher to make his appearance or it will be all off with Wellington." "Blucher is dead," shouted Jack, "and Nap will win." "If he does," shouted another longshoreman, "you shall have your pound. I have three pounds on Nap to win." "Go it, Nap"; "Go it, Duke," shouted the men as if fairly crazed with excitement.

The dogs now had one another by the throat, and Nap appeared to be the stronger. He was walking backward, dragging the Duke slowly, step by step, along the deck

toward the after hatch, which was open, and the hatch combing only six inches high.

The owner of Wellington was for calling off the fight at this stage of the game, and it looked as if it was going to develop into a general engagement between the men, but luckily calmer thoughts prevailed, and the dogs were allowed to fight it out to a finish. We did not have long to wait for the finish, either. Wellington seemed to divine what Nap was up to and struggled hard to prevent Nap from dragging him along, but it was in vain; his strength was gone and Nap undoubtedly was aware of it. They were now at the hatch combing, and were still snarling as if challenging one another to let go their hold for one brief moment, which would give one or the other an advantage.

Every one was on the qui vive as to what would happen next, when to our surprise Nap mustered every ounce of strength left him, and with one throw threw the Duke of Wellington, with a broken neck, down in the hatch. I never saw a more excited lot of men. They swore, laughed, and joshed one another as though it were the grandest thing ever happened. Wellington was the best scrapper in Bridgewater, and had never been whipped before, and there he was, dead from a broken neck, killed by Napoleon, an entire stranger of doubtful pedigree. This was indeed sad, but fair play is the order of the day in old England, and Nap was hailed as the champion all-around fighter in Bridgewater.

Nap was a pitiful sight. Hardly an inch of his body that was not injured by Wellington's teeth. We immediately got some hot water from shore and washed him, after which we applied arnica in abundance, and in about a week he was as well as ever, barring several places minus hair. We took care that he had no more fights while at Bridgewater, but Jack had several tempting offers to sell

him. One man in particular asked Jack to name his price and he would pay it, but Jack answered that money would not buy a dog that had the brains and fighting ability of his Nap.

Swanson was away from the ship three days, and when he returned the cargo was out. He gave us the news that Captain Bengston was a very sick man, and that Ericson was not expected to live but a few days more. Herald was improving slowly, but as yet was not able to join the vessel. Our two sailors had not been near the ship since the first evening we arrived at Bridgewater, and Swanson said that as soon as they showed up he would pay them off, as he had no further use for them; and besides, it was only an extra expense to keep the crew by, as there really would be nothing for them to do until the ship had been repaired and ready to go to sea. The insurance agent came on board with a gang of men and took the ship out of the dock and put her on the gridiron, there to examine her bottom. When the tide receded, it left her dry, and a gang of ship carpenters went to work and examined her thoroughly. They pronounced her sound in every way. No bolts or knees had started, although she had been subjected to an awful strain. She was built of oak throughout.

Upon examining the lower masts, it was found that all three were sprung under the mast coats. The agent scratched his head, this was a little more than he had expected. It practically called for everything new above the deck. New forward deck house and gallant fo'c's'les were other items, and the after house would also have to be repaired.

At high water we brought the *Forsette* back in the dock and moored her in a place where we were going to have the refitting done, if it should be decided to do so. The agent seemed to think that it would be cheaper for the

insurance company not to do it, on account of the lower masts having been damaged.

It was now Christmas, and as yet the insurance people had not decided what they would do.

We had an easy time of it. The cook, Jack, and I had very little to do. We took our three meals regularly at the restaurant, and during the evenings we did a little stunt of dancing or boxing, for which we were very handsomely paid. Jack put Nap through a number of tricks which added to the attraction of the public house, and taking it all in all we were happy and had a splendid time.

Our cook had found his former sweetheart — she was now a widow — and it looked as if they were gradually drifting together again, and on the point of becoming one. Every time after a prolonged visit the cook would tell us about some new fine point in the widow he had only then discovered, and could not make out why he had not discovered it before.

Christmas day the cook invited Jack and me to go with him to the widow's to take dinner. We took Nap along, because the cook wanted to show her to what a perfect state he had trained that dog. Jack and I each had on new clothes, hats, and shoes, all bought with the money we had made doing our little stunts at the public house, and the cook was equally well rigged, having invested in a new suit, with the idea of making a good impression on the widow.

She lived in a little cottage with a garden in front, on the outskirts of the town. As it was Christmas, nothing was in bloom, but from the appearance of things in general everything seemed to be well kept, and I thought the garden must be beautiful in the summer time.

The widow came to greet us, and I was not a little surprised to behold a woman of about forty years of age and quite good-looking. She made us welcome in a way that

bespoke a certain amount of refinement, and it struck me at once as being strange that this fine motherly woman could possibly fall in love with a scalawag like the cook. She took us into the parlour and bade us be seated. Everything was as clean and neat as scrubbing and dusting could make it.

After having asked about our health and how we felt after our terrible passage, she remarked how fortunate we were to have had a man on board like Mr. Johnson (the cook), who had saved the ship and all from total destruction. The cook winked at me, as much as to say, "Don't give me away."

She went on to say that Mr. Johnson was a most remarkable man, and when she first knew him, twenty years ago, he was an extremely handsome fellow, and that all the prettiest girls in Liverpool had been crazy after him. "Yes, and in London, too," chipped in Mr. Johnson. "In London, too," repeated the widow, with special stress on it, as though she wanted Jack and me to get thoroughly acquainted with what an awful lady-killer Mr. Johnson had formerly been. But now, she took the trouble to inform us, after years of experience he had come to his senses and was a little more amenable to reason, and she thought that after such a terrible voyage as we had had from Russia he ought to be satisfied to settle down and get married, which she had found was, after all, the height of bliss and the only way to live. The cook said that for the present he had made up his mind to stay on shore, provided he could get something suitable to do, but he expected he would have a hard time to get anything because he was getting old, and he particularly noticed that the ladies were not as fond of him as they were formerly.

The conversation dragged on in this manner for some time, and Jack and I wished that a change would take place. The widow commenced busying herself with set-

ting the table, and the cook went out into the kitchen; as he opened the door the odour of roast turkey penetrated to where we were sitting. Jack looked at me and winked, which meant that by the smell of things our visit would be fully what the cook had cracked it up to be.

Nap and the widow got along fine. She treated him to some small crackers, and patting him on the head, said, "Lucky dog, you; if Mr. Johnson hadn't been such a good-natured fellow you would have been drowned when you jumped overboard after that big whale off the Cape."

The widow gave us some illustrated books to look at while she left us for a little while. She said she would go out in the kitchen and assist Mr. Johnson with the turkey and some other luxuries. Evidently they were more at home by themselves. The cook seemed to be doing the most of the talking, and every now and then we thought we heard the smacking of lips, which might have been caused by tasting of the luxuries, but perhaps by something else.

After dinner Jack put the dog through a lot of stunts which the widow admired very much, and expressed her desire to be the owner of a dog like Nap. The cook said if he remained on shore it would be one of the first things he would attend to, to train her dog to do everything a human could do, except eat with a knife and fork — he wouldn't vouch for that — then he would make her a present of the dog.

Thanking the widow for her excellent dinner, which she said was entirely due to Mr. Johnson's splendid cooking, we said "Good-bye," and took a stroll through the town and a long way out into the country.

One day a little note came to Swanson from Captain Bengston, asking him to send me to Newport by the first train. The cause of this was that Ericson wanted to have

a talk with me before he died, on account of my knowing his mother.

The following morning I was on my way to Newport and arrived there some time during the afternoon. Herald, who had permission to walk out for a while during the day, was at the depot to meet me.

We first went to call on Captain Bengston, who was in a room by himself. He was evidently glad to see me, and said that I had grown fat and strong-looking since he saw me last. I was sorry I could not say the same about him. He had aged a great deal and told me his feet and legs were getting no better. He also said that he expected he would have to go home soon as a passenger on a steamer, and that Swanson would in all probability be appointed master of the *Forsette*. Then having asked me a few questions about my folks as to their health, I said "Good-bye." He told me to hurry up to see poor Ericson, whom they expected would die any moment.

One of the nurses took me to the ward where Ericson was. I had been surprised at the captain's appearance, but it was nothing to what now came before my vision. Ericson was but a shadow of his former self. A fellow was sitting in a chair by the head of the bed and every now and then he would hold a cup to Ericson's mouth, into which Ericson would expectorate blood.

Ericson recognised me at once. A smile spread over his face, and he held out his hand, once so powerful and now so withered as to be almost transparent. The fellow who was sitting on the chair got up and asked me to be seated.

Ericson made a short cut of it and started in by telling me that he expected to die any moment. "When you get home I want you to tell my mother that I am thinking of her, first, last, and all the time, and try to persuade her that nothing that scamp Axel has told her is true. I had

a letter from her a few days ago. You can read it yourself if you like," handing me the letter, "in which she says that Axel told her that I was a murderer, and now when she hears that we have lost so many men overboard she will think that I threw them over. Of course, you know, Andrew, I am not an angel, but when you see mother tell her the truth about me; that will be bad enough and I will die in peace."

He was now taken with a bad spell of coughing, and the nurse put the cup to his mouth. Having recovered himself a bit he started asking questions about the ship, which still seemed to interest him. He told me that the tugboat captain whom Swanson had had trouble with had occupied a bed next to him for several days, and that he was in awful shape when he arrived. I told Ericson the circumstances of the fight, and also about the cook and his latest love affair which seemed as if it was going to be something.

When I was ready to go, Ericson whispered to me, "Have you noticed anything familiar about this fellow that takes care of me?" I had hardly looked at the fellow, so I told Ericson I would take a look at him before I left. "I wish you would look at him now before you go," he said, "so you can tell me your opinion as to whether you think you have ever seen him before."

The nurse had been away attending to some other patient in the ward, and as he came toward us I took a good look at him, but could not think of any one he looked like, and I told Ericson so.

"That's very strange," said Ericson. "It must be my fancy only, now that I'm so near passing in my checks, but don't go away until you have heard him speak; maybe that will give you an idea." The nurse came up and asked Ericson how he felt, and several other questions, but it reminded me of nothing I had heard before. As I

took Ericson's hand to shake it for the last time, he said, "I sent for you to see you about my mother, for one thing; but I also wanted you to see this fellow, thinking that you could help me to solve this riddle. I know he looks like somebody I have very much at heart, but I can't tell now who it is."

On my way back to Bridgewater I thought of this strange idea of Ericson's but came no nearer toward forming an idea of what it could all mean than when I was at the hospital. I was very sorry I had not asked Ericson if he had questioned the fellow as to who he was, and I thought of writing to Ericson the next day to do so. But the next day Ericson died, and I gave up all further thought about the nurse, never expecting for a moment that there was anything else in it but just Ericson's strange fancy.

I gave Swanson an account of my visit to Newport, and of my interview with the captain and Ericson. He seemed very much impressed with what Ericson had told me about the nurse, whom he had himself spoken to on several occasions when he had visited Ericson at the hospital.

"I remember the fellow well," said Swanson, "and I didn't see anything in particular out of the ordinary about him. He wore a black beard that covered the biggest part of the face. If it had not been for that perhaps you could have been able to imagine him looking like some one you have seen before, but I think it was all imagination on Ericson's part."

I did not tell my friend Jack anything about this nurse, or what Ericson had asked me to unravel in connection with this strange imagination of his, which Swanson and I thought it was. That in itself was strange, because I always told him everything I heard. My only excuse for not telling him I attribute to the fact that he was so very

easily touched, and would invariably start crying; which he did when I told him about Ericson's looks and how resigned he was to die. Jack was a great hand for asking questions, and if I had told him when I came back from my visit about this nurse and of Ericson's imagination, the boy, without any doubt, would have asked the man's name. If I could then have answered that his name was Le Fevre, it would have solved Ericson's strange imagination and saved the boy many sleepless nights and much expense in years to come when he set out in search of his father.

The nurse at the hospital was Jack's father, and was formerly boss of the smuggling gang in the Channel Islands.

As this story is supposed to be an account of my first voyage to sea only, I shall say nothing more about Jack's father, as it would require another book to do so; but I fancy it would not be out of place to make a few remarks about the strangeness of the occurrence as a whole.

I have related the boy's story as told by himself. From it the reader gets a knowledge of the mother's sad death and the father's underhanded transactions and disappearance. Then the boy, when on the point of being starved to death, is rescued by a stranger, a foreigner to whom he could not even make his wants known. This stranger was a boy of about his own age and learned to love him as well as any human can love another. The boy is fed, clothed, and taken care of much better than ever before, except when as a child with his mother. In short, these rough strangers treat him well and try their best to make a man of him.

Then comes disaster. One-third of the crew is drowned and others are injured to such an extent that they are taken to a hospital, where one died, and while there they are cared for by this boy's father, these very men who had



THE COOK ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

done everything for the boy that he had so cruelly abandoned.

I think John Fleming Wilson or Jack London could make a readable novel, with this true story of Jack Le Fevre as the subject.

New Year's day, Captain Bengston left for London, there to take a steamer for Gothenburg. He had an idea he would get well sooner by going home to his wife. The nurse who had taken care of Ericson went with the captain and saw him on board the steamer.

Swanson received his appointment as master, and decided to make Herald mate if he was able to leave the hospital when we were ready to go to sea.

The insurance people finally decided to re-rig the *Forsette* and accordingly one morning, just after New Year's, a gang of riggers came on board.

If the cook had been undecided what to do in regard to marrying the widow, he was not slow in making up his mind when he found out that Swanson was to be the future master of the vessel. "That settles it," said the cook when he heard the news. "Bengston was bad enough, to be sure." As for being cook and steward with Yankee Swanson it was out of the question. "I wouldn't sail with him across a duck pond, because he would never find his destination unless he could feel his way with a boat-hook. Anyhow, I've had enough of going to sea, and no mistake. I will now try to do a little cooking on dry land, and if at any time you boys should come to Bridgewater, don't forget to call at John Johnson's restaurant and coffee parlour, and you will be well treated, and better still it won't cost you much — not you and Jack."

Jack and I called on Mr. and Mrs. Johnson several times after he had left the ship. They treated us well, especially Mrs. Johnson, and seemed to be a happy couple. Johnson told us one evening, in the presence of his wife,

that he never knew what true happiness was until he got married—"this time," he added, as if he suspected his wife would make enquiries about the amount of happiness he had experienced in his first marriage.

On the day the riggers went to work a little American barque loaded with wheat from Baltimore hauled in to the dock and moored just astern of us. Swanson was acquainted with her captain. They had formerly been shipmates, but were not good friends. The captain had his wife and a son about my age and size on board. The son had the title of third officer, and he seemed to fill that job very well indeed, because all that was expected of him was to follow the second mate about the decks and assist him in using bad language and cursing the sailors.

The second mate informed me one day that the captain was very anxious to have his son put through a course of training that would thoroughly fit him to become a bucko-mate, and with that object in view the captain had selected himself and his friend, the first mate, who held the reputation of being the best rough-and-tumble, knock-down mate out of Baltimore. I never saw either of these two mates knock down anybody, so I can't vouch for their ability in that particular line; but in the art of using bad language they certainly were past masters.

Her crew, all niggers, left immediately she was made fast, and after a few days the captain and his wife left for London, sightseeing, I suppose. The captain's name was Higginson, and he had been an all-round hard mate in his young days when sailing in the California clippers, where he and Swanson had been shipmates. One day he came on board the *Forsette*. I was sweeping down the decks. It was late in the afternoon and the riggers were on the point of knocking off for the day.

"Hey there, you, do you know where Yankee Swanson is hanging out to-day?" I knew that Swanson disliked

being called nicknames, and it wouldn't be safe to do so in his hearing. I therefore answered the captain that I did not know of any one by that name.

"Well, that's strange. Yankee must have changed a H—l of a lot since we were shipmates; it never used to take him long to let squareheads like you know when he was around."

"If you are alluding to Captain Swanson," I said, "I can inform you that he has gone up town and won't be back until to-morrow."

"Captain Swanson," he repeated, with a leering grin, and then remarked that Captain Swanson wasn't captain of much. "Well, all right, then, you tell him when he comes back, that Bully Higginson has called to see him, and that he has gone to London to get rid of some money. Understand?"

"I understand," I answered.

He surveyed me for a moment, with a critical eye, and then remarked, as though speaking to some of the riggers who were putting away their tools in a box near where he was standing, "I have a little third officer on board of my craft that could trim that fellow up to a nicety in about two minutes. I wish I had that little squarehead with me for a voyage. I think that little third officer of mine would soon convert him into a good, civil boy."

"I don't think your third officer could do anything to that lad," said one of the riggers. "Captain Swanson might not understand how to trim up boys to your taste, but he certainly knows how to teach them to handle the mittens."

Seeing that the riggers were not in sympathy with him, he took himself off to his vessel. I made it a point to watch him; in fact, I suspected that he was putting up a job of sending his son over to lick me. I found that he was in conversation with his three ugly looking mates, and

every now and then while talking he pointed toward the *Forsette*. Just about that time our old watchman came on board to take charge for the night, and after having told him the instructions which Swanson had given me to deliver, Jack and I left the ship in company with the riggers to go to the boarding-house for our supper.

I was on very good terms with the riggers, especially so with the boss. Swanson had told him to make all possible use he could of Jack and me as he was anxious that we should learn something of dismantling and re-rigging the vessel, and it certainly was a fine chance and we benefitted by it immensely.

When we got outside the dock gate, I looked back and saw the three mates close behind us. I told Mr. Jones (the rigger) that I expected they were up to some mischief. "Let them come. I guess we are strong enough to take care of them," said Mr. Jones.

Nap was with us, but some distance ahead. He was in the habit of leaving us behind when we were going to our meals, but we didn't mind that for we knew that he would be at the house when we got there. When we arrived at the public house we found Nap doing stunts, such as walking on his hind legs and turning somersaults, while our former cook, now Mr. Johnson, restaurant keeper, was occupied in telling the audience about the great amount of patience and trouble it had cost him to train Nap to his present state of perfection. The musician took a hand in the conversation and related how Napoleon drove a whole German crew on top of a lumber pile, after having chewed up the cook and a mate. It was all very wonderful, and Jack was called upon to put the dog through a few more stunts, which were greatly appreciated, and several rounds of drinks were ordered, while the proprietor rubbed his hands in high glee and swore that he had offered Jack ten pounds for the dog, and was seriously considering to raise

it a few pounds more in order to become the owner of such a valuable animal.

"Ten pounds," said Mr. Johnson. "What do you take him for? King Oscar offered the boy fifty pounds for him, and that was long before I started in to train him. Why, man alive, that dog can do anything except eat with a knife and fork, and I would have taught him that too if we hadn't lost all our table-ware in a hurricane somewhere up around the North Pole." Mr. Johnson then settled down with a crowd of admirers around him and started to relate his and Nap's experience with the beluga.

The proprietor tapped me on the shoulder in a friendly way and announced that supper was ready. Mr. Jones, Jack and I went into the dining-room, and the proprietor and his wife also sat down to the same table.

The proprietor and Mr. Jones engaged in conversation at once, and by their talk I judged they were friends of long standing. The proprietor asked how long it would take him to finish the *Forsette* and how he liked the skipper.

Jones said he expected to finish in about a month from the time he started; and as for the skipper, he found him to be the squarest man he had ever met. He has given me the use of these two boys without charging it up to me, with the understanding that I teach them a few things. It leaves me at least one man's pay, because they reeve off all the gantlines and attend to the spun-yarn and marline for the serving mallets. Altogether the boys are very useful and well behaved lads, and I will make it right with them when we have finished.

The proprietor had nothing but what was good to say about Swanson, and his wife said that she had never enjoyed anything as much as our little stunts at dancing and boxing, all due to the splendid tact Captain Swanson seemed to have in bringing up young boys.

About this time the dessert came along and the old lady was very liberal with it. Jack and I got double portions, and she explained that she always made it a point to give the young ones plenty.

Before we got up from the table she patted us on our shoulders and told us that she had a few select friends coming that evening and she had promised them a treat, which was this: that Jack and I were to do a little stunt with the gloves, and if we were not too tired to wind up with a dance which she knew her friends would appreciate and, of course, papa (her husband) would see to it that we were not doing it for nothing. Having promised to do our best to oblige her, Mr. Jones said he would stay because Swanson had told him that we were dandies with the gloves and he was a bit of a sport himself.

When we went out in the dining-room we found the place full of people, and among them, sitting at a table, were the three Yankee mates well supplied with half-and-half. The musician was pulling away at the accordion as if his life depended upon the amount of noise he could make, and several half drunken British sailors were dancing, or at least trying to.

As we entered, the landlady escorted Jack and me to a table where were seated two men whom I found out afterward were the proprietors of a music and dance hall. They were anxious to see us dance as they were on the lookout for cheap talent for their place.

Everything passed along fine. Jack and I boxed three rounds and were greatly applauded. Having rested a bit, the musician struck up one of our favourite dances and Jack and I went to it with a will, feeling thoroughly at home with the crowd which was full of fun and good-nature.

The dancing having come to an end for the evening the proprietor and Mr. Johnson jumped up on to the dancing

platform, each to make a little speech. Shouting, "Hear, hear," and stamping his foot, quietness was restored, and the proprietor gave a brief outline of our history. According to him, we were both of us orphans and neither of us knew where we originally came from. However that might be the proprietor thought there could be no question but that we were British of some sort, because no other country in the world was known to produce boys of our calibre, and it was on that account only that England was all powerful everywhere. Putting all these facts together he thought that inasmuch as we boys had been a source of entertainment to every patron of his place for a long time it would not be out of place this evening, as we had come up to every expectation, to be a little liberal when the hat was passed around, and to start the ball rolling he ordered his bartender to set them up for all hands.

He then introduced Mr. Johnson, as a true-blue Britisher of the old school; a gentleman known throughout the whole Empire for his famous cooking; a survivor of the Light Brigade and the Indian Mutiny; and last but not least, the gentleman who so gallantly stood by the now famous skipper, Yankee Swanson, and sailed the dismasted *Forsette* into port.

The crowd cheered as Mr. Johnson came to the front. When order was restored, he began by saying that he had intended to speak in behalf of the boys but as Mr. Hopkins had said practically all there was to be said in that respect, he would confine himself to making a few remarks of how sadly he felt that circumstances over which he had no control had interfered with his purpose of bringing up the two orphans, whom he loved almost as much as his wife, in a Christian way. However, he felt assured that what he had done was engraved on our minds to such an extent that he could not but feel easy about the future, and wound up by telling his audience that he had retired

from the sea for good and would henceforth be counted as one of them, and that he would be most happy to see them at his place of business on the opening night, which would take place next Saturday.

Mr. Johnson shouted drinks for all hands. Business was rushing and no mistake. Having drunk to the health and prosperity of Mr. Johnson, the musician struck up "The Blue Danube," tables and chairs were crowded to the walls, and British tars and their ladies, Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Hopkins, and in fact everybody who had a leg to stand on, got to their feet, and as if by magic became dancers. The dancing did not finish until the musician, overcome by tobacco smoke and perhaps also from having indulged too freely in beer, fell off his seat on the platform and rolled down on the floor among the dancers. The accordion was put out of commission by Mrs. Hopkins, who accidentally stepped on it.

Mr. Jones, the rigger, took my cap, Mrs. Hopkins took Jack's, and they started to make a round among the crowd, taking up a collection for the benefit of the two orphans. Everybody in the place responded, ladies included, except the three Yankee mates, who insulted Mrs. Hopkins by demanding to know what they were expected to pay for. The collection amounted to three pounds and a few shillings, which were turned over to the orphans, with the exception of the extra shillings, which were put to one side to pay for a round of drinks.

Mrs. Hopkins served out the drinks herself and everybody was treated, except the Yankee mates, who had refused to contribute.

Several of the British sailors were now spoiling for a fight, without which no sailor's entertainment is complete. They commenced casting slurs that Yankees as a rule were the meanest of all sailors, and that they had no standing anywhere; that it ought not to be tolerated to have

them in their midst to partake of true British hospitality when they were too mean to contribute a shilling or even sixpence toward a good cause.

Mr. Johnson took the stand once more, saying that the very word Yankee was offensive to him, and proposed that the three mates should be expelled at once and by force if necessary. The proposition was seconded at once by several men laying hands on the mates, and as they showed fight and refused to leave, our entertainment broke up in a fight that only ended when the police interfered and took the three Yankee mates off to jail.

Having thoroughly enjoyed this little entertainment, Jack, Nap and I took ourselves off to the ship.

Jack and I were busy aloft when Swanson came back to the ship next morning, and for that reason did not get a chance to tell him about the entertainment at first-hand. Directly he came over the rail Mr. Jones engaged him in a conversation, and to judge by the way they both laughed, the Yankee mates' little picnic was undoubtedly the topic.

In the afternoon Mr. Jones was summoned to court and had to appear as a witness against the mates. They were fined five pounds apiece for battery and disturbing the peace, and late that afternoon they returned to the ship in a much battered condition. Jack and I met them as we were going out to get our supper. We could not keep from laughing at their changed appearance, at which they took offence and the little fellow — so-called third officer — made a pass at Jack as we met.

Nap, who saw this hostile action, immediately hooked on to the little fellow's trousers, and did not let up until he had him under bare poles. The other two mates started to interfere, but Nap was equal to the occasion and in a little while had the three bucko-mates scattered and running in different directions as if their lives de-

pended on speed only, amidst the laughter from the crews of the different vessels moored in the dock.

On January 5th I was to be fourteen years old, and I told Swanson about it. He told me to see the rigger and ask him if he could spare Jack and me, and if he could, we might have the day to ourselves. The rigger was delighted to let us go, and after breakfast we rigged up in our very best intending to make a long trip out in the country. As we expected to travel on foot, we took Nap along for company as well as for protection. On leaving the ship Swanson gave me a letter which he told me to deliver at the shipchandler's where he did his business.

The shipchandler knew us well. He used to come on board almost daily, and being of a jolly disposition as a rule would have something to say to us boys, generally joshing us about our acting up town — those are the words he used — and then laughing at it as if it were a huge joke.

He tore the letter open, and after reading it he said, "Capt. Swanson informs me that you, Jack, have a lot of wood you would like to dispose of. What do you want for it, and how much have you got?"

Jack replied that about half of what he did have was lost in the gale, but as yet the fore peak was full.

"All right," said the shipchandler, "I will look into it, and you shall have what it is worth. Get it all on deck to-morrow."

As we started to leave, the shipchandler handed me two letters. One bore the postmark of Grangemouth; the other one was from grandpa. I was for going back to the ship to read them, but Jack thought it would afford us great amusement to spend our time out in the country reading them. I put the letters in my inside pocket and started off on a brisk walk. It was a fine, clear day and walking was good. In about half an hour's time we were

out in the country. Frogs and birds were plentiful and Nap had the time of his life chasing them.

We passed many fine farms and some great old country places, the walls of which were overgrown with ivy. As we walked along I explained to my friend what my father's place looked like, and compared certain things we saw with what he would find at home. It was all very fine, he thought, and expressed a wish that we would soon get started on our homeward journey.

"I was just thinking about the wood business," said Jack. "I wonder how much he will pay me for that. I have made up my mind to spend it all in buying pretty things for grandpa and your sisters and the little brother," calling them all by their names as if he had known them his whole life. "Poor old Bengston; half of it belongs to him," remarked Jack. "I must divide with him, or he will think me an ungrateful boy after all he has done for me."

We walked along in silence for a long time. My friend was in a brown study. I cast my eye at him once in a while trying to guess what he was thinking of. I knew he had something on his mind he wanted to unburden himself of, for I had seen him in that state many times before. To break the silence and to get him in a good humour again I said that we would walk until twelve o'clock, and then we would go to some farmhouse and buy something to eat; then we could start back in time to get to town before dark. "All right," said Jack, and taking out his tin whistle started to play the "Marseillaise" with a great amount of energy. The pair of us fell into time like old campaigners and kept it up until we were nearly exhausted. We sighted a nice looking farm some distance ahead, and as our prearranged time was almost up we decided to make that place our turning point. As we drew nearer, Jack remarked that things looked familiar

to him and seemed to think that he had been there before on his wanderings through England. When within a short distance of the farm Jack assured me that he had been at the farm two days and that they had treated him well. He also thought we would have no trouble in getting something to eat.

The first man we spoke to was an old fellow who was engaged in breaking up old railroad ties. We lifted our caps by way of saluting and asked if we could buy something to eat at the farm. "You are foreigners. What are you doing in this part of the country?" asked the old man.

Jack answered that we belonged to a foreign vessel in port and had come out just to have a holiday and to see the country.

The old man eyed us very keenly and said, pointing his finger at Jack, "Have you not been here before?"

Jack answered that he had.

"I thought so," said the old man. "You are the boy that came to this place and danced. I'm a very old man, ninety-two years of age, but my memory is as keen as ever. I knew you the moment I cast my eye on you."

The old gentleman was very tall and remarkably erect for a man of his years. He wore an old military-looking cap, and I thought he had been a soldier in his younger days. He was a most inquisitive old fellow and asked all sorts of questions, until Jack and I could not keep ourselves from laughing. He seemed very much interested in Jack and almost demanded to know where he had been since the last time he saw him. Jack gave him the outlines of everything that had transpired and when he had finished the old man said that he believed it all. "I can tell by looking you in the eye that you have told the truth."

Nap walked up to the old man and smelt of his hands.

He patted him on the head, and Nap wagged his tail, evidently sizing him up to be a gentleman.

Jack being a little uneasy about answering so many questions decided to divert the old man's attention. He took out his whistle, made a motion with his hand which signified, "Nap, get up on your hind legs." The dog did so, and then Jack started to play the "Marseillaise," to which Nap kept marching until Jack finished the whole piece.

To say the old man was surprised would not be doing him justice; he was simply amazed. He forgot to ask any more questions for quite a little while, and we thought he had finished with us but that was a big mistake.

"What was it you called that dog, boy?" asked the old man.

"Nap, for short," answered Jack, "but his full name, Christian, sur, and title, is Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor."

"Who gave him that name, and what was the object in naming a dog after that great man?" Two questions at once; that was going some, I thought, and the old man was apparently getting impatient, and he wanted quick answers.

Jack told him that I had named the dog, and that my reason for doing so was the fact that my grandfather had served for a number of years in Napoleon's army. This statement created more surprise, and the old man took hold of me and made me sit down beside him on a piece of wood. He took off my cap and felt of my skull like a phrenologist; then, as though doubtful about something, he took hold of my ears and stared me in the eyes. I felt very uncomfortable and turned the colours of a rainbow. Jack laughed, and Nap was a little uneasy; in fact, he commenced to growl a bit and Jack took hold of his collar for fear he would tackle the old man. After a while he released my ears, patted me on the head, and replaced the

cap. "Was your grandfather at Waterloo?" he asked. I answered in the affirmative. "Was he wounded?" I told him yes. "So was I," and taking off his cap he asked me to feel his skull. I could feel a cut almost across the whole head. "That's a deep one," I said, "much bigger than my grandfather's." "Marshal Ney did that," said the old man. What saved us from any further questioning for the time being was a boy and a girl with school books in their hands.

They ran up to the old man, kissed him and called him grandpa. He said to them, "Look here, children, this is the little French boy that danced for us last year. Take him and his friend and Napoleon Bonaparte to the house and ask your mother to give them the best she has got."

We walked off together and the old man resumed cutting wood. The two children remembered Jack and wanted to know if he would give them a dance after he had had something to eat. Jack said it was late and we had to be back in town by dark, but he would stretch a point and try to do something.

The mother was a widow and almost as inquisitive as the old man. However, she hurried up and gave us a lot of stuff to eat, but while eating she continually plied us with questions. When we finished I took out my purse to pay but she said the old man would not stand for taking anything from us, but if we liked we should be allowed to make her two children a present of six pence apiece, which I did, and the children thanked us.

We were anxious to be off, but it seemed a shame to disappoint the children, as they expected Jack to do something in the way of dancing. He took out the whistle, blew a little piece on it and danced, winding up by turning a corkscrew somersault to their great amusement.

We said good-bye and thanked the widow for her kindness and left. When outside we saw the old warrior

coming toward the house, but we took a short cut and steered clear of him thinking that he would commence over again asking questions.

We arrived in town just in time to call at Mr. Hopkins' for our supper. He wanted us to do our usual stunt, but we found an excuse that evening, telling him about the unread mail of ours that had already been neglected a whole day.

Swanson did not sleep on board, as the carpenters who were repairing the after house had gone to work that morning and everything was topsy-turvy.

We were not allowed to have a lamp burning on board, it being against the rules of the port, and for that reason we would have been unable to peruse our mail that evening if it had not been for the dock watchman, who allowed us to occupy a little watchhouse where there was a lamp burning. The letter from Grangemouth was from Betsey Duncan. She began by saying that they (meaning the whole Duncan family) had been very anxious about the old *Forsette*, she having been overdue several weeks. Then how happy they all had been when they saw in the paper that the vessel had arrived at the Isle of Man. Finally they had received a long letter from Swanson and a little one from Bengston, wherein they were made acquainted with our hardships and the gallant behaviour of the cook. The captain of the *Sea Lark* had called at their house and related how Swanson and I had been on board their vessel off the Cape, and of what good use I had made of her school books.

She thanked us in a nice way for the little presents we had sent her, saying that she would ever cherish them, not on account of their intrinsic value, but for the fact that they had come from the little pitch boiler on the bank of the Firth of Forth.

She concluded by saying that undoubtedly she would

never write to me again, and in all probability we would never meet any more, because the whole Duncan family were busy just then packing up getting ready to leave Grangemouth forever to take passage probably to Australia. Poor little Betsey, she was sorry to leave bonny Scotland, but she had no idea that the world is really as small as it is.

We met again, all right, about eight years afterward and under most singular circumstances, but I shall say no more about that at present. It would require many pages to do so, and I am anxious to get to the end of my first journey, or voyage rather, and it seems as though I had a long road to travel yet.

I then opened grandpa's letter. While lying at anchor off Newport I had written the old man a detailed account of the whole passage, which also made him acquainted with the funny feeling and weak heart I had experienced on a certain day, and this letter I now opened was an answer to it. The old man went on to say that when he read my letter and came to that part relating this funny feeling the letter dropped out of his hand and grandma thought he had fainted away. He was most terribly disappointed with my behaviour and was on the point of telling his wife to put the letter in the fire, being afraid it would contain more disappointments. Happily for us both he continued and found that this strange feeling had only been momentary, and besides, my friend had confessed to similar symptoms, although they had been less violent with him.

The old man having finished my letter, felt much relieved and sat down to a quiet smoke, the while thinking over past occurrences, and to his horror had discovered that he had been similarly affected not once but on three different occasions. He now smiled at his folly, to think that any young fellow, no matter of what stuff he was

made of, could stand up to a hot fire, as he called it, without being affected in some way. "Of course everybody is not affected in the same way," he said. He himself, as far as legs were concerned, had been affected entirely different; it had rather acted as a stimulant to them. In short, the legs absolutely refused to obey orders directed from the heart, and were inclined to run away, and it had been with the greatest effort on his part, and the appearance of the Emperor, that had compelled them to remain on the battlefield.

This leg question having been settled to his entire satisfaction, he took up the matter of us boys coming home soon. He had built a fine dog kennel which had cost him a lot of labour on account of the tools being in such awful condition.

It appeared my younger brother was getting worse instead of improving, as far as handling the grindstone was concerned, but he had made up his mind that Nap was too good a dog to occupy Blucher's home, and for that reason he had gone to work regardless of the condition of the tools.

He also had gone to a lot of expense fitting up Jack's room. He had got a brand-new feather bed and grandma had covered the floor with her best homemade carpet.

Another item of great importance was this: He had made arrangements that Jack was to go to school for two years, and he wished me to inform him that the work he would expect him to do would not be hard as he had sold one cow and would only keep one in the future, it being sufficient for the three.

The old man seemed very much surprised that I did not get lousy in Russia, and expressed the opinion that the Russians had taken to washing themselves of late. Such things had never been heard of when he was in Moscow.

Wishing to be remembered to Mr. Swanson, he con-

cluded by saying that he would be looking for us not later than March first.

I read this letter in a loud voice and noticed the effect it had on my friend. The colour on his face was changing like passing clouds. He now told me what had been on his mind when we were walking along in the country that day. He seemed to be in doubts if it really was a good plan for him to go home with me, thinking that I perhaps was promising more than the old man would stand for and that at the final show-down the castles we had built would tumble over like cardboard.

However, this last letter reassured him, and all doubts were cast to the four winds. In the morning we turned to, as usual, with the riggers. When Swanson came on board Jack informed him of what the shipchandler had said about the wood. Swanson told him to get it up at once, which he did, and during the day the shipchandler came on board, paid for it and took it away.

Swanson took pleasure in watching Jack get his wood up that day. Jack had gone on shore and engaged half a dozen boys to assist him to get the wood out of the fore-peak. Their pay agreed upon was two shillings apiece. The fellows worked like beavers. Jack bossed the job, and in the evening when he paid them off in his den he gave them an extra sixpence apiece, thinking he could well afford it inasmuch as the shipchandler had paid him five pounds for the wood.

The little fellows were tickled with their good fortune. They went away happy, saying that Jack was the best boss they had ever worked for and only wished there were more like him.

Jack wanted to turn over half of the proceeds of the wood deal to Swanson, to be delivered to Captain Bengston on our return home, but Swanson told Jack that it was Bengston's order that Jack should have it all, for the

reason that he had sailed some time on the vessel before he went on the payroll.

On the last day of January the riggers were through, and the carpenters were putting the finishing touches on the new deck-houses. The *Forsette* looked almost like a new vessel, and was in a better condition than she had been since the day she left the shipyard new, some twenty-five years before.

Swanson received orders to take the vessel to Cardiff to take on a load of coal for Copenhagen. This was a little disappointing. We had fully expected to load for our place, but it did not matter much, anyhow; it was only a day's journey from Copenhagen to home, and besides, we would have a chance to visit that beautiful place.

That part of it having been settled, we were all anxious to get away. Jack having informed Swanson that he intended to spend the whole five pounds in buying presents for every member of my family, he told the boy that he would get somebody to go with him who understood what to buy.

Swanson had told the shipchandler and his wife about this strange boy and all the circumstances in connection with his coming on board the *Forsette*, and they were interested and wished him all the good luck one person could wish another. And so it came about that one day Mrs. Shipchandler, Jack, and Napoleon went out shopping. They came back late in the afternoon loaded down with bundles, and Nap had on a new collar.

The vessel was to be towed to Cardiff and there Swanson would ship his crew. Herald would join us as first mate, having fully recovered after having been two months in the hospital.

Mr. Johnson, our former cook, and Mrs. Johnson came on board the *Forsette* one afternoon to pay us a friendly

call as well as to bid us good-bye. Captain Swanson entertained them in a most friendly way, sending me out to get a bottle of wine and some cake. Swanson asked the cook how married life agreed with him, and the cook declared that if he had only known what a lot of bliss and happiness constituted married life he would have married Mrs. Johnson twenty years ago. "Yes, sir. No more salt water for this chicken," said Johnson. "I have everything I want, and a good wife is as handy as a button on a shirt," and to illustrate what he meant he embraced his wife, kissed her, and pulled out a hairpin with which he started to clear his ears, making an awful wry face during the operation, and remarked, "See that captain, a place for everything and everything in its place," and put the hairpin back where he had taken it from.

Mr. Jones, the rigger, having finished up to Swanson's entire satisfaction, proposed that Jack and I should have a pound apiece for the assistance we had rendered. Swanson agreed to that willingly, but said he would pay us that money in Copenhagen as we already had spent a good deal of money at Bridgewater, and he did not approve of boys being too flush with money.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins gave us a fine supper, the last one we had with them, the evening before we left. They said they wished there were more boys like us. We had deported ourselves so well they were real sorry we were leaving. We never as much as kicked about the grub, like some ungrateful sailors did.

After supper we prolonged our stay an hour or so, Jack putting Nap through a series of stunts. We also danced a final jig. Then came the all round handshaking, after which we left and took a walk through the town before going on board.

In the morning a crew of sailors came on board, and we hauled the vessel down to the dock gate. At high tide

they opened the gate and we passed out in a basin where the tug took hold of us.

By noon we were on our way to Cardiff, and some time during the night we anchored off that port.

Swanson went on shore with the tugboat, leaving Jack and me in charge, besides a watchman and Nap.

Early the following morning the tug, with Swanson and a gang of men, came off to the ship. We hove up anchor and proceeded in tow right in to the dock and moored under the coal chute. While loading the stores came on board, and Herald, who joined us just after having moored, with six sailors and a cook, went to work and took charge of them.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the cargo was all on board, and the same tug that towed us in took us out again and anchored us in the roads, some distance from the town.

Swanson went on shore with the tug, giving instructions to bend all sails the following morning and have everything ready for going to sea in the evening if the wind should be fair.

We were still short a second mate, men not being anxious to go across the North Sea at that time of the year. However, Swanson decided to stand a watch himself rather than delay getting away.

The sailors were all Swedes, men who had sailed in English and American vessels, and some of them had not been home for many years.

One fellow fifty-five years old, had been shipmate with Swanson two voyages to San Francisco, and having met Swanson on the street in Cardiff he struck him for a job, thinking it would be a good opportunity to see his old home once more, and he would also make a few shillings instead of having to pay his passage.

We turned to early the following morning. Herald

gave Jack and me a gantline each, which we rove off while the men got the sails out of the locker. That done, we hoisted them all up, beginning with the royals and finishing with the courses. Then all hands laid aloft, one watch on each top and bent them. All the running gear was roved off new — most of it was Manila rope, soft and easy to handle as compared with the Russian hemp rope we had been accustomed to.

Captain Swanson had made some little alteration in the cabin. The den had been enlarged considerably and two bunks were fitted in so that Jack and I could have a bunk each, and I would not be compelled to live forward among the new men. It was very considerate of Swanson to do this, because the new sailors were a rough lot and he thought I would be most uncomfortable among them.

At noon we had everything aloft and bent, the running gear coiled down snug and all hands were sent to dinner.

After dinner we turned to and washed her down. This in itself was quite a job, because she was smothered with coal dust fore and aft. After that our spare spars were lashed and dozens of other jobs had to be looked after before we could say we were ready for sea.

The last job Jack and I did was to grease down the masts, and when that was finished we were through for the day. We were thoroughly tired out and did not feel much like taking a wash, although we stood greatly in need of it.

Herald told us that it was Swanson's orders that Jack and I should eat with the cook in the cabin after the captain and mate had finished. Jack had, of course, done so right along, but now that I had quarters there it would be my privilege also. I was glad of that, as I would not be subjected to a lot of questions as I otherwise would have been — something that is very disagreeable to a beginner, more so if he happens to be liked by the officers.

Our cook seemed to be a real nice fellow, but somehow or

other my friend and I missed the old one a great deal. It seemed as if we had lost something that could not be replaced, and it was not to be wondered at when we remember that we could never pass his galley door or meet him on deck at any time of the day but he would button-hole us, and tell a tale of some sort that would make us laugh although of course it was nothing but a lot of lies.

Anchor watch was set for the night at eight o'clock: one hour each. I had the first hour from eight to nine and Jack was next. Herald left word to be called if there was any sign of a tug coming off, but no tug came off that night.

At midnight it started to blow from the westward and by daylight it was a howling gale. We were called out to brace up the yards, and gave her sixty fathom of chain to the hawse. We also had to steer her as if we had been under weigh owing to the strong current and wind. At times when the current and the wind combined took her on one bow or the other she would sheer off half a dozen points and bring up on the chain across the stem with such a force it made the old craft quiver.

When daylight came on it was real bad weather and a heavy sea was running. Several of the vessels had dragged their anchors a considerable distance. We gave a little more chain and put over the other bower ready to let go. Herald sent us aloft to put on the chafing gear on shrouds and backstays, and he kept everybody well employed throughout the day.

Late in the afternoon the wind seemed to moderate a little, but no tugboat came out. However, we manned the windlass and hove in to forty fathom at the hawse, thinking that perhaps Swanson would come off during the night and give orders to get under weigh.

The wind was still from out the west the following morning, but it was fine, clear weather, and it looked as if

it had settled down to be fine, and the prospect looked good for getting under weigh, especially so if the wind should happen to change to a more favourable quarter.

Just after breakfast a tug came out from Cardiff with a vessel in tow, which turned out to be the American barque *Frolic*, Captain Bully Higginson. She anchored close to the *Forsette*.

Herald had nothing in particular for us to do, as everything was ready for going to sea. We were merely standing by and for that reason we had a splendid opportunity to observe what was going on on board the *Frolic*. It was very interesting, indeed, and gave me an idea of what I could expect to get if I should ever be so unfortunate as to sail on one of those knock-down and drag-out Yankee packets I had heard our old cook relate so much about. I found that what he had told me about them was not all lies. There certainly were some knock-downs that day, and I was an eyewitness to several.

The little fellow, so-called third officer, was very much in evidence. He was on the poop alongside of the mate, repeating the mate's orders to the men aloft, who were bending the sails, and every order was accompanied with a string of oaths that would have made a London cabman blush.

Bully Higginson and wife were still on shore. I guess it was prearranged that they should not come off until the new crew had been put through a little training which would fit them for such company as Captain Higginson and wife.

The first officer of the *Frolic* had a grudge against Jack and me on account of the treatment they had received at the public house, and also because Nap made such a show of them on the dock. Between swearing and beating his men that day he would now and again shake his fist at our ship and curse us. He even went so far as to point a revolver at

us and bellow out several times, loud enough for us to hear, that Higginson would fix Yankee Swanson in Cardiff before he went to sea, full and plenty.

I was standing alongside of Herald when the American mate shouted this last threat. He asked me if I understood what he said. I told him I did, and what was more, I believed that there was some truth in it; if not, why did not Swanson come off? The weather was fine and everything was in readiness for going to sea. Herald shook his head as if loath to believe it, he, of course, not knowing anything about the mates of the vessel nor the captain. I started to relate to him everything that had transpired while at Bridgewater. He thought it all over seriously and remarked that perhaps there was some truth in what the mate had shouted to us.

Night came on again, but no tug and no Swanson, and what made matters look still more as though something had happened, was the fact that the wind was now fair, and it would have been a fine chance to get out of the Bristol Channel.

Just about noon the following day a tug came out from Cardiff, and as it drew near it looked as if it was going alongside the *Frolic*, but suddenly the course was changed and it came alongside the *Forsette*. Captain Swanson was on the bridge with the tugboat captain, as were also two police officers. Swanson looked no different than he had the day he left us; if changed at all it was for the better, because he seemed quite chatty and shouted out to Herald, asking him if everything was ready for heaving up. Swanson climbed on board and so did the two officers. After shaking hands with Herald they walked aft and went into the cabin.

Mrs. Higginson made her appearance in a doorway on board the tug, but nothing could be seen of her husband. Our sailors, who all spoke English, got to yarning with the

crew of the tug and we found out what had caused the delay. Higginson and Swanson had met in a shipchandler store and there, in the presence of several witnesses, Higginson had insulted Swanson and demanded some recompense for his mates who had been set upon by the dog, Nap, and their clothes torn to pieces. Swanson replied that the dog did not belong to him, and besides, the mates had been to blame themselves; therefore, he could not think of compensating. This made Higginson very angry and he commenced to call Swanson names.

Swanson, being quick to anger, hung back on this occasion, on account of Mrs. Higginson, and tried his best to keep out of trouble, but it only made Higginson more abusive, still thinking that Swanson was afraid of him. He then threatened to shoot Swanson if he did not come out and fight and reached for his hip pocket.

The shipchandler and another man interfered and disarmed Higginson, after which Swanson, seeing that there was no other way of getting clear of an ugly customer, accepted the challenge to fight it out to a finish. They repaired to a spare storeroom, where they disrobed themselves of all superfluous clothing.

Captain Higginson was not the fighter to make any sort of showing pitted against a man like Yankee Swanson. Deprived of his gun, which he undoubtedly had relied on to finish Swanson, he was like a child standing up to an old campaigner of Swanson's calibre.

The fight did not last long, but, short as it was, Higginson was beyond recognition at the finish. The shipchandler expressed his doubts as to whether he would ever come to again, and a doctor was sent for. The doctor applied some restoratives which finally brought him to.

In the meantime, Mrs. Higginson having been told by the shipchandler about the outcome of the fight, decided to make more trouble for Swanson, and went to the Ameri-

can consul, telling him her husband had been all but killed by a ruffian Swede. The consul and Mrs. Higginson, accompanied by two police officers, arrived at the shipchandler's just as the doctor had finished patching up Bully Higginson.

Higginson, now able to talk, turned out to be as big a liar and coward as he was a bully and poor fighter. He put all the blame of the row on to Swanson, and Mrs. Higginson backed him up in every detail. Everybody who had been an eyewitness or knew anything about the case was put under arrest and marched off to jail. The American consul went bail for Higginson and wife, while the shipchandler went his own and Swanson's bail.

The trial came off the following morning. Higginson was fined five pounds for carrying a gun, five pounds for threatening to use it, and five pounds for having caused delay to the sailing of the Swedish vessel *Forsette*. And to still more humiliate Higginson, the judge demanded that he should stand good for the expense of seeing Swanson on board his vessel, which was ready to sail, and accordingly, two police officers were sent along on the tugboat to keep peace between the captains.

Such was the story we gained from the crew of the tugboat. I heard it afterward from Swanson himself, and it was substantially the same, with the one exception that Mrs. Higginson, after they came out of the courtroom, roundly abused her husband for not having killed Swanson.

Swanson having treated the police officers, they boarded the tug, wishing us a fine passage. The tug blew her whistle and sheered off to deliver the much battered Higginson and his wife to the gentle care of his three ferocious mates, who were at the gangway to receive them.

We had no time to observe what sort of reception the captain received, because as soon as the tug left, Herald

gave orders to man the windlass, which we did with a will, thinking that the next time we made use of the anchor it would be at Copenhagen, and within a few hours' journey from home. Our new crew struck up the popular chantey, "We are bound for the Rio Grande." The chain came in at a lively rate, and presently Jack and I were told to lay aloft to loose the topsails.

The ship was tiderode when we started heaving, but the wind being a moderate breeze and blowing right in the stern, almost counteracted the force of the tide, and in a very short time we had the anchor up and down. We sheeted home the lower topsails, then broke out the anchor, and the old *Forsette* commenced to gather headway homewardbound, thank God.

We were still heaving when we passed very gracefully under the *Frolic's* stern, Swanson steering as close as he possibly could, to bid his friends a pleasant voyage and exchange a few little pleasantries so dear to a sailor's heart. Higginson was not in sight, but his ferocious first officer, with the horseshoe moustache, and Mrs. Higginson were on the poop. The crew were on the gallant fo'cs'le heaving up anchor, and the tug with the police officers on board were still alongside of her.

"Good-bye, Captain Higginson," shouted Swanson, and to Mrs. Higginson, "Pleasant voyage and many of them. How is your old man? Remember me to him. I will tell them in Copenhagen that you are coming."

The ferocious mate took out an iron belaying pin and undoubtedly would have thrown it at Swanson if the police officers had not been on board. The madam used some very select language for Swanson's benefit, until we were out of hearing; and taking it all in all, we left Cardiff roads under the most unfavourable conditions, as far as well wishes were concerned.

We catted our anchor and set everything that would

draw the wind, being easterly and right in the stern. The following morning we were well out in the channel. Lundy Island was in sight ahead. The wind was still fair, but gradually drawing abeam, and it looked as if it would come out from the westward soon, from the appearance of the sky. We were in company of about a dozen vessels, mostly British coasters, coal laden, but the *Frolic* was not far astern of us with everything to the skysails set, her white cotton-duck sails giving her a beautiful appearance and causing a contrast quite noticeable, surrounded as she was by colliers with their dirty hemsails and otherwise slipshod tophamper.

When within a few miles of Lundy Island Lighthouse the wind came out from the westward all of a sudden. The *Forsette*, as well as the rest of the vessels in the immediate locality, were caught aback. We swung our foreyards to put the *Forsette* on the starboard tack, and while so doing we gathered considerable sternway and came within a few yards of getting on top of the *Frolic*, which was being manœuvred to go on the port tack. It was a lucky thing that all hands were on deck about that time. It saved us from having a collision. By rounding in the main braces quickly she commenced to gather headway and cleared the *Frolic* by a very narrow margin, so narrow that Swanson got the full benefit of Bully Higginson's abuse, powerfully backed up by Mrs. Higginson and the three mates, who apparently had armed themselves with capstanbars and other deadly weapons, and were lined up on the poop ready to repel boarders.

Swanson, who had taken the wheel himself, having sent the sailor away to assist in getting the yards around, narrowly escaped a belaying pin flung at him by Higginson. He had no time to retaliate, being so occupied in getting the *Forsette* out of danger; but when once clear, Swanson seemed amused with the whole thing, and when Herald

came aft to report that everything was ready for about ship, they commenced to talk over what had just occurred and both of them burst out laughing, and it looked as if they were scheming some surprise for Captain Higginson.

Swanson told me to bring out a little brass cannon we had stowed away in the lazaret. It was a miniature Long Tom, Captain Bengston's private property. It was mounted on a wooden carriage and must have weighed considerably. At any rate it weighed too much for me, and Herald came down to assist me in getting it out to the hatch, where we bent a rope on it, after which we hauled it up and placed it on top of the cabin. Swanson came along with a piece of small rope and lashed it to a couple of ringbolts, allowing some slack for recoil. He then sent Jack forward to get all the old rusty bolts and nails and other hard material he could find, while Swanson and Herald busied themselves with filling a woolen sock with black powder. Herald rammed the powder home with a piece of wood, after which a ball of old ropeyarn was rammed into the gun. Jack brought a bucket of old iron, from which Swanson picked out the most suitable pieces and filled the gun clean to the muzzle. A fuse and primer were inserted in the fuse hole and a lanyard attached, long enough so that the gun could be fired from the poop deck. Swanson then brought up a rifle and two pistols, all loaded. These he placed on the break of the house and within handy reach. He remarked to Herald that if Bully Higginson and company were looking for trouble he intended to give them plenty of it. "I don't intend to kill anybody," said Swanson, "but if I do, it will be their own fault. I will do my best to give them a scare such as they have never seen before."

The crew was called aft and Swanson gave them some instructions, which amounted to this, that when he gave the word they were to throw anything, such as old iron and

pieces of coal, on board the *Frolic*, but to avoid hitting anybody outside of the captain, his wife, and three mates.

The *Forsette*, now being cleared for action, we went about ship and stood off on the port tack in hot pursuit of the enemy.

The *Frolic* was a poor sailer on the wind. We met her after about an hour's sailing, and crossed her bow, clearing her by at least a quarter of a mile.

Swanson went about again, and after having gathered headway, we found ourselves about half a mile astern and about a quarter of a mile to windward of the *Frolic*. "What a fine position this is if it were real war," remarked Swanson. "We could run up and give him a broadside by easing her off half a point. We could go under his stern and rake him fore and aft, and we could ram and board him at the same time, if we wanted to; but we will wait until he goes about and all hands are engaged at the braces; then we will keep off and run under his stern and give him a shower of old nails and stuff in the tophamper."

As we were gaining on him, Swanson told me that I was to keep her up a little and shiver the top gallantsails and the royals. (I was at the wheel.)

After about an hour of this sort of sailing Higginson decided to go about, and Swanson passed along the word to stand by with coal and iron. He himself jumped up on the house and pointed the gun so as to shoot on about a thirty-degree angle.

The *Frolic* came up in the wind and there she hung; in other words she missed stays. This was Swanson's chance, and he was not slow to take advantage of it.

"Hard a starboard," said Swanson. "Ease off the spanker sheet." The *Forsette* fell off and headed right for the *Frolic*. It looked as if we were going to ram her amidships.

As we neared the *Frolic* we could see and hear by the language used that everything was in confusion on board. We cleared her stern by about fifty feet, and as we did, Swanson pulled the lanyard and sent a bucketful of nails and bolts through her main, upper and lower topsails. Most of the ammunition handled by the crew fell short, but Swanson picked up the rifle and sent a couple of bullets whistling across the poop, which gave us the extreme pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Higginson and their three mates stumbling over one another, seeking shelter in the cabin.

It was too amusing for anything. Swanson laughed as I had never seen him laugh before. He put his elbows on the break of the house and buried his face between his big hands as if to stifle the joy that actually seemed to break him to pieces. When he came to himself again he found the *Frolic* on the port tack, and seeing the numerous holes in her topsails, he had another small fit of laughing, after which he gave orders to about ship, remarking, "We will try him once more to find out if he has had enough."

The *Frolic* had lost a lot of distance in her failure to come about. We were still to windward of her, and by keeping everything full we were gradually coming up on her for another attack. Swanson was observing the *Frolic* with the glasses as we were approaching, and he found that Captain Higginson and company were holding a council of war on the poop. No preparations that Swanson could see were going on to renew hostilities; in fact, it looked as if they were inclined to treat for peace.

We were now within hailing distance. Swanson picked up the rifle and jumped on top of the house. He shouted to Captain Higginson to order non-combatants off the deck, as he intended to fire his Long Tom, low this time, with the intention of raking the decks fore and aft. Mrs. Higginson made a dive for the companionway and Higginson,

assisted by his first mate, seemed in an awful hurry to get the wheel hard up. The spanker sheet was slackened away, the weather braces rounded in as if by magic, and the gallant *Frolic* bore away before it as if pursued by the devil himself. Swanson made a bluff at squaring away, also firing off the rifle and put a couple of holes in the gallantsails, but we very soon hauled on the wind again, being anxious not to lose any distance.

It looked as if the *Frolic* intended to run back to Cardiff. She did not haul on the wind until late in the afternoon, when she was hull down, and if ever a bully shipmaster got a calling down it was Higginson, and the man who did it was an old shipmate of his, Yankee Swanson.

By dark we were out of the Bristol Channel. As the wind hauled gradually to the northwest, we were able to steer course with the wind a couple of points free. We made good time and at noon the following day we rounded Lands End. The wind came out from the SW and increased to a gale with such force that by dark we were running before it under reefed topsails and reefed fore-sail. Both watches were kept on deck throughout that night, on account of the heavy squalls that struck us every little while, and besides, the shipping was very thick, steamers as well as sailing vessels.

We had one very narrow call that night that I shall never forget. It was eight o'clock in the evening and I had just then relieved the lookout. The fellow whom I relieved cautioned me to sing out as loudly as I could if I sighted anything and not to leave the gallant fo'cs'le to report to the officer, as we had been in the habit of doing before.

The forestaysail and one jib were set, although the wind was dead aft; this as a precaution to prevent her from broaching to, because the old *Forsette* steered something awful when deep loaded, and took as much as three or

four points on each side of the course with two men at the wheel, stripped to the shirt sleeves.

The fellow whom I relieved also cautioned me to look out for the jib sheet so as not to be knocked overboard by it, and he started to relate something about a shipmate of his who had been knocked overboard by the jib sheets under exactly similar circumstances as these.

He did not have time to finish the story. I sighted a red light right ahead and reported same as loud as I could shout. The fellow ran aft at the same time, as a precaution in case the captain had not understood me. It was not necessary at all, for Swanson saw the light about the same time I did, and he put his helm hard aport. Up she came until the topsails commenced to lift when he steadied her, and we just cleared the other vessel and no more. It was a large, four-masted ship, and she loomed up immensely in the darkness.

If the westerly wind had lasted a few hours longer than it did it would have taken us out of the English Channel, but no such luck. It came out from the eastward when within thirty miles of Dover. A number of vessels of all sizes and all rigs and nationalities were beating out through the Strait of Dover, and amongst them we discovered our enemy, the *Frolic*. We crossed her bow about a mile to windward of her, and we all laughed when we saw that she had two old maintopsails bent in place of those two new ones Yankee Swanson had put out of commission. We set our ensign by way of greeting, but Bully Higginson took no notice of it. Swanson also ran up a set of signals informing Higginson that he would report him upon his arrival at Copenhagen.

We were two full days beating out through the Strait of Dover. It was hard work and raised the mischief with our hands, going about every two hours and oftener, if the wind happened to haul a little either one way or the other,

and Swanson saw that it would be an advantage to get on the other tack. We were all in good spirits, though, for we were homewardbound, and the next lot of westerly wind we got would probably take us to Copenhagen. On the dog-watches Herald would point out to me on the chart what progress we had made during the last twenty-four hours, and it seemed awfully little to me, and I wondered if we ever would get there at the rate we were going.

Jack put Nap through a little extra training every day. He wanted to turn him over to grandpa as nearly perfect as possible, and the latest trick of usefulness Jack had taught him was this, to carry a newspaper from the cabin to the galley, and vice versa, I having told him to teach him that, because my father was in the habit of sending one of his children down to grandpa with the newspaper after he had read it himself.

The westerly wind came along in its own good time, and we squared away to cross the North Sea.

One day we were becalmed for a few hours and received a visit from a fishing smack. They came alongside in a small boat and made us a present of a batch of fish in return for a couple of plugs of tobacco and a bottle of rum, which Swanson gave them.

The *Forsette* was well known on the North Sea, having traded between Sweden and England for so many years. The fishermen said they had read in the newspapers about our long passage from Russia and seemed to feel sorry about Bengston, whom they knew well. They stayed with us until the wind started to freshen, when they said "Good-bye," and wished us a quick trip home.

We carried fair wind from the time the fishermen paid us a visit until we made The Skaw light. The lightship was not on the station, having been taken in on account of the drift ice in Kattegat, but signals from the lighthouse indicated that The Sound was free from ice. This was

good news indeed. We dreaded to be held up by ice — which is very often the case in that part of the world, and at that time of the year, especially if the wind happens to be southerly for any length of time, which carries the ice out of the Baltic Sea into The Sound and Kattegat.

The distance from The Skaw light to Copenhagen is about one hundred and twenty-five miles, and to Höganäs (my home), which would be in plain view from the vessel if we passed there during the daytime, the distance was only ninety miles. When I told my friend Jack about it he seemed a little surprised that we were so near, and when I suggested that we would surely have dinner with grandpa next Sunday — four days hence — he shook his head as if in grave doubt about it being true.

It was noon when we rounded The Skaw light. The wind fell light about that time, and it looked questionable if fair weather would continue. Herald told me that he expected the wind would come out from the northward, and if so, all would be well.

We were having our three o'clock coffee in the afternoon when a fresh breeze sprung up from the NE, the very wind we wanted. All hands were roused to make sail, owing to the fact that while becalmed we had clewed up the royals and top gallantsails to prevent them being chafed to pieces, and the headsails had also been hauled down for the same reason.

The wind freshened up to a brisk breeze, and in a little while we were going along with everything drawing. Herald told me to go aft with him to cast the log, and she rolled off her eleven knots strong.

It was my afternoon watch below, but I did not feel sleepy at all. Jack and I had too much to talk about, and I told him that if we made Kullen Light the next morning he and I would have to spend the greater part of the next day on the royal yards so I could make him acquainted

with every house, tree, church tower, and farm along the coast, and last of all my father's farm and grandpa's cottage, all in plain view from the ship.

At three o'clock in the morning we sighted Kullen Light. It is a first order one, visible about twenty-five miles. I roused Jack to have a look at it, and he turned out, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes as he came out. Herald handed him the binoculars and told him to take a good look at it.

"How far is that light from grandpa's cottage?" asked Jack.

"About seven miles," I answered. "And by noon, if the wind holds out, we will be able to see it."

Jack felt like dancing a jig and would have done so if he had not been afraid of disturbing Swanson, who had gone to sleep.

At daylight we were abeam of Kullen Light and not more than half a mile off. It was the first of March, the day grandpa told me in his letter he would be looking for us. We set our ensign and communicated by means of the code that everything was well with us. Every one was on deck, standing by, because we expected to pick up a pilot off Höganäs to take us through The Sound.

I borrowed Herald's glasses, and having Swanson's permission, my friend and I went aloft and perched ourselves on the main royal yard.

We ran on a parallel course with the coast and about a mile off the beach. It was not safe to go any nearer after having passed the light, on account of the number of shoals. However, it was near enough for our purpose.

The weather was cold, but it was a clear, beautiful day. The country was covered with snow, which made villages and trees much plainer. We could even see people and horses on the roads. Jack was overjoyed. It was grand, he told me; the prettiest he had ever seen.

Krappерup, the country seat of Count Cyllenstjerna,

was in plain view and so were the fishing villages of Molle, Lerhamn and Nyhamn.

Finally, there was Höganäs and the tall spire of Wasby church. About half a mile to the right from the church was my father's farm. We could plainly see the dwelling houses, because the leaves were off the high poplar trees, one of which I have spoken of as my lookout tree, and there a little to the left of the farm, also surrounded by high trees, was my grandfather's cottage. I handed the glasses to Jack and directed him where to look. He straddled the royal yard and to give him free use of both hands I passed the end of a gasket around him and the mast. After a long while he told me he could see another little house close by the cottage. I took the glasses to scrutinise this new discovery, and found it to be grandpa's wood-house and workshop combined, the place where he kept the all-important grindstone.

Tears of joy came to my eyes. I tried to keep them back, but found I could not. There was the little wood-house, all right — the roof, anyhow, under which I had heard the old man relate so many strange things of war and hardship. I strained my eyes trying to get a glimpse of the old man on the road to the farm, which I could see, but it was in vain. Perhaps he had gone into the village to make enquiries if the *Forsette* had passed, for it was the first of March, and he had promised to be on the lookout for us.

Having seen everything I could think of pointing out to my friend, we went down to lend a hand to back the mainyards. We were up abreast of Höganäs and a pilot boat was coming off toward us.

The pilot's name was Malmgren, an old acquaintance of mine. After he got the vessel on her course and the yards trimmed as he wanted them, he beckoned to me to come aft for a chat. He had plenty of news that interested me.

Grandpa, just as I expected, was in the village and had given the pilot a letter for me. The old man wanted to come off to the ship with the pilot, just to get a look at his boys and the dog, and Malmgren had had a hard time of it persuading him not to, telling him that he expected it would be rough outside. Finally the old man gave in, and just wrote me a few lines.

Captain Bengston had recovered from his sickness and had gone to England to take command of a new vessel.

Swanson was to remain in command of the *Forsette* permanently.

My elder brother was at the navigation school in Stockholm, and everybody on the farm was in the best of health and anxiously waiting for my return.

I introduced my friend to the pilot, who shook his hand, and said that he knew him very well indeed, my grandfather having told him all about him. The pilot seemed very much surprised that the boy could speak Swedish so well, and said that grandpa would be a little disappointed on that score, because the old man expected to talk nothing but French to the boy, to make good his assertion that he spoke French better than Swedish, old as he was. I said it would not make a particle of difference, because if the old man insisted on talking French, Jack would be only too happy to accommodate him. The pilot laughed and said, "Of course it won't. It is a lucky thing that the boy can talk Swedish. I don't think the old man can talk any French; he has not spoken any since Waterloo, he told me to-day, and Waterloo was not fought yesterday, either," intimated the pilot, with a knowing grin.

I went down to the den and opened the old man's letter. It was just a few lines, stating that everybody was well. He had walked into Höganäs early in the morning, expecting to get some news about the ship, and being told we were outside, he proposed to come off with the pilot just to see

how we boys were, but the rascally Malmgren would not let him. He also told me that he had sort of made up his mind to come over to Copenhagen to take us home, and if he did, he would bring my little brother along, as he had been a fairly good boy of late, and it would do him good to see something of the world.

Pilot Malmgren informed Swanson that the American barque *Frolic* was lost on The Skaw three days ago, and none of the crew had been saved. She ran on shore in a thick snowstorm.

Although no one on the *Forsette* had any use for Bully Higginson and company, we felt badly that they had come to such an untimely end. Swanson expressed himself as being very sorry, and said that he had fully expected to meet Higginson in Copenhagen, when they would have patched up their differences and had a drink in honour of the little sea fight off Lundy Island.

In the afternoon we anchored off Helsingborg and dipped our flag to the Castle of Kronborg of Hamlet fame. Pilot Malmgren left us here, it being as far as he was allowed to take us.

In the morning a Danish pilot came off to the vessel, and as the wind was fair, we hove up anchor and crowded on every sail we had.

That afternoon we came to anchor in the Copenhagen roads, off the Three Crowns Fort, in the very place where the immortal Nelson fought the fiercest of all his battles. The health officer and custom house people boarded the *Forsette* and we received pratique that afternoon, but did not enter the harbour. We lowered a boat, and Jack, two seamen and myself put Swanson on shore.

On arriving at the landing place, Swanson told Jack and me to go along with him. He was well acquainted in Copenhagen, to judge by the number of people he met and shook hands with, and they all congratulated him on hav-

ing made a fine winter passage, and referring to the awful loss of the *Frolic*.

We went to a shipchandler store to which the ship's mail had been addressed. While waiting for Swanson to complete his business with the boss, a letter carrier came in and delivered some mail. The shipchandler handed some of it to Swanson, who after having looked it over, beckoned to Jack and held out a letter. Jack jumped up, made a step or two toward Swanson as if to receive the letter, turned around and looked at me with a bashful grin on his face as though he had committed himself. There is no telling what he would have done if Swanson had not said, "Well, what is the matter with you? Don't you want your mail?" Jack took the letter, and I wish I could describe the look of that boy's face as he sat down by me with the letter in his hand. He gave it to me and asked me to open it.

The letter was from grandpa, addressed to Ordinary Seaman Jack Le Fevre, Barque *Forsette*. I told Jack to put it in his pocket and we would open it after we got on board, which he did after having read the address a few times, looking at it in all manners and ways as if to make sure there was no mistake about it.

Swanson was watching the boy from the corner of one eye while he was handling the letter, and it must have looked funny to him, because I noticed a smile on his face, a smile which I had learned to know was a sure indication of his friendly — I might say fatherly — feeling for that poor boy. We left the shipchandler's place and Swanson told us to come along.

We took the street car and our next stop was Hotel Angleterre, where Swanson found his wife sitting in an easy chair reading a newspaper. Having embraced and kissed and all that sort of thing so dear to a sailorman's heart and their wives, Mrs. Swanson shook my hand and kissed me —

she did indeed. Swanson seemed to like it. I guess he was not jealous like some sailors I have known, because he told her he would not stand for her making fish of one and flesh of another, meaning that she would have to treat Jack in a similar manner which she did.

Swanson sent me out to get an expressman to carry Mrs. Swanson's baggage down to the boat, and giving Jack and me a couple of crowns apiece with instructions to be at the boatlanding at six o'clock, we left Swanson and his wife and went for a stroll in the city.

We roamed about the city, took a trip on a street car, went in and had a square meal, and otherwise amused ourselves until it was time to get back. We arrived at the landing a few minutes before Swanson and his wife did, and found that one of the sailors had gone up town. We waited a few minutes, thinking he would get back, Swanson being a little annoyed about it.

"There he comes," said Jack, and looking in the direction he pointed, we saw our sailor on the arm of a policeman, in a drunken condition.

"Shove off," said Swanson. "We won't take him along to-night," and with that we were on our way to the *Forsette*.

The sailor shouted for us to come back, shaking his fist and threatening to do us up the first opportunity he got, but the policeman put a stop to it for the time being by marching him off to jail.

Mrs. Swanson had no trouble getting up the Jacob's ladder when we got alongside. Nap was at the gangway to receive us, wagging his tail by way of welcome. Mrs. Swanson was a little afraid of him at first, having heard so much about the dog through her husband's letters.

Mrs. Swanson had seen grandpa in the morning as she started on her trip to Copenhagen. He wanted to come along, but Mrs. Swanson persuaded him not to, telling him

that she would see to it that we got properly started for home.

Having hoisted the boat and eaten our supper, Jack and I busied ourselves with reading the old man's letter. It turned out to be more or less of a conundrum to both of us, being half French and half Swedish. The Swedish part I could manage well enough, but the French portion of it puzzled even Jack, who expressed the opinion that the French language must have changed some since Waterloo. The sum and substance of the letter was in the nature of a hearty welcome to Jack to come and make himself at home with my grandparents as long as he liked to stay, and as for the work he would expect him to do, that would be a mere nothing after they once got the tools into some sort of shipshape.

Jack now felt perfectly satisfied. He knew he had another good friend in my grandfather, and would not be cast adrift in a foreign land. Out came the tin whistle, and Mrs. Swanson, who was of a jolly disposition, came and opened our door, invited us into the cabin, and asked Jack to play something real pretty. He struck up "The Blue Danube," and Mrs. Swanson pushed a chair or two out of the way, grabbed her husband by the hair, and made him get up and trip the light fantastic with her on the cabin floor of the old *Forsette*.

At daylight the following morning we were aroused to heave up anchor. The tugboat came alongside and tied up to take us in. Herald said to me before we started heaving, "Well, Andrew, I guess this is the last time you and I will do any heaving together, because this afternoon we will all be paid off to go our different ways. It has been pretty hard graft for all of us since we left Norway, but now since it is all over I would not have missed it for much. It has been a great experience for us all, something I know I will never forget."

I asked Herald why he did not remain by the vessel, and he informed me he could not remain as mate, because, although he knew all about navigation, he had no certificate, and besides, the vessel would be out of commission until the navigation opened on the Baltic Sea, and that would not take place for a month and a half yet.

"We might meet some other time; there is no telling," I said.

"I hope so, most sincerely," said Herald. "I like both you and Jack and poor Nap, to say nothing of Swanson, who I have found to be a thoroughly honest, upright good man. He has been a friend to all of us, and I shall never forget him."

I asked Herald what he intended to do, and he told me he would pay his passage to England, and there get a ship for San Francisco, where he had some friends, and intended to settle down for good.

"And now, Andrew, I want to tell you something before I forget. You remember the strange imagination Ericson had about the nurse at the hospital resembling somebody he knew?" I told him I remembered. "Well," continued Herald, "I have found out who it is. It came to me in a dream a few nights ago. It is Jack, that man looked like, and I am sure the nurse was Jack's father. He told me one day that he belonged to the Channel Islands. Don't let Jack know what I have told you; it is too late, and it couldn't possibly do any good now and would only set him to worrying, but when I get to England I will try to do something toward finding out, for the boy's sake."

I was too much taken aback to ask for more information regarding the nurse, and there was no time, either. Herald sang out, "Heave away." The chain came in easily on account of being no wind and shallow water, and early in the forenoon we had the *Forsette* moored to a wharf

in the harbour, and a shore gang on board to start discharging.

In the afternoon we were all paid off before the Swedish consul. I had been on board of the *Forsette* ten months less a few days, and my friend had nine months to his credit. Swanson gave us ordinary seaman's pay for the whole time we had been there. We had drawn hardly anything. What money we had spent during the voyage was money we had earned by doing a little stunt of something or another when an opportunity offered.

We were now ready to pack up for home, but Swanson advised us not to be in too big a hurry, but to stay a couple of days and see the town. Copenhagen is a fine city, modern in every respect, and the inhabitants are a pleasure loving people. We remained there a couple of days, during which time we took in a few cheap shows and otherwise amused ourselves strictly in accordance with the size of our pocket books.

The Danish language being somewhat different from Swedish, Jack did not get along as well as he had expected, I having told him before we arrived that I did not think he would have any difficulty on that score. He, therefore, seemed anxious to be off for home, and accordingly we spent Sunday packing up. We divided all our many presents, so that we would be about equally well off in giving them away at home. Mrs. Swanson assisted us to some extent with the presents, that is she picked out what would be most appropriate for the different members of the family.

On Monday we went to buy our tickets and had our baggage sent down to the steamboat landing. The bulkiest part of the outfit was the dog cart, which Jack insisted in taking along. It had been stowed away in the fore peak since we left Archangel, and Herald took it apart and made a package of it. Swanson tried to persuade Jack

to leave it behind, but he would not stand for it, giving as his reason that grandfather's tools were in a bad shape and it would take the old man a long time to make another one.

All that remained to be done now was to say "Good-bye" to our mutual old friend Swanson. This was not an easy matter to do. Happy as we were to get away, nevertheless, when I held out my hand to Swanson, I felt a lump rising in my throat, and I had hard work to keep the tears back. Poor Jack made a worse mess of it than I. He tried to say something in Swedish by way of thanking Swanson for all his kindness toward him, but broke down completely and sobbed like a little baby. Mrs. Swanson came to his rescue, at least she attempted to, but she too started weeping. The only calm one was Yankee Swanson, who said we were worse than a lot of old women, and thought such sadness was entirely out of place now when we should all be happy. He promised that he would make us a call when he took his wife home, which would be in another month or so.

"I'm bound to see for myself, Jack, how you are getting along with the old veteran, and if you would rather come back to the old *Forsette* when navigation opens I will have a place for you."

Jack now made Nap hold out his paw to Swanson, and he also turned a somersault as a final good-bye, and we left for the steamboat landing.

Herald was at the landing to bid us farewell, and he promised to write us from England.

In steaming out of the harbour we passed close by the *Forsette*. Swanson and his wife were on the poop waving us good-bye until we were out of sight.

The little steamer we were on did not call at our place. The nearest to our destination was Helsingborg, and there we disembarked. Helsingborg is a pretty little place, sit-

uated on the Swedish side of The Sound, and right opposite Helsingborg is Denmark. I had been with my father a couple of times to Helsingborg before, but I had no friends or relatives living there, and for that reason I was as much a stranger almost as my friend.

There was no railroad at that time between Helsingborg and our place, and the only way to travel was by the diligence, which left every noon, taking both passengers and baggage. As the diligence had left when we disembarked, we engaged a room in a hotel and stored away our things, intending to start the following noon. After having had something to eat we went out for a walk to pass away the time, which dragged along very slowly indeed now that we were so near and yet so far.

We took the main street, which was a continuation of the highway on which we would have to travel to get home. We met a lot of farmers who were coming to town with their live stock and other produce, the next day being market day.

I sized them up pretty carefully, expecting to meet some one I knew from our place, thinking if I did I would be good for a free ride home, for the baggage anyhow, and besides, there was Nap to take into consideration. I was not certain if they would allow him on the diligence.

Presently I saw in the distance a heavy wagon coming along loaded with sacks of grain. I knew the horses the moment I saw them, as belonging to a near neighbour of ours and a friend of my father. The farmer and his son, a boy of my age, were on top of the load, and as they came nearer I took off my cap and waved it at them by way of recognition. The farmer did not recognise me at first, owing to the fact that I had grown a great deal since he last saw me, and besides I was togged out in city clothes, which made some difference also I suppose. His son, however, recognised me at once. We had always been

chums, and I had received several letters from him during my voyage. He was glad to see me, of course, but somehow or other I detected a certain coolness in both him and his father that I was at a loss to understand. We chatted for a while, the farmer giving me the news from home, and asking a lot of questions, which I answered, but as he did not volunteer to be of any service to me in regards to transportation, I refrained from asking him. I felt I was independent of him in that respect. We had money, and besides, if I had chosen to write to father what day I was coming he would have been there with his rig to take me home. I felt badly on account of Jack, though. They never as much as looked at him. I had expected they would have been a little friendly and sociable, or in some way made him feel a little at home, but they did not. Jack did not seem to take it much to heart, though. We said "Good-bye" and left our two unsociable neighbours and went about our business.

By dusk we were back in town, somewhat hungry after our long walk. We looked about to find a suitable place to get something to eat, and fetched up in a place on the water front, which was patronised by sailors. We sat down to a table and ordered our supper. A young girl brought us our order, and I recognised her at once to be the daughter of a poor shoemaker and a near neighbour of ours.

"Hello, Anna," I said. "How are you, and how are things on the farm?" The girl looked at me in astonishment; she seemed really surprised. She took a seat by me and after having sized me up from head to foot, as if to make sure I was all there. She remarked that she could hardly believe her own eyes.

"Well, what is wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered, "only you are about twice the size you were when you left, and besides you have im-

proved in looks a great deal; in fact, I think you are almost good looking, and when you left you were the ugliest boy in Höganäs. Yes, indeed, that's true," went on the girl. "Everybody said so, except your grandfather, he thought you were the best looking one."

I had to laugh at the girl's outspoken remarks and Jack also smiled, no doubt thinking that the girl was uncommonly cruel in her remarks about my looks.

"And is that the French boy I have heard so much about from your sisters and the old grandfather?" asked the girl.

"That's him," I said. "Do you find him ugly, too?"

The girl commenced to look him over thoroughly as if she was an authority on beauty. Jack felt a little embarrassed, and started to pat Nap, who was sitting down on his haunches waiting for something to eat.

"Well," I said, "it takes you a long time to make up your mind about him. Hurry up; we are hungry."

Anna reached over and whispered in my ear, asking if Jack understood Swedish. Understood, indeed. "Why, Anna," I answered, "he can talk it a great deal better than you, and write it too."

Anna took another good look at him, and then whispered to me, "That's the prettiest boy I have ever seen."

"Thank you, Anna," I said. "That is real kind of you to say that. Now let us eat in peace, and after we are finished come and make us feel at home, and we will make you a present of something real nice when you come to visit us on the farm."

"All right," she said, leaving us to ourselves. But I noticed her on several occasions taking long side glances at Jack, which he evidently was not aware of.

Having finished our supper, Anna came to clear off the table, and Jack took out his purse to pay, but Anna interrupted him, saying she had taken the liberty to speak

to the landlady about us being great friends of hers, as well as neighbours, and for that reason the treat would be on the house.

We made some mild objections to that, but Anna insisted upon having her own way, otherwise she would not come and speak to us any more that evening.

All the patrons having gone, Anna came and took a seat by us. She had been home to see her parents a few days prior to our meeting, and she had also met my sisters, who had told her all about my friend and myself being expected to arrive home soon. I was anxious she should relate all this to my friend by way of getting him interested and to feel at home, and for that reason I excused myself under the pretence of going out to see about the diligence and to make arrangements for the next day.

I stayed away about an hour and when I came back I found the landlady and three other girls besides Anna being entertained by Jack. He had played several pieces on the tin whistle and did some dancing, and also put Nap through any amount of tricks. Everybody was as happy as could be, and before we left that evening Jack had related to his listeners a great part of what we had gone through since he came on board the *Forsette*.

The following day we went back and had our breakfast, having promised the kind landlady we would, with the understanding that we should be allowed to pay, to which she made no serious objection.

At noon we were on board the diligence, baggage and Nap. The driver informed me that in case he picked up passengers on the way and got crowded for room, Nap would have to hike it, otherwise he would be allowed to ride. I had no objection to that, well knowing that Nap would be able to do a little stunt like that, the distance being only about fifteen miles.

After having covered about half the distance, things

commenced to look familiar to me, and I got busy telling my friend all about it. I explained what such and such a place was and who lived in it. He on the other hand asked all sorts of questions, and when he saw a farm with high trees around it in the distance, he would say, almost gasping for breath, and seemingly much more anxious than I, "That's the place, Andrew, I know it by the trees."

"Not yet, Jack, not yet," I would answer. "Every farm has trees here. I will tell you when we see it."

Words are vain when a person tries to express deep emotions, and I have but little hope of conveying to the reader of these pages the joy I felt, and on the other hand, the strange feelings under which my dear friend laboured when we sighted the old farm. Not the farm alone, but on the road which lead from the farm and connected with the royal road on which we were travelling, was seen an old man and two little children. They came hurrying along, the children running ahead, shouting to the old man to make more haste, although his military stride would have been a credit to a man half his age.

I did not tell Jack who they were. There was no need of it. As if by instinct and from the minute description I had given him of grandpa, he recognised him as if he had been an old acquaintance.

The diligence reached the crossroads before the old man and the children did. The diligence stopped and the first one to alight was Nap, closely followed by Jack and myself. We took our baggage off and the diligence started off for Höganäs.

I immediately started on a run to meet the old man, who was still some distance down the road. I noticed the children now hung back of the old man as if they were afraid of something. It was my changed appearance. They were not quite sure whether or not it was I.

Overcome by emotion, I threw myself into the old man's

arms, while the children, not knowing what to make of it, stood back, bashfully, with their fingers in their mouths.

The old man himself was somewhat overcome. He picked me up as though I were a little baby, then held me away from him at arm's length and scanned me most minutely as if in search of some strange change. Having satisfied himself that I was all right, he let go of me, which gave me a chance to receive the greetings of my little sister and brother, who did not seem to like the way the old man monopolised me. They had such a lot of news to tell me and they were in such a hurry to relate it that they contradicted one another most shamefully in such important matters as whether mamma's black hen hatched out eleven chickens or an even dozen the day before yesterday.

Grandpa enjoyed the argument with a grin on his face that bespoke contentment. Every now and then he took, what he was in the habit of calling, a Marengo twist in the moustache, and glanced down the road, where my friend was hard at work putting the dogcart together.

"Well," said grandpa, "we will have plenty of time to talk by and by; but that is a mean way you are treating your friend, leaving him there by himself, poor little stranger. I'm anxious to find out if he can understand my French," and taking another Marengo twist, he gave the order, "Forward march."

The dogcart was loaded with the baggage, but as yet Nap was not in harness, Jack expecting that he would be called upon to put him through a few stunts by way of introduction. As we approached I called out, "Nap." The dog cocked up his ears, looked up at Jack as if expecting instructions as to what to do in this particular case. Jack pointed toward us and on came Napoleon on a run to meet us. Seeing me on friendly terms with the strangers, Nap commenced licking their hands, a sure sign

that he wished to be on friendly terms also. The children, as well as grandpa, thought he was the finest dog they had ever seen, and then, "Look how far he has travelled," remarked my little sister. "He has been to Archangel, and that is almost as far as to Moscow, ain't it, grandpa?"

"I believe it is," answered the old man, not paying much attention to their childish chatter just then. He was sizing up my friend, who stood to attention when the old man came toward him.

Grandpa addressed my friend in the French language for quite a little while. The old man seemed to be at ease. There was no faltering, apparently, that I could notice, and the old man was elated at this his first attempt at it for many years.

Jack commenced to feel at home at once, more so after the old man had told him that on the splendid recommendation I had given him through my letters, he would be like a father to him as long as he felt like remaining at his humble cottage, or until he died, which he thought would be a long time hence, because he felt much better now than he had for years. And besides he was only a little past ninety-one.

Jack tried to express his gratitude in Swedish, but as usual, the tears came to his eyes, and grandpa put a stop to such foolishness — that is what he called it — by embracing him and making my little sister and brother kiss him.

We now put Nap in harness and hitched him to the cart. He seemed perfectly at home, although he had not been in harness since we were in Russia. Jack proposed that the little ones should ride, which they thought would be a capital idea, but grandpa thought it would be too much of a load for the dog, and it was not until Jack had explained that Napoleon had on one occasion in Russia transported two big fat cooks and any number of cooking

utensils a long distance before he would consent to allow the children to ride.

As we neared the farm, the whole family came out to meet us. Father did not exactly approve of the way we travelled. I should have written him what day I was coming and he would have been in town with his rig to take us home, he said. Mother was too happy to criticise, and she laughed most heartily at our strange turnout. She liked the looks of my friend, and received him as if he had been her own son. My big sisters whispered in my ear that Jack was the best looking boy they had ever seen, and I was mean enough to repeat it so Jack should hear it, whereupon they commenced to box my ears for being so indiscreet.

Arriving at the farm, and after having liberated Nap, we all went into the living-room, where a cheery fire was burning in the grate. Grandma was sitting in the rocker before the fire. She was very near-sighted, and did not recognise me until I had my arms around her neck. Tears of joy rolled down her wrinkled cheeks as she told how much she had worried about me while I had been away, thinking all the time that something would happen to me and that she should never see me again. Grandpa interrupted us by telling his wife that it was foolish to carry on in that manner; that she would only spoil me if she insisted on crying all the time; at the same time I thought I saw signs of a tear in the old man's eye.

At supper that evening we sat down to the very best the house afforded. Jack sat between my grandfather and grandmother, and he and I took turns relating our experiences on sea and land.

After supper we handed out the presents. No one was forgotten and what is more, everybody was satisfied with what we gave.

The evening entertainment wound up by Jack playing a few of his choice selections on the tin whistle, and he

and I also did a little stunt at step-dancing, to the great amusement of the whole family.

It was after midnight when my grandparents, Jack and Napoleon took themselves off toward their little cottage, each carrying a bundle, and Nap running ahead with a newspaper in his mouth.

The first month following our homecoming was one continual round of pleasure. It was the month of March, but King Frost still held sway. The lake, distant about half a mile from the farm, was frozen over and just ideal for skating. In the evening, especially if it was moonlight, the young folks and many of the old ones would assemble and skate; sometimes we kept on up to midnight.

My friend was now thoroughly at home. He, as well as the faithful Napoleon, were in evidence everywhere, and better still, everybody liked them. No little social gathering was complete without them, and grandpa got his full measure of enjoyment also from the fact that his adopted son was so well received everywhere, he having on one occasion expressed some doubt as to how the country people would receive him, they as a rule being narrow-minded.

Jack and I made any number of calls, all of a social character, except one, which we made the day after our arrival, when we visited Mrs. Ericson to offer our condolence in her great loss of her son, our former second mate and her only support. I shall not dwell on her sorrow, which was heart-breaking when I repeated the words her son had asked me to carry to her; nor upon the sweet smile which spread over her wrinkled face when my friend refuted the wicked charges which the scoundrel Axel had spread broadcast through the village. She gave me her son's last letter, which was written a few days before his death, and asked me to read it to her, she explaining that she had some difficulty in reading it. I did my best, but I am sorry to say that I could not make anything intelli-

gent out of it. Our former cook would most likely have pronounced it all fish hooks.

One day, in company with grandpa, we paid a visit to our pastor. The old man had an object in view in this visit, which was this: he intended that Jack should go through the same study preparatory to receiving the Holy Sacrament under the pastor's supervision, which I and other children of my age were then receiving. The pastor was a little dubious if it would be a safe thing to do, considering that he did not know anything about the boy, and besides the boy was not a member of his flock. The old man pooh-poohed such small trifles as being narrow-minded, and insisted on Jack being put through and becoming a member of his flock, the same as I. "It is only for the looks of things," said grandpa. "He will go to Heaven without it, and you know it; and as for information if you require any to put the thing through, I can tell you this much, that his father died fighting for France, and if you have any respect for an old warrior who fought ten years in the Napoleonic ranks and on several occasions under the very eye of the great master himself, and this with the sole object in view of preventing the likes of you and I from becoming slaves to bigotry and the nobility of Europe, you will surely grant me this little favour."

The good pastor was a well-meaning man. He had not the slightest idea of offending or showing disrespect toward the old man whom every one in the community had the greatest respect for. He told the old man that every word he had just spoken was the gospel truth and that he himself was an admirer of Napoleon. "But the question is this," went on the pastor, "is the boy smart, and do you think he is able to master all that I shall require of him? You must know I can't put him through blind-folded; this is no play, you know that."

"Well," said grandpa, "of course I don't know what

you would call play, but this little matter of putting him through I don't consider of such moment anyhow. I will be thankful to you if you will promise to let him start in as soon as convenient. As for being smart, we will leave that to Jack. I have never seen anything better at the grindstone; and as for training dogs and pigeons he can't be beat."

The pastor laughed most heartily at the old man's idea of smartness, and promised that Jack should come with me to our next meeting, which took place the following afternoon.

Jack, as usual, made good, and came through with flying colours, after which he was enrolled as a member of the community.

One evening we were all assembled in the living-room. We had what we would call a good time, some singing and dancing, and Nap was doing tricks. I had then already made up my mind to go to England and from there make my way to the Land of the Free. As yet nothing had been said as to whether Jack was to go along or not. I had always refrained from asking him myself, for the reason that I could read between the lines that grandpa would be lonesome if Jack left, the old man being so attached to him. However, on this evening, my mother, who loved Jack almost like her own, pulled the boy to her side and said, "Jack, I'm sure you will be almost as sorry as I am when Andrew leaves us." Jack looked at me for a moment, then took a swift glance about the room. Everybody, including grandpa, who was silently sitting in a corner smoking, was wondering what the answer would be. "Yes," he answered, "I will be very sorry, but not as sorry as if I had to leave grandpa." Grandpa got on his feet and kissed his boy.

I have now come to the end of my story—my first voyage to sea, and six months in the bosom of my family will expire before I set out again to roam the briny. In

the meantime we had a call from Yankee Swanson, who paid us a visit before taking the old *Forsette* up the Baltic Sea to load lumber for Grangemouth.

We spent a very agreeable day together, talking over old times. Swanson accompanied grandpa down to the cottage to see the new dog house, and to pass his opinion on the splendid condition of the tools, which the old man said had never been better. Swanson got in the good graces of the old man by saying that he had never seen things in general in better shape than he found at the cottage, and grandpa on the other hand gave his boy Jack all the credit for it, stating that it would be almost impossible for him to get along without the boy, and for that reason asked Swanson as a favour not to advise Jack to go to sea any more. Swanson replied that it would be a crime to give the boy any such advice, not that he had not plenty of pluck and all that sort of thing so necessary for a sailor, but that he was too tender-hearted to follow the sea, and besides he had plenty of brains that could be put to better use on land.

The day before I left my home for a second cruise I went down to grandpa's cottage to pay them a last visit. I found them all in the woodshed, grandpa and Jack sharpening tools and grandma brushing Napoleon's hair. I watched them a long time through a crack in the wall, and when their work was done the old man suggested that Jack play something. This was immediately acted upon, and grandpa's favourite, "The Marseillaise," was executed with a great deal of vim, Jack blowing and the old man taking Marengo twists in his moustaches and singing:

L'étendard sanglant est levé,
Allons, enfants de la patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie,

Tremblez, tyrans' et vous perfides! etc.

